GYPSY LOVE SONG—*A Strange Sequel to* **"STILL ALIVE"**
by H. BEDFORD JONES

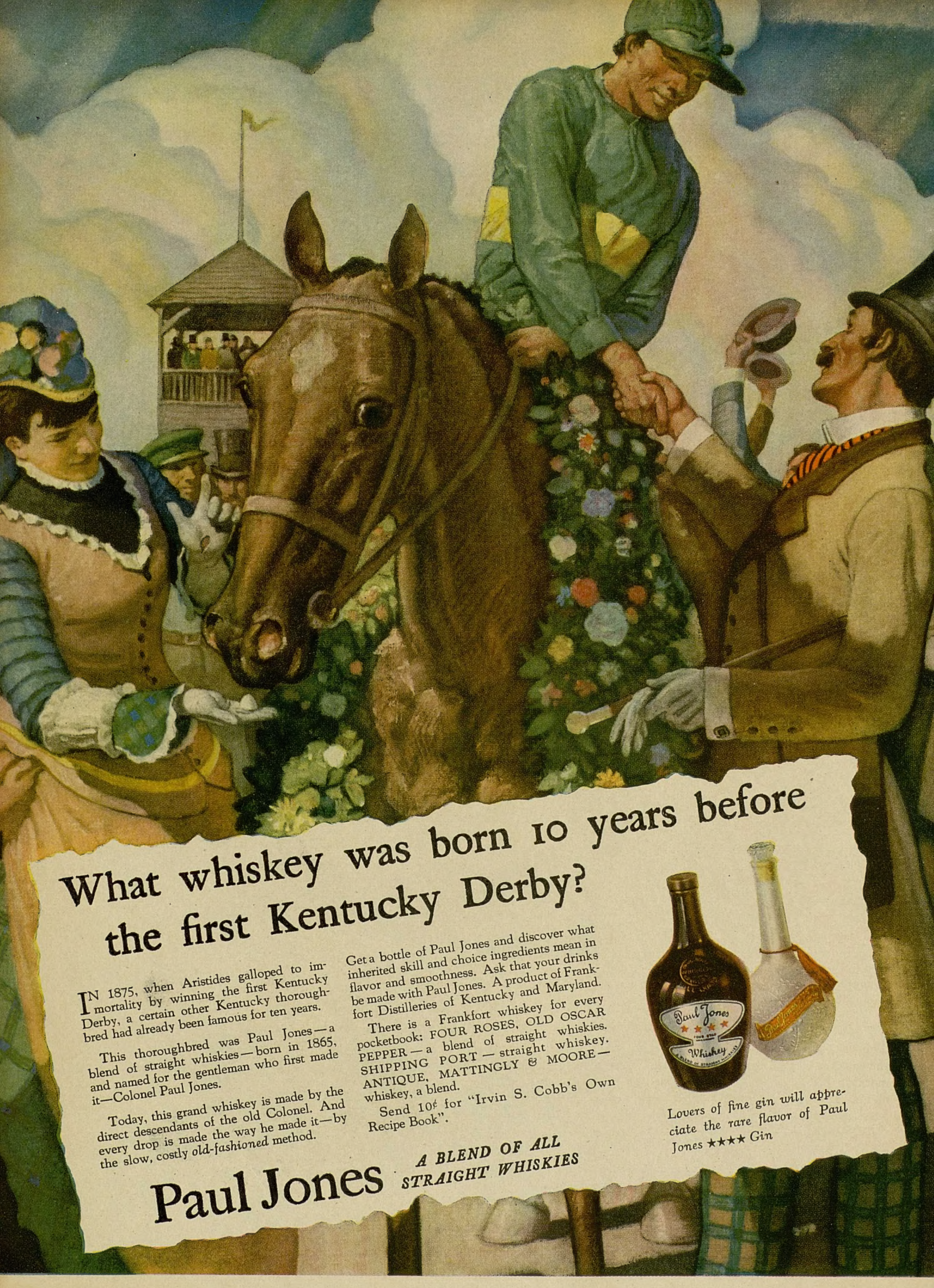
APRIL 20,
1935

Liberty

5¢

LEE BROWN
Spirit of Spring

GAME LAWS FOR CRIMINALS by **RUPERT HUGHES**



What whiskey was born 10 years before the first Kentucky Derby?

IN 1875, when Aristides galloped to immortality by winning the first Kentucky Derby, a certain other Kentucky thoroughbred had already been famous for ten years.

This thoroughbred was Paul Jones—a blend of straight whiskies—born in 1865, and named for the gentleman who first made it—Colonel Paul Jones.

Today, this grand whiskey is made by the direct descendants of the old Colonel. And every drop is made the way he made it—by the slow, costly *old-fashioned* method.

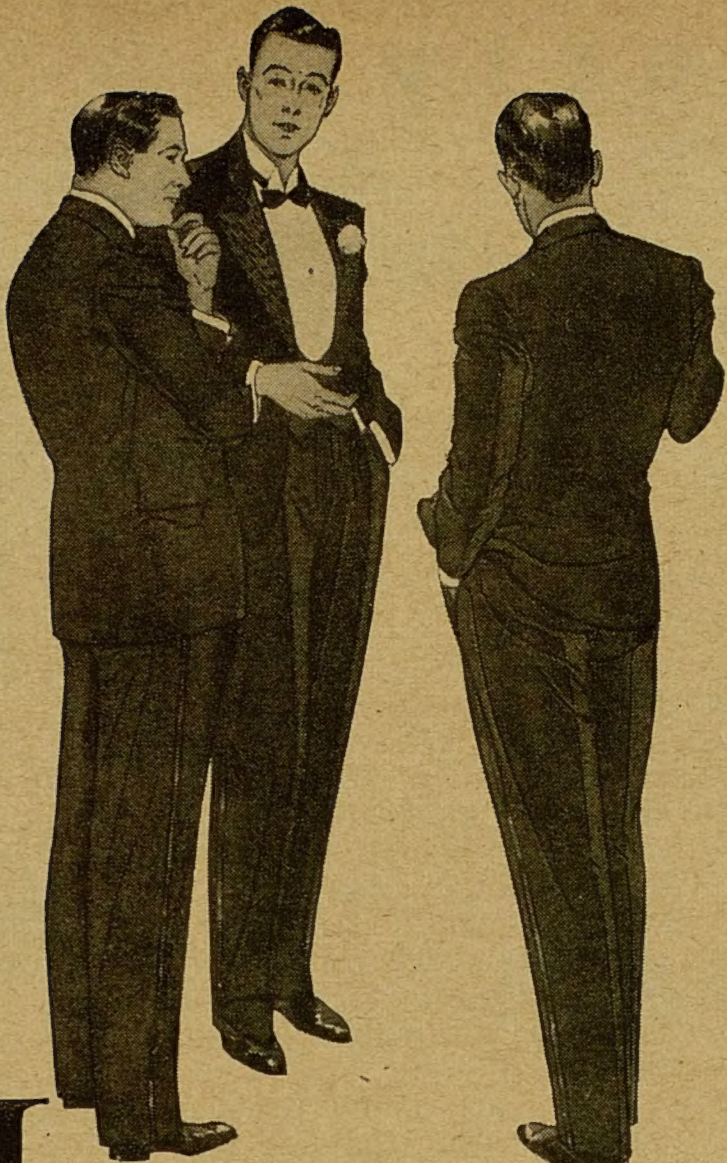
Get a bottle of Paul Jones and discover what inherited skill and choice ingredients mean in flavor and smoothness. Ask that your drinks be made with Paul Jones. A product of Frankfort Distilleries of Kentucky and Maryland.

There is a Frankfort whiskey for every pocketbook: FOUR ROSES, OLD OSCAR PEPPER—a blend of straight whiskies. SHIPPING PORT—straight whiskey. ANTIQUE, MATTINGLY & MOORE—whiskey, a blend.

Send 10¢ for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book".

Lovers of fine gin will appreciate the rare flavor of Paul Jones ★★★★ Gin

Paul Jones *A BLEND OF ALL STRAIGHT WHISKIES*



MEN *Women Despise*

THERE are a half-dozen of them in every large office. If your luck's bad you often draw one as a partner at the bridge table. In movie theatres they sit next to you—or, what is worse, back of you. In business they wonder why all too often "they can't get the order."

You Never Know

In social life or business, there is one fault that others do not excuse. It is halitosis (bad breath). You yourself never know when you have halitosis. That's the insidious thing about it. But others do, and judge you accordingly.

Bad breath affects everyone at some time or other. Ninety percent of cases, says one dental authority, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles that the most careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. As a result, even careful, fastidious people often offend. And such offenses are unnecessary.

Why Offend Others?

The safe, pleasant, quick precaution against this condition is Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine instantly attacks fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

When you want to be certain of real deodorant effect, use only Listerine which deodorizes longer. It is folly to rely on ordinary mouth washes, many of which are completely devoid of deodorant effect. Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. It is a help in making new friends and keeping old ones. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE *checks halitosis* (BAD BREATH) *deodorizes longer*

APRIL 20, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 16

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Yes

WE ARE FOR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

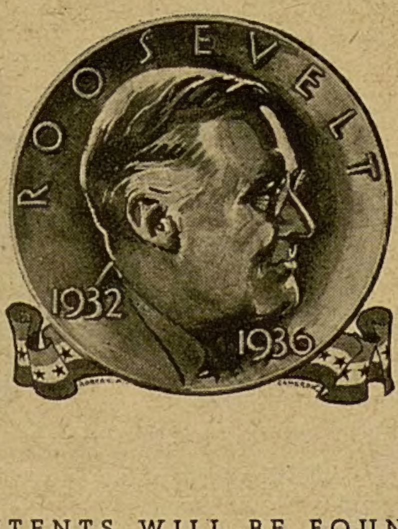
OUR President came into office in an extraordinary period. There is no historical record of conditions exactly similar to those which existed at that time. We have had depressions—many of them. But never has a nation come through the prolonged shocks that we had to endure following the World War.

We supported the President because we knew he would not be afraid to experiment. We knew he was facing conditions that would doubtless require revolutionary methods. He was not a standpatter in any sense. We knew, furthermore, that in trying new methods he would make many mistakes. He acknowledged in the beginning they were to be expected. We had confidence in his ability as a leader. We believed that in the end, after totaling the results of the administration's plan, his judgment would be sound. We have not been disappointed up to date.

To be sure, we have freely criticized many activities of the administration. We expect to raise our voice whenever we believe we can constructively criticize governmental activities. The President himself has maintained that he welcomes such criticism. When his assistants make mistakes there is no better way of calling them to his attention than by free public criticism.

When the President went into office he was radically opposed to Washington bureaucracy. One of the promises in his platform was to greatly curtail or entirely eliminate these paternalistic governmental activities. But the conditions that he had to face were such that he could not carry out this plan. It was necessary, because of the revolutionary situation, to continue and even add to the many bureaus already operating in Washington.

The capital city is infested with lobbyists. Powerful organizations throughout the country are represented there by trained men who understand how to influence legislation. They "know the ropes." They have been educated in the procedure necessary to guide legislation. And, although the Chief Executive may be opposed to the influence exerted by lobbying, it would be impossible for him to do otherwise than accept it as a part of the educational procedure that is necessary in intelligent lawmaking.



Business men of all kinds came to Washington seeking assistance financially and otherwise. They wanted to know the government's attitude in connection with matters that would affect their business. They did not go away satisfied in every case, but they usually learned that the President was trying to serve everybody and that in catering to the majority the minority in some cases had to suffer, but that "a fair field and no favors" must be maintained.

There are many problems facing the present administration that are still unsolved. There are opposing forces, each trying to get the better of the other.

The President, who has to be referee in these sometimes bitter contests, is not in an enviable position. He has to make decisions which are bound to create enemies. You cannot favor both sides in a controversy.

But we supported President Roosevelt even before he was nominated. We did everything we possibly could to help bring about his election.

We were among the first in maintaining that he should have dictatorial powers in the serious emergencies he faced. We fought for him in the beginning and we can still be numbered among his admiring adherents.

However, all of us should keep ourselves keenly alive to our inalienable rights as loyal citizens of this free country. We should hold on to our rights as free men. We should be ready to fight for them if necessary.

But the President is only one man. He has to render decisions on many important and intricate problems and he should not be held personally responsible for the mistakes of the officials in his administration. If we as citizens are watchful and jealous of our personal rights and will freely criticize faults and mistakes that we find in government, we are not only protecting that which is our own, but we are rendering assistance to the Chief Executive which he is certain to appreciate.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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ASK THESE 4 QUESTIONS WHEN YOU "LOOK AT ALL THREE"—

1 *Has it genuine Hydraulic Brakes?*
2 *Has it a Safety Steel Body?*
3 *Has it Modern Redistribution of Weight?*
4 *Has it Six Cylinder Gasoline and Oil Economy?*

IT'S BIGGEST!—just one inch short of sixteen feet over-all length . . . with big-car riding comfort . . . and more room in every dimension: the seats are wider . . . floor is lower . . . doors are bigger.

Plymouth—the only low-priced car with all four

When you look at "All Three" leading low-priced cars, look *ahead* . . . and find out four things:

Has it hydraulic brakes? Plymouth has genuine hydraulic brakes . . . the safest brakes made.

What kind of a body? Plymouth's streamlined body is all-steel throughout. These safeguards make Plymouth the world's safest low-priced car!

Modern redistribution of weight? Plymouth *has* it . . . based on the principle the famous "Airflow" cars introduced. The back seat rides like the front . . . no bumps or bouncing.

And economy? Plymouth's new engine delivers more horsepower than ever before. Yet new cooling and ignition reduce gas and oil consumption by 12% to 20% . . . it's the most economical full-size car you can drive today.

Look at "All Three." Then tell your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer you want a new Plymouth to drive. Ask about official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan which makes purchase easy.

(*Above*) OIL GOES FARTHER . . lubricates better. You use less fuel, too. New cooling and ignition reduce Plymouth's consumption of gas and oil 12% to 20%! Such savings *count!*

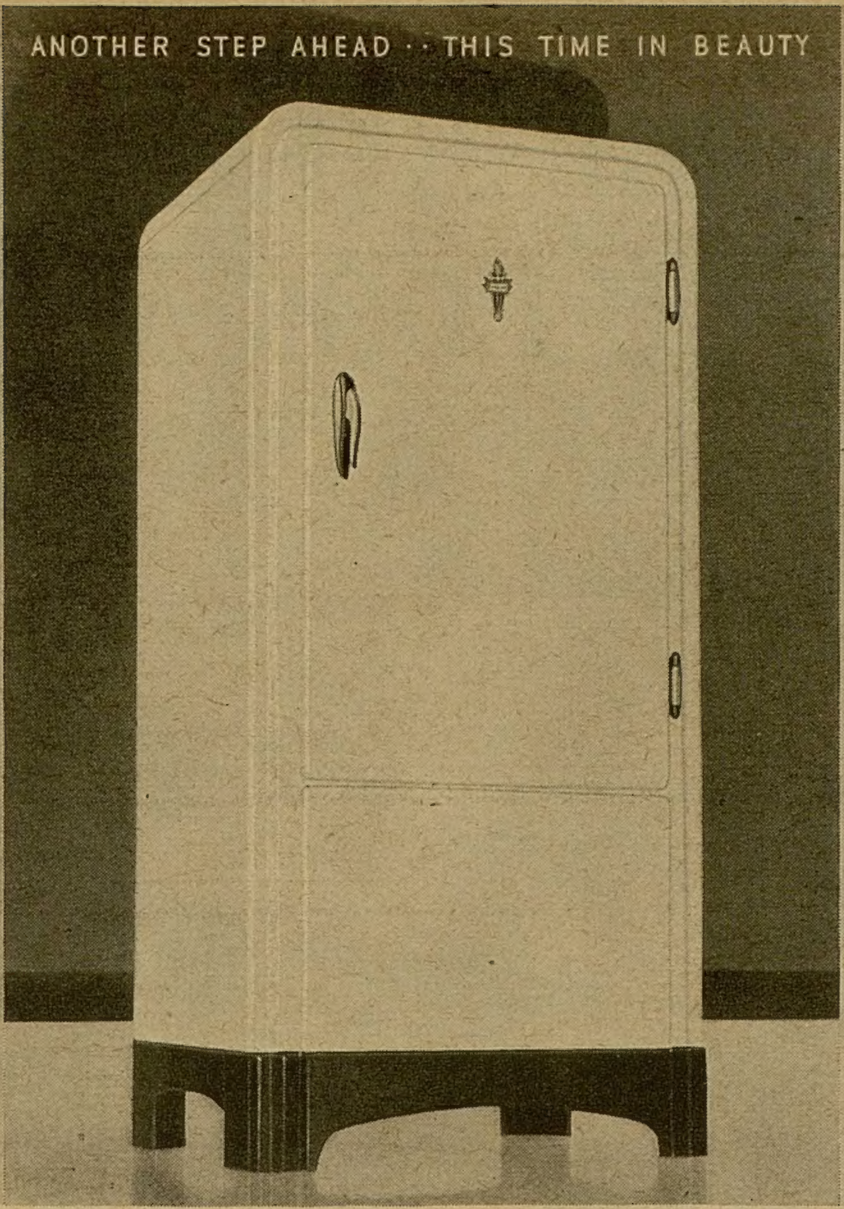
(*Left*) THAT'S STEEL reinforced with steel. Plymouth's body is all-steel, throughout . . . center posts, doors, window frames . . . *all* of it. Steel strength protects you all the time—insist on this safety when you buy.

PLYMOUTH *Now only* $510 *World's Safest low-priced Car*

AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT

"I didn't know which refrigerator was best

so I chose the one my gas company recommended"



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CAN GIVE YOU
ALL THESE
VITAL ADVANTAGES

LOW OPERATING COST
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PERMANENT SILENCE
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Plus THESE
MANY MODERN
CONVENIENCES

TEMPERATURE REGULATOR
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EGG AND FRUIT RACK
. . . and many others

USES NO WATER

NOW I KNOW THAT ELECTROLUX

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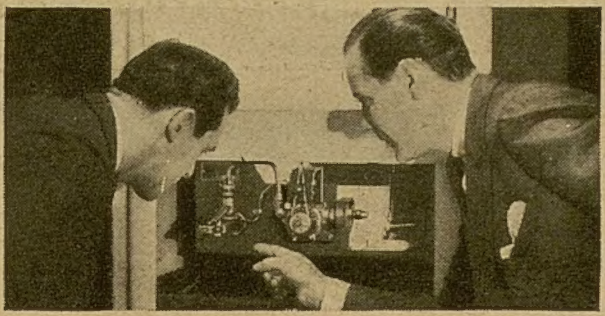


THERE are two good ways to choose a refrigerator: Study them all and make your own decision after careful comparison . . . or accept the recommendation of a reliable organization like your gas company. Either way, the chances are that you'll choose an Electrolux.

It offers real economy because it employs the simplest operating method. Electrolux has no moving parts. A tiny gas flame does all the work. It circulates a simple refrigerant that is cooled by ordinary air.

This remarkable economy enables Electrolux to pay for itself with three big savings . . . on running cost . . . on food bills . . . and on depreciation.

You cannot place a money value on satisfaction. But it's worth something to know that Electrolux will give your food fullest protection . . . that it's always ready to help you prepare delicious frozen desserts, and crisp cold salads.

See Electrolux at your gas company's or local dealer's showrooms. The lovely new models are just as far ahead in beauty as in efficiency. And remember this important fact: your gas company stands back of every Electrolux it sells with prompt and willing service.

Kerosene Electrolux
For Farms and Camps

The kerosene-operated Electrolux brings all the conveniences of city refrigeration to isolated farms and camps. Write for folder. Address Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Division, Evansville, Indiana.

NEW *Air-Cooled* ELECTROLUX

THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

BEGINNING

GYPSY Love Song

by H. BEDFORD-JONES

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE publication in Liberty in 1933 of the great serial Still Alive was directly responsible for calling forth a story even stranger, more athrob with the heartbeats of men and women, more humanly incredible—and yet, like Still Alive, true.

A story of love and tears, wine and heartbreak and heroism. This time the tale of a woman who ruled an army—a woman who, like Georgei Beloff, went down into the valley of death, and worse, to rise anew. And yet a woman whose memory, whose shining presence, is to this day revered by all the thousands who knew her.

In Still Alive was briefly told how the hero's life was saved by Gypsy Lusha. It was then thought best to change her actual name. This woman, as the wife of Ataman Semenoff, came briefly into the tale of Beloff. When his friend Scriabin was presumably executed, it was she who saved Beloff from a like fate.

Not even Beloff knew, when this story was printed, that she had also saved Scriabin from death.

The response evoked by Still Alive was astonishing. American veterans of Siberia, Russians who had fought with Beloff, his former friends and enemies—from all these poured in letters of praise or censure. Characters mentioned in the tale wrote to the authors or to Liberty. Scriabin for the first time revealed that he was alive and in this country.

And then came the most amazing letter of all, written in imperfect English, from a man in San Francisco:

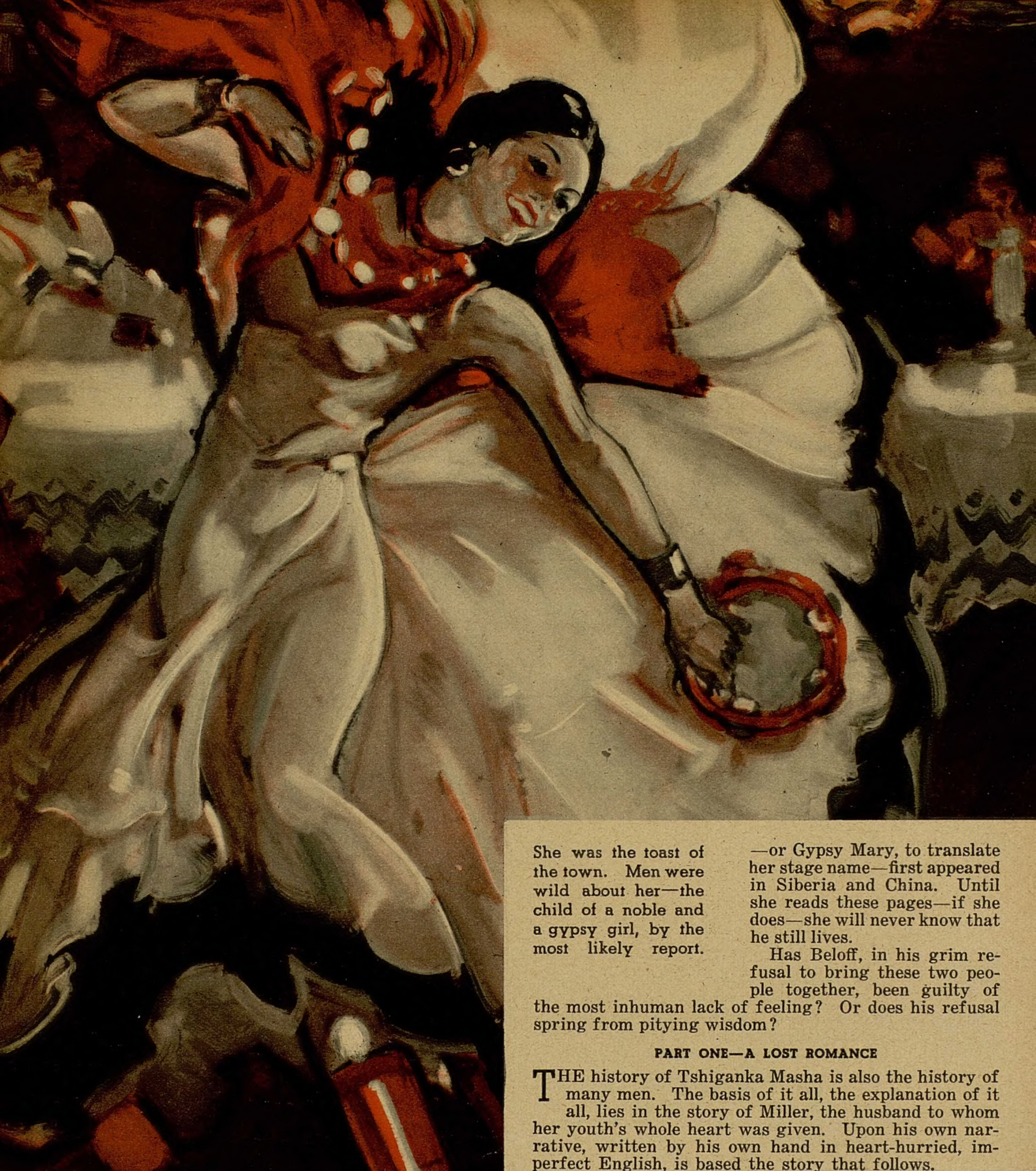
> DEAR SIR: In a recent issue of Liberty you mention something of Gypsy Lusha. Because of that mention and the picture of her, I am writing to you.
>
> Sir! You see, I knew Tshiganka Masha rather well. She was my wife. That was back in 1916-17. Ever since, I have thought her dead. She probably thinks I am dead, too . . .

A pathetic letter, a heartbroken letter, begging for some word of this wife to whose memory he had been faithful ever since that fatal parting in 1917. He still loved her today. Where was she now? His imploring letter was rushed to Beloff.

And Beloff refused to answer his questions.

"Does Tshiganka Masha love him still? Of course she

A Strange and Dramatic Sequel to STILL ALIVE



She was the toast of the town. Men were wild about her—the child of a noble and a gypsy girl, by the most likely report.

does," he said sadly. " Indeed, she has never loved any one else. But I cannot give him the information."

This man's name was Miller, apparently not a Russian name. Yet it was as Mme. Miller that Tshiganka Masha—or Gypsy Mary, to translate her stage name—first appeared in Siberia and China. Until she reads these pages—if she does—she will never know that he still lives.

Has Beloff, in his grim refusal to bring these two people together, been guilty of the most inhuman lack of feeling? Or does his refusal spring from pitying wisdom?

PART ONE—A LOST ROMANCE

THE history of Tshiganka Masha is also the history of many men. The basis of it all, the explanation of it all, lies in the story of Miller, the husband to whom her youth's whole heart was given. Upon his own narrative, written by his own hand in heart-hurried, imperfect English, is based the story that follows.

Samara, capital of the province of the same name, was the great port of the Volga River; here the Siberia and Central Asia railroads converged. A large portion of the people were descended from German colonists.

In 1916 a young imperial officer of part-German blood was stationed in Samara. He was gallant, eager, ardent in the cause of Russia; a man of steady determination, not given to impulse, slated for advancement on the staff. Miller had money and youth. Of all those dashing staff officers, he was the gayest, the most dashing. But his strain of steady German blood made for strong character.

Samara was a wild place in those days. The war was far away; all they saw of it was hospitals, troop trains, German and Austrian prisoners, and the endless railroad supply service at work. Men sought gaiety and relaxa-

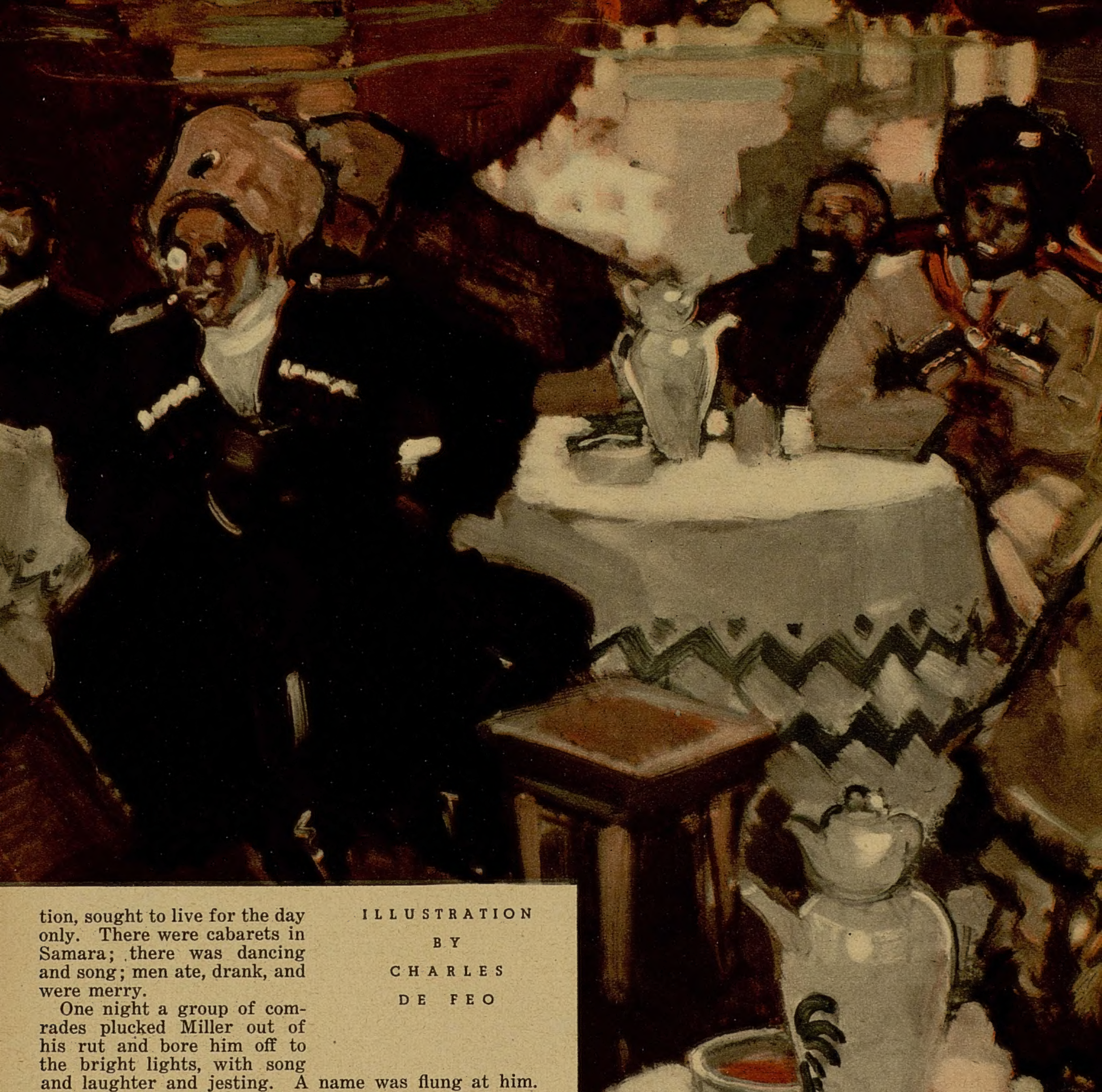


ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO

tion, sought to live for the day only. There were cabarets in Samara; there was dancing and song; men ate, drank, and were merry.

One night a group of comrades plucked Miller out of his rut and bore him off to the bright lights, with song and laughter and jesting. A name was flung at him.

"I never heard of her," he said, and they roared jests at him. "A gypsy girl? Bah! What have I to do with such people? Well, if you like—I'm not the man to spoil your fun." So they went to hear Tshiganka Masha sing, to see her dance. She was the toast of the town. Men were wild about her. The most extravagant stories were told of her youth, her beauty, her descent. Nobody knew who she was; the child of a noble and of a gypsy girl, by the most likely report.

HER name was on every lip, but never lightly. She had come with her mother from the town of Kozlov, far to the west, in the very heart of Russia—mark well the name and the spot, Miller! You are to seek it out one day, in blood and misery.

No, never lightly. Not one of those gay blades boasted of her favors. She was a singer and dancer, it is true. She was very young. She was of obscure origin. But in the background was her mother—a gentle, sweet, capable little woman. Beloff, who knew her well, says that one fell in love with this mother at first sight. Mother and daughter lived for each other alone. Until the night Miller came to hear her sing.

He stared through the cigarette smoke as in a dream. Amid the roars of applause, the wild stamping of feet, he left his friends unobserved and sought her backstage. Her mother was there; but to her Miller only bowed respectfully, then turned to Tshiganka Masha.

They stared at one another, wide-eyed. She was flushed

Tshiganka Masha, who was "Gypsy Lusha" in Still Alive. Inset: Georgei Beloff, who narrated Still Alive.

with excitement, eager with triumph, her gray-green eyes like stars. Then Miller bowed over her hand. He was suddenly awkward, at a loss for words. That first look had spoken all his heart, all his soul. A storm of others burst in upon them: officers, civilians, wild blades from town and garrison. They had showered gifts and money upon her. The tambourine in her hand was overflowing with a rich harvest. She emptied it into the lap of her mother, turning away with a laugh.

Now, as always, money meant nothing to her of itself—only what it could do. She turned from the flattery of the nobles and officers and war profiteers. She swept aside the offers and invitations to seek that dark young man with the steady, burning eyes. But he had gone, disdainful of the noise and tumult.

He came again. Not here to her room backstage, but to the lodgings where she lived with her mother. He was not like the swaggering Cossacks, the supercilious officers and nobles, the wild fierce townfolk of Tatar blood. His steadiness did not fear to show its gentler, more tender side. In that first look they exchanged, his heart had sung to her—and hers had answered.

WHY did he love her? Because, even in those early days, Tshiganka Masha had that peculiar power which is born and not made. The gift of an artist who sways crowds with a look, a word, a gesture. When she sang, other voices were hushed. When she danced, it was not the flowing grace of her motion that riveted every eye, but the personality she exerted. She was felt, like a living force.

Beneath her surface impulse, her apparent reckless gaiety, was a deep tenderness beyond words. This tenderness was to rule her life and the lives of others. It reached into things. It reached into Miller. When she gave herself to him, it was wholly, absolutely, for life and eternity.

So they were married, there in Samara.

Gone forever from the boards was the gypsy dancer. Dead to all the world she had known, dead forever, she thought, was Tshiganka Masha. It is true that her singing had never been beyond cavil, her dancing had never been perfect; yet her personality had carried it all across to enormous success. And now that same personality put Mme. Miller across, in a different fashion.

Her husband was an officer of Russia; and from that moment all Russian officers were as her brethren, all men who wore the uniform of the Czar as her children.

In the hospitals, among the wounded, she walked like a ministering angel. She gave of her beauty, of herself, of her money—she was always giving, this woman! And all the while, though nobody in Samara realized it, everything they had ever known was rocking beneath their very feet—the Czar, the army, the government, all of Russia. Least of all did Mme. Miller realize it. The uniform had wrapped itself about her heart; it was eternal.

A peculiar thing about this young bride was that in other people she perceived only good. She walked amid evil and saw it not, and it touched her not. Afterward, when hatred and jealousy and fear ringed her about with traps and gins, when all the outflung force of an alien empire sought to drag her down, when death was at her right hand and treachery at her left both night and day, it was the same. She was impervious, shielded by this strange quality of seeing only what was good.

"They hated her," said a former Czarist officer sadly, as he touched on this point to the writer, "because she could not appreciate the evil in their hearts."

SUDDENLY—a crash of trumpets, a rolling mutter of drums. Samara was disrupted. Orders came in thick and fast. Russia had gone down to ruin at the Masurian Lakes. A complete reorganization was taking place. A nation was reeling into chaos as yet barely glimpsed. The brilliant young staff officer was sent on a hurried mission to Finland, at the opposite corner of Russia. The days of bliss were ended.

"They were the happiest days of my life," writes Miller. "I was ordered to Finland for a short trip. Little I knew, when I kissed Masha good-by, that I would never see her again!"

The whole world uprose between them.

While Miller was in Finland the revolution burst forth; and there was no longer any thought of home or family for White Russians. All the land was in a seething confusion. Those officers who remained loyal, and alive, had only one paramount idea and duty: to fight for the old order. Miller could not go rushing off to look for his bride at the other end of Russia.

Instead he made his way to join the nearest imperialist army, that of General Joudenich in Estonia. Everywhere the Whites were grouped in a ring about the Reds, who had gained the central power. The one thought in every heart was that when the Reds were crushed, private interests might then be sought after.

But the Reds were not crushed. It was they who did the crushing. One by one they shattered the circle of enemies, drove back the ring of Whites, pushed them ever farther. Over the world flooded the disorganized, defeated, hopeless ebb-tide of the Russian armies. Men without a home, without a country, without a future.

Among this flotsam moved Miller.

For a time he was dazed, half mad with the realization of his utter futility, a tiny human atom lost in this frightful chaos of a nation. Russia was closed to him. He was a marked man. If he ventured back across that border, a quick death was the best he might expect.

He was in France, penniless, hopeless. Masha and her mother, so far as he knew, were still in Samara—away over almost at the border of Siberia. Everything over there was in destruction and chaos. As his wife, she would be marked down for execution, like the others.

He grew haggard, hovered on the brink of insanity; but he did not, like so many others, turn to drugs or drink in the endeavor to forget. There comes a point beyond which a hopeless man, if he have the right stuff in him, can sink no farther; instead, he begins to rise, he faces the impossible, he weighs it coolly, he meets it face to face—and sometimes he overcomes it.

Miller had reached that point.

He had nothing, and he had to conquer everything. He did it. Mile by mile, frontier by frontier, country by country, he worked his way. He did what probably no other man was able to do in those frightful days. He went across the whole of Russia in search of the woman he loved.

That was an odyssey of hard labor, of starvation; with no companion except death, with no friend but his hidden pistol; a toil of weeks, of months, stage by slow stage, ever working eastward, ever surrounded by men who needed only a word or a look amiss to shoot him down.

Disguise: now as a laborer, now as a German peddler, again as a Russian soldier coming home from a German prison camp. Miller could turn himself into anything—even a woman. He had just one awful, consuming urge: to reach Samara and his wife Masha. This provided a driving energy that stopped at nothing and that no force could resist. It upbuilt a craft and subtlety that worked a way around all obstacles.

It was this same urge which drove the Greek hero Odysseus across the whole known world of his day, making his very name a byword for wanderings. Odysseus reached his home and the woman he loved.

And Miller reached Samara.

How did he reach it? After starvation and freezings, after wounds and privation, after betrayals, whippings, savage encounters. With his youth expended, his energy poured forth in ceaseless effort, with his body bent awry, his hair gray. And he left death on the trail behind him, outsped and outfought. That one hidden friend had served him well.

H. BEDFORD-JONES

was Beloff's collaborator in writing Still Alive; is well known as author of novels and tales of romance and adventure. He has traveled extensively. Napanee, Ontario, is his birthplace; California is now his home.

Thus he came into Samara, tramped through the city, his heart and soul bursting within him, his whole being looking forward in agonized hope to meeting the woman he loved. It is not easy to think of this man at that moment when his questions were answered.

"Who? Tshiganka Masha—she who married some officer? Bah! She's been gone two years, three; nobody knows how long. Nobody knows where. What matter? Another of those bitches of aristocrats. Probably dead by now, and good riddance."

Lucky for Miller, and for his informant, that he had long since conquered impulse.

It was true. It was beaten in upon him as he went on searching, furtively asking, running every risk of recognition. All true. She had disappeared long ago, in the early days when the storm broke. Whither? Nobody knew; what matter? She was but one of thousands. Perhaps she had died there in the Volga when they threw in the white-collars by the dozen and watched them slide under the ice. What matter?

It was a terrific blow. But Miller did not go down under it. He did not lose his head. He had risen above insanity, above mad impulse. He had come to Samara in search of her, and she was not here. Well, what next?

"Thinking that she had gone home," he says, "I went to her home in Kozlov."

You must get the picture created by these words. Miller was in Samara, defeated, beaten, hopeless, his wife utterly vanished without a trace long ago. Nine men out of ten would have quit then and there. It was not hard to leave Samara and get out of Russia, out of the Red power, in half a dozen directions.

But Miller had come to find the woman he loved.

KOZLOV lay to the west, hundreds of miles away, straight in the direction of Moscow. In the very heart of Greater Russia, of the Red empire where all but comrades of the Bolshevist persuasion were exterminated long since. Spies were hunted out without mercy in those parts. Suspicion fell upon any one who was not known, whose papers were not in order. Once suspected, he had short shrift. Suspicion alone meant death.

Miller went to Kozlov.

What could be more eloquent than those four words? They comprise everything: the tortured miles of travel, the starvation, the danger, the slip of the tongue that had him seized as a Polish spy, the jail. But no jail could hold this terrible driving urge that ruled Miller. He escaped, went on again, ever forward, ever toward Kozlov, the old city that had once been a bulwark against Tatar hordes.

Long weeks later he reached Kozlov.

Cautious now; ill, barely able to walk, worn down to skin and bone; but carrying the papers of a "good comrade" whose eyes the forest crows had picked out. Eighteen years ago, twenty years ago, an officer of the Imperial Guards had laughed and loved a dark fierce woman here in the old city, where the gypsy people cared little if their women turned now and again to handsome faces and gay Russian hearts.

But now the Imperial Guards were gone with their master, gone down the ways of death. Now the old city was gone too, much of it, burned down and hewn down, and baggy blouses sat in the gold-brocaded chairs of the fine houses. Gone too were the gypsy folk, scattered on the winds of revolution and war and famine.

Gone also was Tshiganka Masha. Gone long ago to Samara with her mother, to sing and dance in the theater there, and never again returned.

All useless, this trip to Kozlov. All useless, the blood and tears and suffering.

THEN, Miller admits, he fell upon despair. "I did not know what to do," he says laconically. "Aimlessly I wandered all over, hoping to find some trace of Masha."

Aimlessly. Hope was dying now. The strong spirit was failing; the urge was wearing itself out for lack of objective. Yet the will of the man was still slow to falter. It drove him on, wandering from city to city. Seeking one woman who had vanished, among the wreckage of a vast nation. Coming slowly to a halt, to a realization.

The search was useless.

If a hundred such men had pierced to Samara, ten of them might have gone on to Kozlov. Of these ten, five might have refused to give up, might have wandered aimlessly for a long while from town to town. Four out of these five at this point would have sunk into utter despair, gone down under the burden, ceased to live. Suicide beckons ever to the hopeless.

Miller was the fifth man, the one out of the hundred.

Again the insuperable faced him.

He was in Russia, and getting out of it was no easy trick. It was next to impossible; but the impossible had long since ceased to worry him. He reached the border; he got into Germany—a shadow of a man.

And from there, ultimately, he made his way to America, and across America. "Always hoping," he says. What sort of man was this, in whom hope refused to acknowledge death? "Always hoping some day to hear something of her."

He heard nothing. He was lost among the millions in America.

But on the other side of the world a woman was singing—a woman about whom swirled a delirium of humanity, men who wanted to forget, women who awoke shrieking at night. These people lived only to drown the past in a frantic orgy of spending, of drinking, of gaiety behind which grinned death.

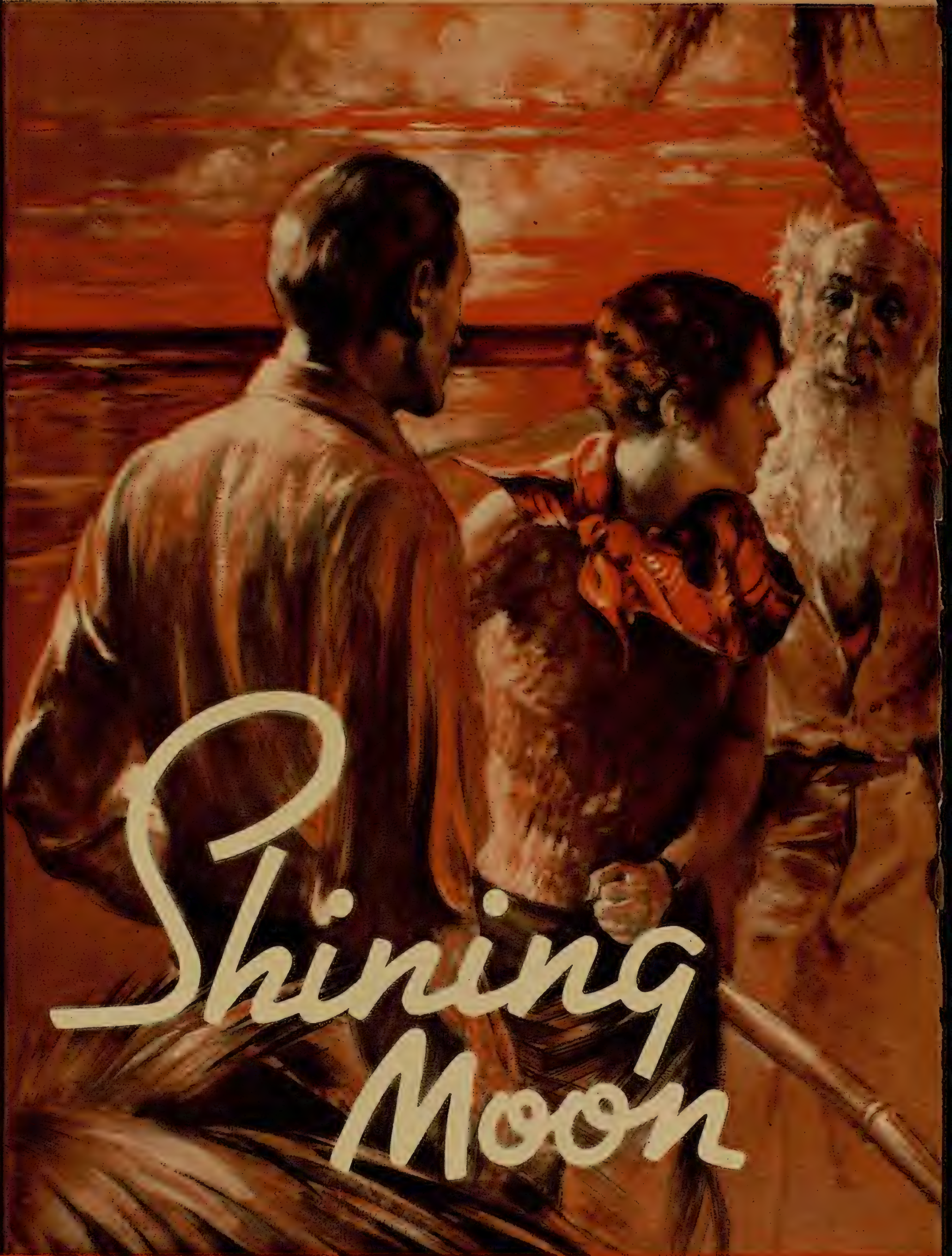
Through them all moved one woman singing the old simple song that the gypsies had picked up from the swaggering Cossacks:

"Volga, Volga, the mother river!"

No longer the mother river for any of them, alas! Gone forever out of their lives was the Volga, and the Cossacks of the Don wandered now in the icy Siberian wastes. But this woman sang of the past, her gray-green eyes looking forward to the future; and applause thundered when she finished, and two men in all those mad, wild throngs sought her out and looked into her eyes.

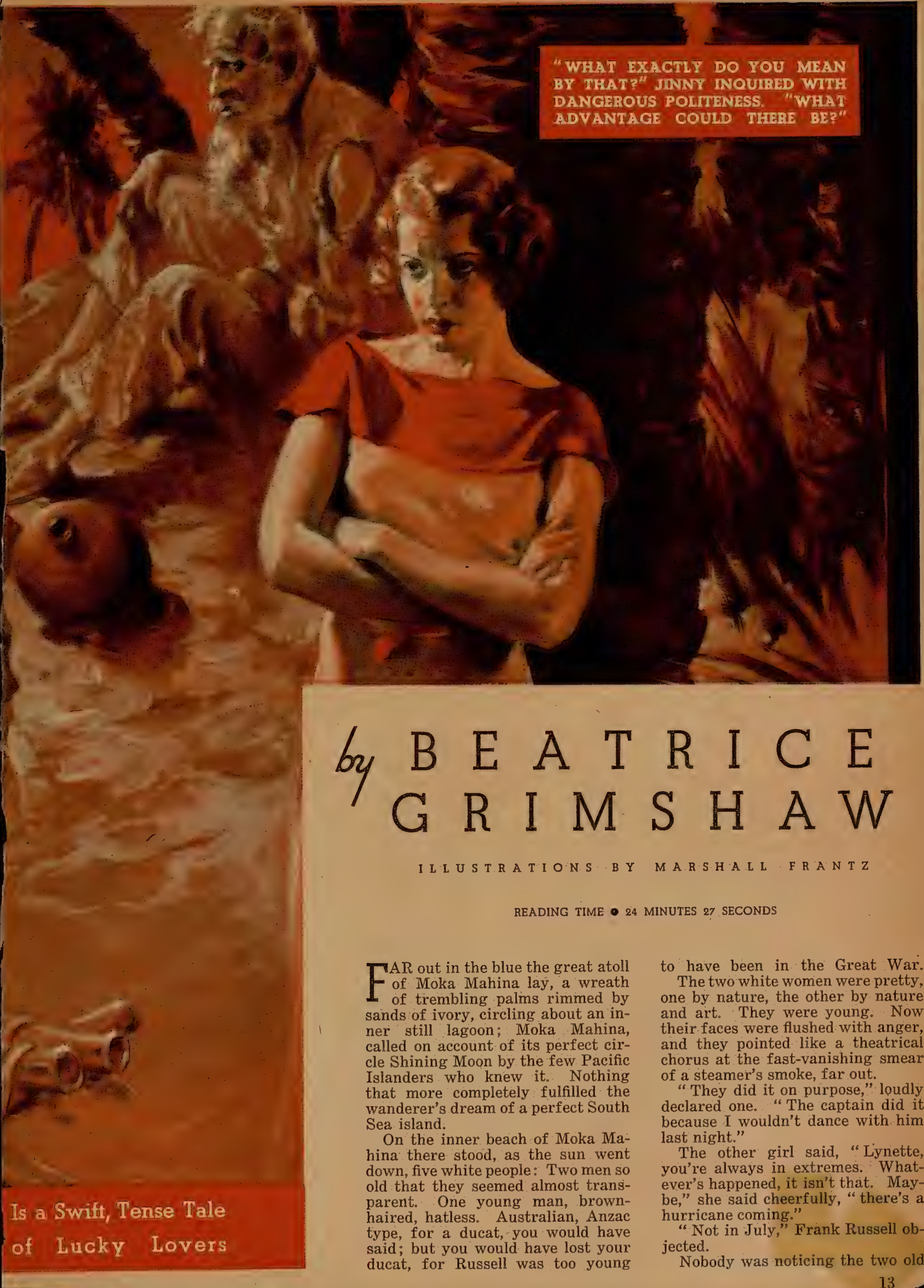
These two men were Kolchak and Ataman Semenoff. And the woman was Gypsy Masha.

How this wondrous woman was swirled by fate through the dark and bloody maelstrom that was Siberia; how it came about that for a time she shared life and power with the volcanic Semenoff; how in the end she found a true, enduring happiness, though one in which poor Miller could have no part—all this will be told as Gypsy Love Song is concluded next week.



Shining Moon

Castaways on a South Sea Isle and a Plot for Hidden Treasure! . . . Here
from a Far Outpost of Romance—The Story of a Scheming Siren and a Pair



"WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?" JINNY INQUIRED WITH DANGEROUS POLITENESS. "WHAT ADVANTAGE COULD THERE BE?"

Is a Swift, Tense Tale of Lucky Lovers

by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

FAR out in the blue the great atoll of Moka Mahina lay, a wreath of trembling palms rimmed by sands of ivory, circling about an inner still lagoon; Moka Mahina, called on account of its perfect circle Shining Moon by the few Pacific Islanders who knew it. Nothing that more completely fulfilled the wanderer's dream of a perfect South Sea island.

On the inner beach of Moka Mahina there stood, as the sun went down, five white people: Two men so old that they seemed almost transparent. One young man, brown-haired, hatless. Australian, Anzac type, for a ducat, you would have said; but you would have lost your ducat, for Russell was too young to have been in the Great War.

The two white women were pretty, one by nature, the other by nature and art. They were young. Now their faces were flushed with anger, and they pointed like a theatrical chorus at the fast-vanishing smear of a steamer's smoke, far out.

"They did it on purpose," loudly declared one. "The captain did it because I wouldn't dance with him last night."

The other girl said, "Lynette, you're always in extremes. Whatever's happened, it isn't that. Maybe," she said cheerfully, "there's a hurricane coming."

"Not in July," Frank Russell objected.

Nobody was noticing the two old

men, although they were the "sight" that the tourist boat had come to see—they and the beautiful solitary atoll on which they had lived (it was said) for the best part of a hundred years. The Sydney Planet had recently discovered their existence through the medium of a wandering journalist, and had featured them to the extent of a front page and several pictures. The Orestes, carrying four hundred Pacific tourists eager for novelty, had arranged to make Moka Mahina one of their calls. And she was just now dropping over the horizon with three less than the four hundred-odd with whom she had started from Sydney.

Russell did not speak. He could not trust himself. If Lynette St. George had not insisted on trying to walk all round the atoll, if she had not delayed her return, even when it became plain to every one that the island could not be circled in less than a day—if she had not scorned the repeated calls of the Orestes's siren, declaring that the captain would never dare to go without her—the three voyagers would not have found themselves in their present plight. One of the old men (so alike that you could scarce have told them from each other) piped up in a voice as thin as the whistle of the bosun birds sailing overhead:

"The captain, he'll have known about the neap tide, and run off to get clear of the reefs."

The other old man had been standing with his back to Old Man Number One, and he did not turn round. With his head half over his shoulder and his long beard streaming in the wind like silver smoke, he squeakily cried, "Who told you to yap about tides? What do you know about tides? What do you know about anything?"

"He's Joel. Joel always was bad-tempered," explained the other old man. "I'm Joshua. Joshua Hall. Seven minutes older than Joel. He never liked that." Joshua laughed, the very ghost of a twittering giggle.

Russell, stretching out his sun-coppered hand, said, "I haven't had time to tell you yet, but I'm Frank Hall Russell, and, I believe, your great-grandson."

The old man looked curiously at Frank's hand in his own dark shriveled claw. He did not seem to be moved by the news.

BUT Jinny Bayly was moved. Her large bright blue-gray eyes turned instantly upon Frank Russell. "Why," she said astonishedly, "there's a coincidence if you like—I'm his great-granddaughter too, and the only other descendant he has left. We've always been quite proud that poor dear mother was descended from a famous mission family, but nobody knew that any of the actual Halls of the John Williams day were still alive. When I saw that notice in the Planet—"

"When I saw it—" Russell interrupted.

"—and when I heard the tourist boat was going to call, I—"

"So did I. What a coincidence!" They gazed at each other like Stanley and Livingstone meeting in the equatorial forests. A certain impatience became visible in the demeanor of Lynette St. George.

"It's not so remarkable," she commented—"the same newspaper and the same boat. The wonder is that Moka Mahina isn't alive with descendants of the Halls. Or people who choose to call themselves so."

"What exactly do you mean by that?" Jinny inquired with dangerous politeness. "And what advantage could there be in it, except that of being descended from fine people?"

"Of course, none at all." She was emphatic on that point; she shook her head until her honey-colored curls fell half over her eyes. They were handsome brown eyes but hard; and the crystal light of the great lagoon, blindingly reflected from white sand, showed up without mercy the clever touches of mascara and eye shadow that emphasized their beauty.

Joshua, with one eye turned on his twin brother Joel, was saying, "You've got to stay till the ship comes back. Plenty of food; the schooner was here last week. Come to my house and let the girls go to Joel's. I don't care for girls with their squeaky-weaky voices and their what's this for, where's that, why do you so-and-so."

He's dotty, Russell thought; no wonder. Harmless. We'll be all right; the ship'll go on to Savinaka and turn; be back inside a week.

He thought of the station in Queensland—his inheritance, spoiled by his father's absence during the Great War, of which this ancestor had never heard. The station—all that had been left him, damaged, gone to bush, cattle breed destroyed, fine old house falling to pieces. In the hands of the banks—of course. His own work, trying to rebuild, with one pair of hands and little money, what three generations had hardily made, and one had, nobly, almost lost.

Frank Russell loved his land; he had almost killed himself trying to save it, and now that it was but partly saved, he'd had to go on a damned cheap tourist voyage to the cursed islands to regain his wasted health. Had there been, perhaps, a vague hope in his mind, waked by that newspaper story?

WELL, one might be worse off than on a coral island, marooned with a couple of jolly, pretty girls.

The young man was more than half in love with both of them; he really wasn't sure; he was always more or less in love with somebody; that was what it was not to be able to afford to marry. He wondered idly why the old men had stuck to Moka Mahina all these years.

He sat musing long outside the hut of ancient Joshua that night, when the rude meal called supper was over and the girls were gone to their quarters. Moonlight had turned the world into a hollow globe of silver; sea and land were sparkling, shadowless, save where the immemorial palms of Moka Mahina had limned each one its own dusk star upon the sand. The reef outside went huskily mumbling, queer deep tones.

One could well imagine in these surroundings, with two beautiful women dreaming almost within touch of hand, what the spell of the South Seas might be.

In the palm hut of Joel, behind the partition, the girls had talked a little before going to sleep. Joel was very deaf; their low-pitched voices were safe from chance of being overheard. "Why," asked Jinny, "why didn't the two old men go in with each other and Frank, and leave us a house to ourselves?"

Lynette, from her mat on the floor, said, "I'd have thought you could see why. They're barely on speaking terms. They hate each other."

"But what about? Men fight over girls and money. They're far too old for the one, and there's no money to quarrel about on an island at the back end of nowhere, so the other's out of it too."

Lynette yawned ostentatiously. "I'm sure I don't know."

She waited, eyes half closed, until the quiet breathing of Jinny, close by, told her that her roommate was sleeping. Then noiselessly she rose, took the handbag that she had brought with her from the Orestes, and slipped outside.

At the back of the *(Continued on page sixteen)*

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One word of warning: You can avoid early burn-outs or wasted electricity by always looking for this mark on the end of the bulb. More than ever before it means good light at low cost.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from page fourteen)

hut she sat down on the sand, and holding close to her eyes a worn black notebook, read it by the light of the moon.

Once or twice she laughed soundlessly. They'd give something to see me here, she thought, the committee and staff of the library. We have no further use for your services, Mrs. St. George. Richie's Commonwealth Library! Full of old Australian manuscripts and old Australian cats. Two divorces—more than they could swallow, those old females of both sexes who'd most of them never bought or worn a wedding ring. "We regret to be obliged to"—the hell you do. The hell you would regret if you knew what I'd carried off just for spite.

In that full moonlight, flung back as by a thousand mirrors from sea and flock-white sand, the sloping penmanship stood clear. The place. The date. Eighteen thirty-eight; Island of Iki-Iki, South Pacific. That pale-blue island, couching low on the horizon beyond the reef and the palms. The island where the ruined mission houses stood; where no one lived now, or had for many a year.

> . . . Having engaged in prayer . . . [Skip that], we agreed to accept the generous gift of the chiefs, offered in gratitude for our services in bringing the tribe to the knowledge and love of . . . [Skip], the atoll of Moka Mahina, situated in latitude . . . [Skip], well planted with palms. . . . [But they must have died long ago; these are the second lot, and they're as old as Methuselah's pet ass.] We consulted . . . [Skip]. Some of the brethren maintained that such a plan unduly savoured of gambling; but with the help of the Lord I was able to convince them that . . . [Skip]. The children were therefore brought in by their mothers, twelve in number, including the twin babes of Pastor and Mrs. Hall. We, the parents, having drawn out the deed in due form, signed in the presence of each other, with the intention of having the tontine[*] duly registered on the first occasion of the visit of any of us to . . . [Skip]. And after the business had been concluded, as in duty bound, we sought the blessing of the . . . [Skip]. Here follow the names of the twelve children for whom this tontine has been organised, but which of the twelve surviving the rest shall in God's good time come into possession of the property, God alone knows.

"And He won't tell," lightly added Lynette. "It's not as hard to guess as it was ninety-six years ago. You can come as close as two without much trouble, but the last guess—ah, there's the rub."

Tontine, she thought. Found it on the shelf that has the history of tontines. Nobody'd looked there for donkey's years. Browsing about on chance. That was when they sacked me. Well, I know it by heart now, except the last bit. The bit that was being added by the old Holy Joe when he was interrupted. What interrupted him? Maybe death.

"WHAT," said a man's voice behind her, "did you give such a shriek for?"

Lynette pulled herself together, twisted round, and looked up at Frank Russell. "Be-because your hands are cold," she said. "It was—like the touch of death."

"You have a nice imagination—I don't think," he told her, staring at the large dark eyes that showed like spots of ink in the moonlight. Her neck had been warm where he put his hands about it; soft and silky too. He'd have liked to leave his hands there, if she hadn't squawked. He held her arm; slowly, as if unconsciously, it began to drag on his. Russell leaned down, knelt, sat. "Do you know you're the—" he was beginning, when, like a ghost crab on its nightly walks, a small white figure came scuttling round the palms.

"I came," the figure squeaked, "because I thought I heard a girl calling, and I says to myself, Maybe that's Joel at his old tricks. Joel always was a one for the ladies, and just the other day—time we heard of Queen Victoria's death—he stole a native girl from—"

"That's enough," interrupted Russell protectively. "Ladies present."

You innocent dear, Lynette thought, hiding her smile.

She was aggrieved by Joshua's untimely appearance; but all the same her anger was not entirely for him. Only this ghostly spot (she could almost wish she hadn't planned to be left there, detained the others as she had), with the two corpselike old men wandering about, and those cold hands—she could feel them yet—suddenly grasping her neck, made her feel superstitious, or, as she would have called it, psychic. Somebody's going to die, she thought. Well, as long as it isn't me—

Frank was standing beside her. "Nighty-night," he said. "Better go to sleep. I don't think you need be afraid of old Joel. Last century's a long time ago."

"Where's Mrs. St. George?" Russell asked of Joshua next morning. The old man cackled spitefully. "I told you Joel was one for the girls," he piped. "He's sparking her at the other side of those palms."

"He's what?"

"Sparking her—or rather, by what I saw, she's sparking him, and he likes it. Girls. I never took much stock in them. My wife she died in sixty-nine, and I've had hide nor hair of them inside my house since."

"You've been here ever since?"

"And before. One child; he ran away to Australia."

My grandfather, thought Russell. Queer.

"I'm going away—some day," confided the old man. "Take a trip to Sydney, stay at the Oceania, champagne for dinner every night, horses and carriages, theaters. No girls. That's Joel's style, not mine."

"Take him with you?"

Joshua's reply was brief but comprehensive.

"Naw!"

THE young man turned aside to hide a smile. And immediately it faded. For he could see through the palms now, and what he saw was, to his mind, both sickening and absurd. Lynette St. George (was that her real name? Likely not, but by any name she'd be as pretty) standing with her arm linked in the lean dry arm of ancient Joel, looking down into his face (for he was a good inch shorter than she) and laughing with him at some inaudible joke.

Jinny Bayly had just come out of the hut. Her frock was tumbled, and she hadn't been able to get yesterday's sunburn off her nose, but she looked as bright as a button, Russell thought, and young—young—why, she made his own twenty-seven years seem elderly. She looked as if she had a pocketful of unspent laughter somewhere and wanted to let it go, reason or none. He could remember—it wasn't so very long ago—when he had felt and, he supposed, looked like that. Not now. Not since the life-and-death struggle for the station.

"Thinking?" Jinny said, coming up to him with that half-dancing step and the certain merry challenge in her gay gray-blue eyes. "You mustn't. Thinking is forbidden on desert islands."

"Lady, your words are wiser than you know," he answered her, sweeping off his hat. "Sleep all right?"

"Yes, I slept, thanks, but I don't think Mrs. St. George did—much. She was in and out like a dog in a fair, and when she did sleep she talked about hidden treasure till she made my mouth water."

He said, "Everybody expects to find treasure on desert islands, but I'm blowed if I know why. Yes, I saw her taking the air. I wouldn't worry about treasure; if there was any those old men would have had every inch of the place dug up."

"Oh, I don't worry," she answered. "I think Mrs. St. George is a little cracked on those subjects. She was coaxing Mr. Joel just now—I don't know what about—"

"Well, if old Joel, or old Joshua either, knew of anything on the island it's not a bit of vamping that would make them disclose it; you might split them up like herrings without finding out."

A good way off, on the other side of a group of palms, whither she had gradually led the old man, Lynette was—not questioning; she knew better—vamping, making love almost, to Joel. Studying the last, imperfect page of the notebook, she had made up her mind that there was really something of value on the island, and, being wise with the wisdom of the twice-divorced, she knew there was a shorter way to it than that of sleuthing.

---

[*] Any arrangement whereby a group of persons share certain benefits or advantages on such terms that upon the death or default of any member a part or all of the advantages enjoyed by him are distributed among the remaining members until on the death of all but one the whole goes to him.
—*Webster.*

The page was stamped upon her mind; that uncompleted note, broken off by Heaven-knew-what interruption; illness maybe, death perhaps. It had never, at any time, been finished.

January twenty-fifth, eighteen fifty-nine. Being that now five of the children mentioned in the agreement are, by the hand of an inscrutable Providence, removed from earthly troubles, it has seemed to me that our two sons, aged eleven years, and like to live long, by the strength of their constitutions, and not forgetting the decent and godly ancestry which they . . . [Skip]. Therefore I went to the island of Savinaka, and brought back with me, speaking of it to no one, much of the—

Here the page ended. Pity it had not gone a little further!

THE old man, warmed by unaccustomed womanly society, was leering up into Lynette's face from under deeply hooded, wrinkled eyelids. The little damp jellies of his eyes actually twinkled. "You're a nice girl," his thin voice piped. "I've known girls like you. There was a half-caste Samoan, daughter of a teacher. She married a white man, and ran away from him to me; she was a damn' fine gal. She poisoned her husband, but Lord, he deserved it, and I didn't mind. She never tried to poison me. Joshua would if he could. I wouldn't eat with Joshua, or drink with him; he'd have the starflower in my tea before I—"

"The starflower?"

"Yes. There's names and names for it, but it grows on the beaches of most of the islands—that low bush with the shiny leaves and the small white flowers and the green fruit. Well, the women they use it to poison their husbands, because that's etiquette. They're queer folk for etiquette, the islanders. Like to keep it even when they're sending the Ten Commandments all to smash." Certain of the Ten Commandments seemed to rise in his ancient mind with a piquant flavor. "I broke them plenty," he confided, chuckling.

A day or two passed, filled pleasantly enough by walks about the atoll, by talks in the long tropic evenings, occasionally by the wild amateur attempts of half-clad people to wash some part of their clothes in the salt waters of the lagoon. Strange to say, the old men discountenanced this practice, even to the point of offering valuable fresh water from their rainy-season tanks. "It's not healthy," Joshua maintained, and Joel for once was with him. "There's marasmus rises from waters that's enclosed like these; don't go hanging your heads over them." Jinny, who owned to, and very lightly wore, a degree from Sydney University, laughed at this, but was careful not to let the old men see her. She is kind, thought Frank Russell, kind.

Lynette, he thought, was not kind.

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It was certainly unkind to make a fool of her ancient host as she seemed to be doing. When she was not reading over her private diary (he wondered what was in it) or botanizing about the island, she was laughing and talking with Joel.

"I want you," said Lynette's voice, "to witness something. You and Jinny Bayly." The girl was Jinny to her; but Jinny had never Lynette-ed the elder woman—a significant fact.

There was something triumphant in her voice; she looked actually younger. She was very handsome today, and (the thought popped into Russell's mind, strayed no doubt from mission ancestry) also she looked—wicked.

"Where did you get the motor goggles?" he asked her, he didn't know why. Lynette flushed angrily. "What business—" she was beginning, while she hurried to pick up the ugly goggles fallen from her handbag; but she seemed to change her mind. "I brought them," she said curtly. "What about the witnessing?"

"I suppose," he said jestingly, "you've got old Joel to make his will in your favor." He was considerably taken aback by her reply. "Exactly. Any complaints?"

There might have been complaints, he thought, seeing that he and Jinny were related to the old men, while Mrs. St. George certainly was not.

But what! An atoll of palm trees that nowadays couldn't pay, owned by two old men jointly—he wished her joy of all that she could get out of that, even supposing the old men died tomorrow. Of course they were as long overdue as a ship that is rung on the Lutine bell at Lloyd's; heaven and hell must have got tired of waiting for them; but at any moment either of them might—

"Well, are you going to sign? I've asked Jinny, and Joel's ready."

He said the only thing he could say: "Yes."

And when the will (for that it seemed to be) was duly signed and witnessed, Lynette coolly put her arms about old Joel's scaly neck and kissed his mouth.

"Grr!" impolitely remarked Jinny Bayly as the two walked away.

"'S how I feel," confessed Frank Russell.

Jinny's eyes were bright; her admirable small mouth curved suddenly into a smile; but she said nothing more.

At suppertime that night Joshua confided to Frank Russell that he was uneasy about his brother's possible conduct.

"Joel, he's a bad one; he'd poison me if he could," the old man said. "I saw bits of poison lying on the sand, I did, this very day that ever was. Joel'd put poison in my whisky, I know he would."

"Come now," soothed Frank, "why should he?"

A cunning look crept over Joshua's nutcracker face. "It doesn't matter why he should; that's nobody's business, only ours—but Joel, he took our two new bottles of whisky out of the case today, because the last was done; and who's to say what he did with it? There it is, but how do I know?"

The evening glass of whisky which was all that either of the temperate old brothers took, was standing on the table. Frank, who, as every one knew, never drank, was yet able to sympathize with an old man deprived for no reason of his nightly consolation. "Look here," he said, "you mustn't have such ideas. Come, I'll taste your glass to prove to you—"

"You won't!" Joshua cried with a batlike shriek. "You're a good sort of chap, and I don't want to see—I tell you there was bits of poison."

Mad, thought Russell, and no wonder.

"Joel, he's off down the beach with that saucy jade of a woman," Joshua said. "I'll nip in and take his bottle unbeknownst, and he can have mine."

Joshua, for his age, was active; but he panted a good deal when he returned. "I might have two tonight; what d'you think?" he asked.

"Two by all means," the other agreed. (He hasn't time to take to drink now, even if he wanted, poor old beggar.)

Later, when the old man was sitting half bemused and happy, Russell strolled out upon the beach. Something, he hardly knew what, had made him anxious about Jinny Bayly. No harm, surely, could have come to her on this peaceful island, populated only by the two aged men, Lynette, and himself; but nevertheless he felt as if he wanted to see her. It might have been mere indigestion brought about by his cooking, but he wanted Jinny, wanted to know she was all right.

When he saw her in the distance, faintly outlined by moonlight, he was ready to laugh at himself; but a minute later, standing beside a disturbed and unhappy girl, he knew that for once his presentiment had had reason. "What's wrong?" he demanded.

She said, "I don't know that anything is—but they're asleep, and I can't wake them. I went to the door and made a noise. They're sitting there in chairs."

The whisky, Frank thought. Drunk. Only wanted that. He didn't ask himself what it was that only wanted that; but his arm was laid protectively and a little more than protectively about Jinny's waist as together they went to the hut of the ancient Joel.

In the light of a hurricane lamp he saw the two, and did not like what he saw. "Go outside and wait," he ordered. Jinny, meek as any Victorian Griselda, obeyed without a word.

Frank had not been in the war, but he had lived hard, seen death many times. He knew at once, even before he felt the hearts and looked into the eyes of the two silent lolling figures, that death was here.

He lifted the whisky bottle, laid his tongue cautiously to the neck and sipped a drop, afterward spitting freely out on the sand. It tasted—did it?—just a little queerly.

“Joshua,” he said aloud, “was right. Unless—” and he looked long, with strangely mingled emotions, at the figure of Lynette St. George. “It was not Joel,” was his final conclusion. Then he went outside to tell Jinny. She shrieked a little, cried, and recovered herself. “It's dreadful,” she said. “You'll have to go to Joshua.”

Joshua, when, carefully and by degrees, Frank had told him, burst into sudden tearless old man's sobbing. “M' brother's dead,” he said. “M' brother's dead!” It seemed as if the long-buried, long-forgotten love of the twins had in that moment risen from its tomb. Frank mercifully forbore to point out to the old man that he had actually poisoned his brother, just as his brother apparently had wished to poison him.

Apparently. Frank pondered over that word. Putting this and that together, he thought he knew who it was that had used the poison. Why, was another matter. He could not—quite—understand why Lynette—rest now to her restless soul!—had not been content to wait the natural demise of a man so near his end as Joshua.

Well, she had paid for whatever it was that she had done; she had been caught in her own trap. Coming in from the beach, Joel and she together had drunk, caroused perhaps—at all events had taken so much of the whisky that the poison, whatever it was, had had full chance to do its work. A sleepy poison evidently. A merciful one, he hoped.

Jinny met him at the door. “You'll bury them tomorrow,” she said, wiping her eyes.

“Think no more about it now,” Russell advised. “Come in and see Joshua; he seems a good deal upset.”

The old man was leaning back in his chair and his eyes had rolled up until nothing but the whites could be seen. Frank laid him down, dashed water in his face.

“I'm going,” Joshua said without emotion.

An irresistible impulse moved the young man to say, “Tell us—tell us what it is that's on the island.” People don't do poisoning for nothing, he thought. They—

Joshua had not answered, but with his last strength he raised his head and spat ineffectually in Russell's face. Then he fell back, dead.

There were three to bury, coffinless, next morning; and after they were buried and three rude crosses set above the graves, Jinny and Frank went back to the strangely empty, strangely quiet cottages.

Frank was silent, distracted. “I wish I could have found out,” he said by and by. “I'm convinced there's something in it.”

Jinny, who knew all there was to know by this time, said, “Let's search the cottages. There might be something there.”

An hour's search yielded two things: A pair of plain glass goggles, metal-sided, with straps attached—straps that were rotten, crumbling with age—and a black notebook. Jinny snatched at the first. “Diver's glasses!” she cried. “One of our profs, who'd been away biologizing at Thursday Island, brought back a pair; he used to lend them to me when I went bathing, and you could see under water with them like magic. Divers use them to—to”—she broke off, stared at Russell with a wild surmise and went on—“to look for pearl shell!”

“Let's see the notebook,” Frank said, breathing hard. Was it possible?

It was. The last page, uncomprehended by Lynette until the very last, yielded its secret at once to Frank and Jinny. “Why,” she said, “the old missionary brought pearl-shell spawn or young shells, or something, from Savinaka—there used to be fisheries there—and put them into the lagoon without telling any one. And the two old men, when they settled here, found it out.”

“But,” objected Frank, “pearl shell isn't very high value nowadays. And pearls are down too.”

“Some pearls and some pearl shell. Not this. Don't you realize there's probably a mass of stuff there that's lain undisturbed, growing and growing, for seventy-five years? The shell will be the biggest sort that's found,

White Fortune Sports
for your light summer clothes
$4
Most Styles

No. 371
A new all-white sport shoe made of White Velvet Buck.

WHATEVER else you may wear this summer . . . pastel ties, fancy socks . . . remember that in shoes *white is right.* In the new Fortunes there's a correct style to suit every taste. Plain toes (as above), wingtip patterns, and cool, ventilated numbers to give your feet new freedom on hot summer days. The new styles are now on display — most styles $4. If you don't know your Fortune dealer, write for his address today.

“No need to pay more . . .
“I've found there's no need to pay more when I can get Fortunes. They save me money, look smart, and hold their shape.”

No. 374, White Velvet Buck

FORTUNE *Style · Stamina* SHOES

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RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY • *A Division of General Shoe Corp.* • NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

and the pearls—Frank, the old prof told us lots about that; it's in the very oldest shells that the big, big pearls are; and big pearls bring money—still. Frank, if that's all right, we're rich."

"We'll prove it," he said. "It does seem likely—and if it is, you and I are almost certainly Joshua's heirs, and Joshua died last of all the babies in the tontine. Babies! Think of it." He thought of it and felt amazed at the strangeness, the cruelty of Time.

But Jinny, womanlike, was concerned with no abstract matter. "It won't be long now before the ship comes back," she said. "Still, there's several days."

She turned her eyes away from those of Russell; there was something in the Queensland horseman's face that she could not—yet—make up her mind to meet.

Russell thought but did not say, There's two huts. Good. No desert-island stuff for me. Not when it's—my wife!

THE END

Editor's Note: When Helene Paul rubbed shoulders and matched wits with all comers in the business arena she was known as a "successful business woman"—success being measured in terms of financial return.

She had heard of planetary influence, but didn't consider such influence seriously until one day the turn of the wheel came up black, and she had her money on red!

When she discovered there was a psychological time for every endeavor, she gave up a successful business career to study the science of the stars and learn how to avoid mistakes and blunders. If this science worked for Pythagoras and Aristotle, she felt it should still be helpful.

In her research Miss Paul hit upon the idea of designing an astrological signature for her friends. She calls it an "astrograph." This idea caught on, and instead of monograms on napkins and table linen, trousseaus and undies, astrological signatures became the rage, and it keeps Miss Paul busy supplying astrological designs for exclusive shops whose customers demand this signature in preference to the old-fashioned monogram.

Jewelers have engraved these signatures in wedding rings, and stationery bears them in the upper left-hand corner. The idea has also carried over into signet rings, cigarette boxes, and all sorts of gadgets known as novelties.

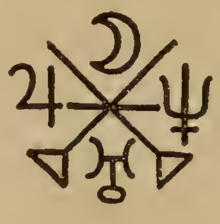
The beauty of it is, each signature is individual and cannot be turned out in mass production, so the owner has something unique.

YOUR NAME IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS

by HELENE PAUL

☽	⚹	♆	♅	△	♃
MOON	SEXTILE	NEPTUNE	URANUS	TRINE	JUPITER

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT



Astrograph of President Roosevelt

THE astrological signature of the President of the United States includes the Moon, which is sextile to Neptune, and Uranus, trine to both Neptune and Jupiter. The sextile and the trine are not planets; they signify positions of the planets at the time of birth. Positions are all-important, so the trine and the sextile must be represented in the signature.

Here is a combination of all of the most fortunate aspects attending the President, and it tells those who understand these signs all there is to know about the character of the man.

Public popularity, for instance, is shown by the planet Jupiter and the position of the Moon. Uranus, Neptune, and Jupiter indicate that his approach to the many problems of the masses is humanitarian, also that his policy as regards the support of the tillers of the soil is a liberal one.

So much for the public aspects.

In his home life he is an excellent husband and father, understanding and ofttimes indulgent. His good nature must not be imposed upon, however, and his intimates are wise enough not to attempt such imposition. Uncle Sam has the right captain on the bridge of the Ship of State, as this astrograph proves.

Next week—Eleanor Roosevelt.

THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER

"OLIVE OIL? NOTHING LIKE IT FOR SOOTHING SKIN IRRITATION!" SAYS JAKE WEBER TRAINER OF FRANKIE FRISCH, MANAGER AND 2ND BASEMAN OF WORLD'S CHAMPS, ST. LOUIS CARDINALS.
OLIVER

TO END RAWNESS AFTER SHAVING!

Change to Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

BASEBALL'S plenty hard on a man's skin . . . but pulling a razor over your face every day is no fun, either!

But—to eliminate the burn and sting of the usual shave . . . to keep your face fresh and smooth, in fine shape all the time, we make Palmolive Shave Cream with just the right amount of Olive Oil.

You'll find also that, because the unique Palmolive formula includes Olive Oil, you get a richer, thicker, creamier lather. Lather that stands up for a full ten minutes. Lather that *soothes* your face—that never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had! Get a tube today!

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES FOR 25¢

PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM

40¢ GIANT SIZE 200 SHAVES

GAME LAWS for Criminals

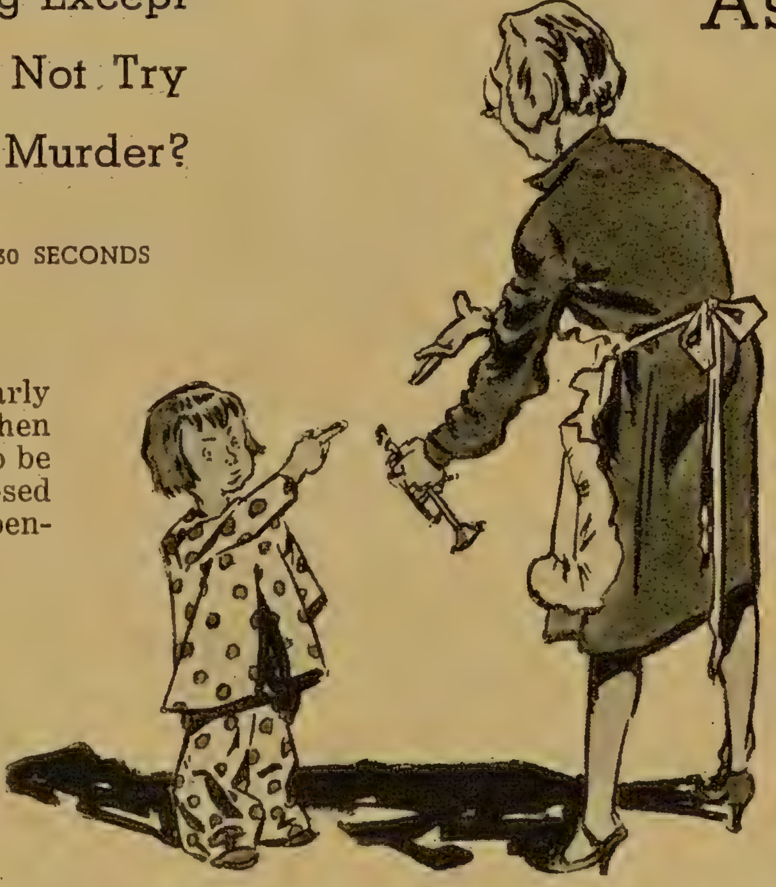
We Protect Everything Except Human Life . . . Why Not Try a Little Holiday from Murder?

Asks RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THERE are game laws for nearly every animal but man. When fish, flesh, or fowl are found to be disappearing too rapidly, a closed season is decreed, with severe penalties.

We not only have game laws but game preserves where it is forbidden to kill a fellow animal, bird, or what not at any time of the year. In some national parks the bears and others have multiplied so fast and grown so friendly that they will come in and sit down to the visitor's lunch just as if they were poor relations.


She would point at her mother. "Some day I'm going to shoot you with a real gun."

The Belgian Congo has a reserve where even gorillas are never legitimate prey and all forms of flora and fauna are guaranteed security.

But nowhere in the United States is there a place where, or a season when, human life is safe; never a preserve where a man can take his family for a vacation and be absolutely certain that nobody will destroy him or them.

The homicidal instinct is in us all, for we are all descended from cannibals and man hunters. But we are civilized enough now to disapprove of it and to be ashamed of the fact that our national percentage of homicides is by far the world's highest, with the rest of the benighted nations simply nowhere.

One reason for our lack of success in curbing homicide is that we content ourselves with denouncing it wholesale. You never hear a respectable person say a good word for homicide in general, though we are all apt to praise it in particular instances; and nothing is commoner than to hear an otherwise bloodthirstless person say, "So they dropped Dillinger—and a good thing too"; or, "Somebody ought to shoot that guy." Impatient people break out with "Oh, go jump in the lake!" And they don't mean the shallow part. I even knew a little girl, a mere child, who would, when vexed, point at her own mother and empty her forefinger at her, saying, "Some day I'm going to shoot you with a real gun."

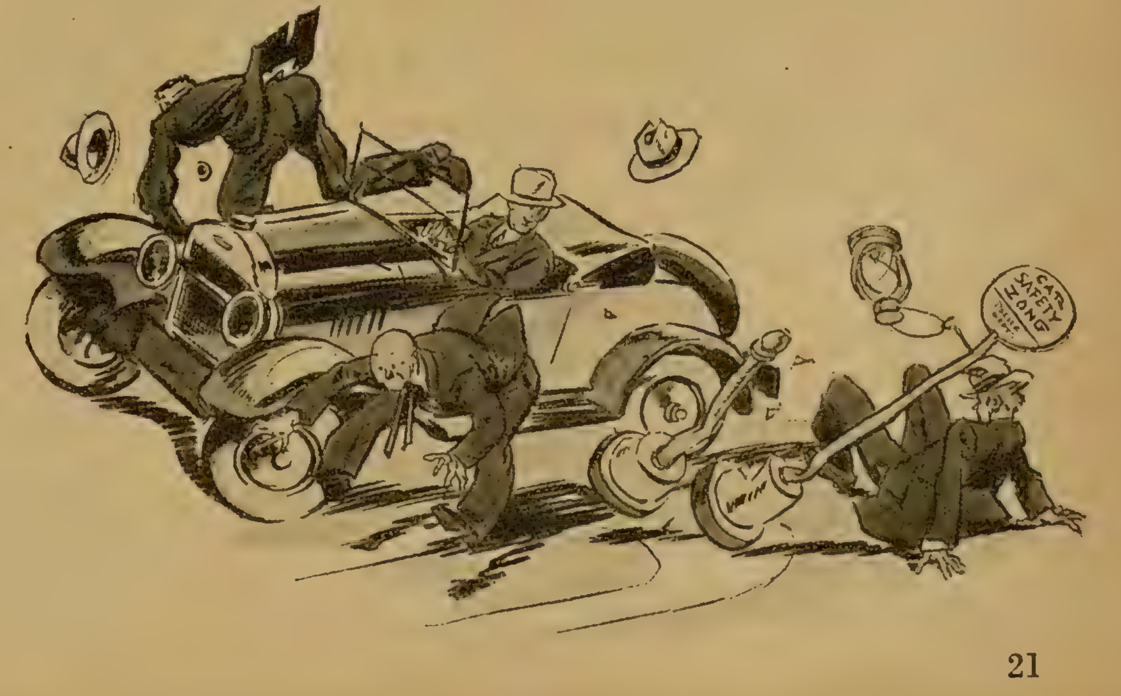
Something has got to be done to prevent so many people from killing so many people. Statistics make dull reading. But in our land what could be a better bloodcurdler than such an item as this in the papers of November 22, 1934?

> Autos Have Killed 28,400 This Year — State Reports Put Injured at 740,000. Others in 600,000 Mishaps—10-Month Total Up 16 Per Cent—Pedestrians Composed 48 Per Cent of Fatalities—Intoxicated-Driver Cases Increased 24 Per Cent.

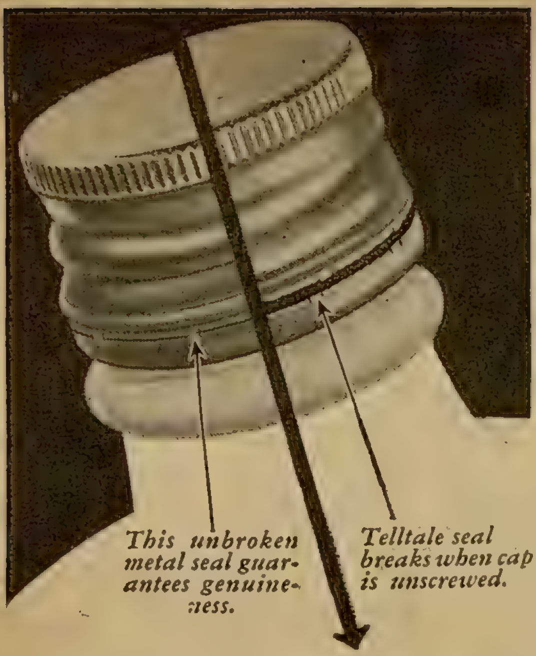
Such red numerals set the imagination to work. If in ten months there is an increase of 16 per cent, there would be in a year an increase of pretty nearly 20 per cent; in five years 100 per cent. At that rate there will soon be left nobody for the motorists to kill but each other.

One breathes a pleasant sigh of relief to learn that, while the major crimes in New York State increased 2.7 per cent in the first six months of 1934, and the solutions of crime mysteries decreased 2.4 per cent, the number of homicides "committed by other than assault by a motor vehicle" dropped from 305 to 250, a reduction of 18 per cent.

But one realizes that the first six months were probably characterized by poor murder conditions. One fears the second six months may present more encouragement.



Even the safety zones seem merely to make the pedestrians a more conspicuous target.


This unbroken metal seal guarantees genuineness.
Telltale seal breaks when cap is unscrewed.

Fleischmann's Dry Gin

See advertisement . . . . Page 23

HAS AN ALSECO ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEAL ON EVERY BOTTLE *for your protection*

ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

Can Such Youth — Be Yours?

DON'T let your skin get blotchy — don't let headaches dull your eyes and fill your forehead with wrinkles. This very night, give Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a trial. For 20 years, they have helped thousands banish unsightly blemishes and pimples; have made dull cheeks bloom again with girlish beauty.

"The internal cosmetic"

An efficient substitute for calomel and much easier to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets get at the cause of so many poor complexions. They help nature restore normal action in the intestines and sweep out deadening poisons of constipation.

See and feel how this tested compound of vegetable ingredients can bring back the buoyant joy of health. No griping. Safe and harmless. Non-habit-forming. For listlessness, sallow skin. Nothing better. 15¢, 30¢, and 60¢.

This fear is confirmed by the figures from Texas, where one may enjoy outdoor sports all the year round. In Texas, one learns, during the past year there were 982 homicides. This is doing very well for a state which suffers from the handicap of having an estimated population of only 6,023,000 in 1933 while New York had 12,965,000. Thus, with less than half the population of New York, Texas pulled off more than three times the homicides. And the state is so gentle-minded that of 982 murderers only eight were executed, a total of less than a tenth of 1 per cent.

There were a few lynching parties, but they do not count, and in fact were not counted.

I have given much thought to methods for making life safer in our democracy, but only of late has an idea been granted me. It occurred to me that human game preserves would be a pleasant thing. The ancients had cities of refuge and temples and altars where life was sacred. But there were always bad sports who would not obey the rules. Even the safety zones and isles in our streets seem merely to make the pedestrians a more conspicuous target for automobiles.

So my restless mind pushed on to consider game laws and closed seasons as a possible solution.

When man, proud man, pauses in his custom of making the earth an enormous slaughterhouse, the particular species he spares tends to multiply so enormously that it becomes a nuisance. Of course man is not the only destructive animal. Some of the others almost rival us.

It was figured out by Huxley (or somebody) that if herring (I think it was) were allowed to multiply without attacks from their natural enemies, in a few years the Atlantic would be a solid mass of herring and one might walk across dry-shod. Better yet, what a grand thing it would be to have an automobile road from New York to London! And what better use for herring than paving?

IF nature were not one great society for mutual destruction, the world would soon be too cluttered up for existence.

But there is at present no immediate danger from the Malthusian nightmare that human beings will multiply like herring till we all starve to death from overcrowding. In any case, homicide does not tend to keep the population down materially. It simply adds an element of risk and regret to a life sufficiently dangerous and sad already.

Murder is at best as lacking in usefulness as in charm and beauty. It is all too rarely done with any effort at refinement, courtesy, originality, or imagination. As De Quincey said in his Supplementary Paper on Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts:

> If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking and from that to incivility and procrastination. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time.

There is, then, the added reason for an attack on murder that it would bring about a marked improvement in general manners.

The only way to stop murdering is to stop it. The only method yet untried is the passing of game laws. Passing other laws will do no good, for there are everywhere laws against murder. I suggest beginning modestly with the new reform. Let us take a lesson from the game laws and declare a brief closed season for homicide. Let us begin with only one month—perhaps only one week—or one day. Let us choose the shortest month, or the shortest day in the shortest week. Let us decree that during that period nobody shall kill anybody else intentionally in any circumstances whatsoever. We shall probably have to say "except in self-defense or in the performance of a legal duty by an officer of the law."

THE penalty for killing anybody during the closed period shall be—death. A death for a death. All the law will have to do is prove that somebody killed somebody intentionally. No excuses will be accepted. No lawyers shall make orations to juries. No juries shall be impaneled.

It will not be enough to say, "I grew tired of him (or her). He called me an ugly name. There was a struggle. Everything went black. When I came to myself, he (she, they) lay dead. I remember nothing more." It will not be enough to say, "He took my wife's love from me," "She took my husband's love from me," as the case may be. The complex business of establishing motives can be ignored. People always mean well. But they should not get into the habit of murder.

In a trial the one thing to be proved will be "Did A kill B intentionally?" Yes? Then A dies.

The theory will be that putting people to death during this closed season is exclusively, absolutely exclusively, the business and privilege of the state. If you are convinced that a certain individual simply must cease forthwith to be a cumberer of the ground, you must go to the state and say, "Kindly eliminate So-and-So." Then, if the judges agree with you that So-and-So ought to be removed, the state will proceed to erase him.

There are many things about this proposal that will arouse the violent hostility of certain elements of the populace. But that is true of every effort ever made to benefit the public.

Lawyers will have to take a month's vacation. Professional jurors will have to mind their own business, if any, for twenty-eight days. Professional perjurers will enjoy a much-needed rest.

The trials will be conducted without publicity, emotion, eloquence, or picturesque word duels between high-priced counsel. The saving in the appalling expense of trials will alone make the experiment profitable to the poor taxpayer. The waste of money on trials is peculiarly harrowing since the murderer practically always goes free.

It is a plain inescapable fact that we do not take murder seriously in this country. We have a twisted national psychology that abhors legal killing but tolerates illegal killing. Lynching is still a popular community effort. Lynchings increased 180 per cent last year. Our citizens are capable of mass murder, team play. We wait so long for trials, and surround the accused with such protection, and permit so many appeals, that even the few who are punished for murder are punished only after prolonged delay. Uglier yet, the ones who are punished are almost always the poor, the friendless, the homely. The good-looking, the rich are almost immune from risk. Even the poorest of murderers often enjoy the advantage of expert counsel, since criminal lawyers will often take spectacular cases for the sake of publicity.

It is time to call a halt and do something to make murder less instinctive. In England, where the people do not carry weapons as we do here, or have them in their houses as we do, where even the police do not carry pistols, there is much less of this aptness to slaughter that fills our newspapers with incessant streams of homicide. In England the law is far more awful than here.

WE Americans need a rehabilitation of the sanctity of the words "legal" and "illegal." Homicide is illegal. Either it should be punished or the law should be changed.

In actual self-defense, or in the protection of somebody else from being killed or intolerably outraged, killing may well be a duty. Nobody suggests the punishment of such a deed. But the deliberate taking of life must be established as the exclusive business of the constituted authorities given that office by the consent of society.

It is useless to think of a prompt and general reform. But if, for a period of a month, or a week, we could agree that anybody who intentionally kills anybody for any reason except in self-defense shall die as soon as the fact is proved, our annual homicide total of 12,000 would be reduced, millions and millions of dollars would be redeemed from waste, and we should diminish the unspeakable maudlin hypocrisy of our affection for murderers.

So I propose a closed season for homicide. If it could be made to work, even imperfectly, for a week, it might be gradually extended to a month or eventually two or three. It would never work permanently, but it would tend to remind our savage fellow citizens that he who takes a life must pay a life.

THE END

A Smooth Martini requires a smooth American Gin — *like Fleischmann's*

"*That's the smoothest Martini I ever tasted — believe me, I'm using* FLEISCHMANN'S GIN *from now on*"

TO make a Martini properly, smoothly—requires a mild, smooth American Gin that will blend in mixed drinks.

Fleischmann's is an *American* Gin distilled from *American* grains . . . from an *American* formula . . . for *American* tastes and drinking customs . . . by an *American* company.

Every single process from the purchase of the grain to the bottling of the finished product is under the control of *one* company—The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation.

The result is a uniform-quality gin that always insures a mild, smooth mixed drink.

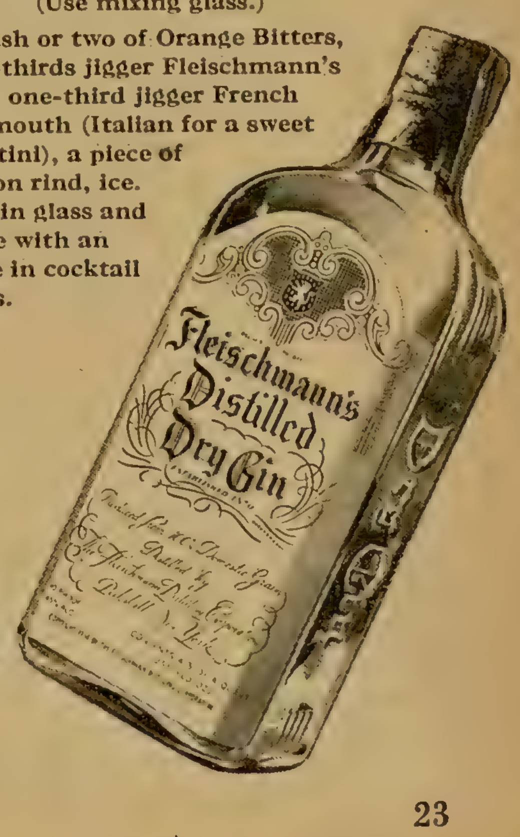
Fleischmann's Gin is specially distilled to blend perfectly with other liquors and fruit juices in mixed drinks—to bring out their hidden, subtle flavors.

Buy a bottle. Mix up a Martini or any gin drink you prefer. Your first delicious sip will tell you why "it takes an American Gin to make a smooth American cocktail."

HOW TO MIX A MARTINI:
(Use mixing glass.)

A dash or two of Orange Bitters, two-thirds jigger Fleischmann's Gin, one-third jigger French Vermouth (Italian for a sweet Martini), a piece of lemon rind, ice. Stir in glass and serve with an olive in cocktail glass.

NRA CODE



Champions' Children

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE young man said, "Let's sit this out." He motioned toward a bench at the far end of the big porch facing Long Island Sound. No summer had ever put on a bigger or a better moon.

"Let's take this one," the young man suggested, and the girl with the red bobbed hair obeyed him. "I brought you out here," he continued, "because I want to know whether you'll marry me."

"I don't think so," the girl replied. "This is only the fifth time we've met."

"I'm striking that out as incompetent, irrelevant, and perfectly foolish," said Jerry Doyle.

"Just a minute," she said. "Let's get this straight at the start. Are you the judge or the jury?"

"I was intending to be both."

"All right, but I'm a witness and I'm going to tell the whole truth. I'm going to confess right now."

"Oh, please," said Doyle with an actual trace of anxiety in his voice. "It doesn't make any difference what you've done. Why not just let it remain a secret?"

"It isn't even a secret. I'm surprised that you haven't heard it already. It's about my father. Do you know anything about my father?"

"Up till now I never gave him a thought."

"Then listen attentively. Your Honor, my name is Katherine Kieran, and I live at 437 Park Avenue with my father and mother, who are known as Mr. and Mrs. Kieran. Twenty-five years ago everybody in the whole world had heard of my father, but mostly they didn't call him Jack Kieran. They knew him as the Kokomo Killer. He was the heavyweight champion of the world and the finest and most savage fighter ever seen in the ring."

Jerry Doyle had gone ash-white.

"I see it does make a difference," Katherine continued.

"You can bet your life it makes a difference."

"I thought it would. After all, your father's a professor and I imagine he would just be tickled pink at your getting married to the daughter of the Kokomo Killer."

Jerry suddenly came out of his daze. "I never told you my father was a professor."

"You've said something like that," Katherine protested. "You told me that you took more pride in being president of the Elizabethan Club than having kicked the winning field goal against Princeton. You said that when you were just a small kid your father used to read Shakespeare aloud to you."

"Now it's my turn to confess," said Jerry. "It so happens that my father was a fighter too. Twenty-five years ago everybody knew Gene Doyle. Gentleman Gene they called him, and he was the heavyweight champion and the most scientific boxer the world has ever known. He licked your father twice in succession without even getting up a sweat, although I believe there was some minor squawk about the fight in Chicago."

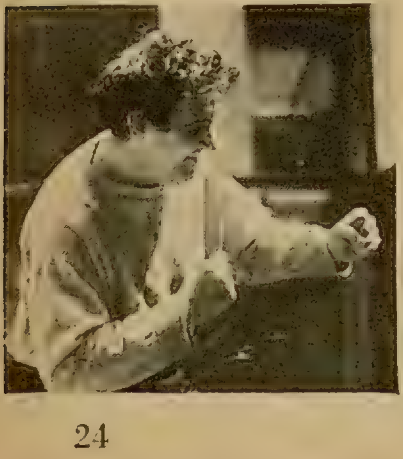
Katherine gasped. "So you're the son of the long count!" she exclaimed. "If there's any man my father doesn't like it's certainly Gentleman Gene. In that fight in Chicago my father nailed your father with a right-hand punch smack on the point of the jaw, and then he hit him again with a left and a right as he was going down flat on his back. And the referee forgot to count for ten or twelve seconds, and that gave your father a chance to stagger up to his feet and then get on a bicycle and pedal away for the rest of the round. My father stood in the ring with his hands down and dared Gentleman Gene to come in and fight."

"You've got the story all wrong," said Jerry Doyle severely. "In the first place your father was a dirty fighter. He tried all night to stick his thumb in my old man's eye. I'll grant you my father got careless—he was so far ahead on points."

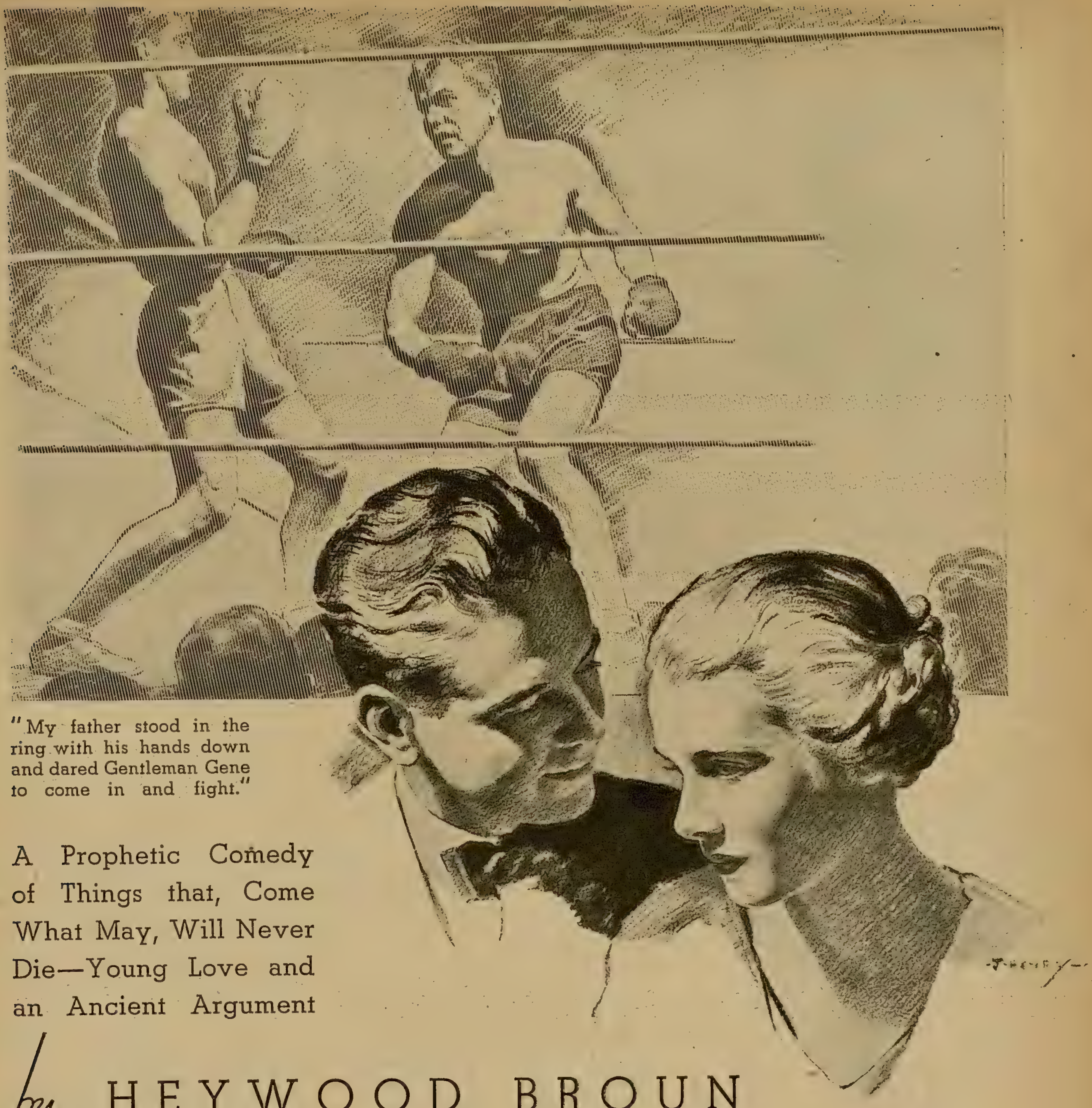
"Yes, on points," sneered the girl. "My father didn't care anything about points. He didn't read Shakespeare to me when I was a kid. He went out and smacked people, and they stayed smacked."

"Sure they did," replied Jerry angrily; "because when your father got a man down he would stand on him and hit him when he was halfway up from the floor. My old man's no fool. If Kieran didn't have sense enough to go to a neutral corner, why shouldn't my father take advantage of your father's stupidity? I've heard the story lots of times and I've heard the *real* story. My dad could have got up any time after the first few seconds. He heard somebody in a loud voice say, 'Three.' Then, after almost a million years he heard 'Four,' and he felt if it's as long as that all the way to nine it's going to be a cinch to get up."

"Naturally," said Katherine, her eyes blazing. "It was a slow count as well as a long one. My father doesn't tell the story that way."



HEYWOOD BROUN
was born in Brooklyn in 1888 and, but for the four years he spent at Harvard and the time he served in France with the A. E. F. as a war correspondent, his entire business life has been spent in New York City in newspaper work and writing. He has written several books and his syndicated column is read by millions of newspaper readers daily.



"My father stood in the ring with his hands down and dared Gentleman Gene to come in and fight."

A Prophetic Comedy of Things that, Come What May, Will Never Die—Young Love and an Ancient Argument

by HEYWOOD BROUN

"I imagine not," answered Jerry, "your father would say he was laying on the floor of the ring."

The girl leaned forward suddenly and slapped Jerry Doyle across the mouth. "You can't say things like that about my father. He can talk just as much English as yours, even if he never did go down to Yale to lecture to the boys about Shakespeare. Your father knows just as much about Shakespeare as he knows about infighting. When my father smacked a man he 'knocked him down.' He didn't 'precipitate him to the floor.'"

Suddenly both her wrists were imprisoned within the grip of Doyle's right fist.

"I guess you're the daughter of the Kokomo Killer all right," he admitted. "But we're fighting about something that happened twenty-five years ago, and the worst of it is that nobody has put up any purse. After all, are we champions' children or a couple of damn'-fool amateurs?"

"Well, will you take back what you said about my father's grammar and his sticking his thumb into people's eyes?"

"Sure, if you'll quit making nasty cracks about Shakespeare and my father."

The girl grinned.

"You're not mad any more?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Will you marry me?"

"You've got to give me some time."

"And you were the girl that was kicking about the long count! I'll give you exactly ten seconds."

He freed her wrists and began to count.

"One! Come on, Kate, that old fight took place before either of us was born. Two! Kate, why art thou Kate of the Kokomo Killer? Shakespeare said something like that. Three! I'll take it all back about your father being a dirty fighter. Probably it was my father who tried to gouge out your father's thumb by sticking his own eye against it. Four! Oh, to hell with the long count! Seven! Nine! Ten! Give me my answer."

Tom Blake, who was the host of the party, passed by fifteen minutes later and said, "Break!"

THE END

Better Times

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

EVERYTHING is ready for baking the biggest and best Prosperity Pie Uncle Sam has ever enjoyed—everything except the seasoning. Seasoning recalls the little boy's definition: "Salt is the thing which makes meat taste nasty when it doesn't have any."

The seasoning needed and necessary now is Confidence—

Confidence among industrial leaders, among investors, among business men, among employers—that Washington won't do anything to upset things, but will instead co-operate wholeheartedly in encouraging the return of enterprise, of investing, of spending, of prosperity—including a return of a much greater volume of employment.

I cannot undertake to prophesy just *when* the seasoning will be supplied. Washington may furnish it during the present session of Congress; or it may not. I am hopeful that it has already become clear to Washington that genuine prosperity cannot be achieved by politicians alone, but that business, industry, employers, investors, consumers must all take part in the baking of Prosperity Pie.

This I do know, however: Not since the Civil War has America been so ripe and ready for a business boom.

Never before have so many individuals and families gone so long without things needed or desired. Never before has there been so much doubling-up of families—distasteful to everybody.

Never before has the machinery and other equipment in American factories been so aged, so shopworn, so in need of renovation or replacement.

Never before have homes throughout the land needed so much modernization and improvement. Never before have so many new homes been keenly wanted. Never before have so many farm buildings needed repainting and repairing. Never before have so many farms needed new implements, machinery, tools.

Never before have our railroads been so eager to spend gigantic sums to buy new streamlined trains, more powerful locomotives, lighter passenger and freight cars.

Never before have the highways of America been cluttered up with so many automobiles of ancient vintage; and never before have so many families been so anxious to purchase up-to-date, attractive, efficient, economical cars—now available at unprecedentedly low cost.

Never before have so many housewives been so eager for refrigerators, washing machines, radios, vacuum cleaners, modern ranges, and cooking utensils. Never before have so many rural families been anxious to install running water and bathrooms.

Then consider air-conditioning. Never before has there been such widespread ambition to supply the interiors of office buildings, stores, factories, theaters, schools, homes with exactly the kind of "weather" desired. Air-conditioning has now been brought to such a state of perfection that dwellers in cold climes can have warmth all the year round, while inhabitants of warm states can enjoy indoor coolness. Air-conditioning, indeed, promises to rival in its growth, in its importance, in its employment-givng even the automotive industry.

Before long television may sweep the country, affording employment to vast numbers and adding zest to the daily lives of millions.

It is one thing to need things, to want things; but unless we can obtain the wherewithal to buy them, what's the use?

Happily, Americans do have the wherewithal to gratify enough of their desires to bring about a boom in business and in employment.

"Oh, yeah!" you may reply. "Don't you know that there are more families living on public relief today than at any time in the nation's history?"

True. But these facts and figures are also true:

The total savings deposits of the people of this country have been increasing at the rate of more than $2,000,000 *every day* for many months.

Despite the stress and drain of five painfully lean years, our savings deposits amount to $22,000,000,000, a reduction of only 21 per cent from the peak reached during the wild 1928-29 boom. No other nation can match or even approach this amazing savings nest egg.

Think of it! America's savings deposits, at the end of five cruel, ruinous years, average $730 for every family throughout the land.

The nation's 15,000 banks are bursting with idle money, money itching to be profitably harnessed to useful, constructive activities.

Are Coming NOW

$43,800,000,000 Worth of Prosperity Is Ready and Waiting, Says One of America's Most Eminent Economic Authorities

B. C. FORBES

The career of Mr. Forbes, famous editor and publisher of Forbes Magazine and writer of a syndicated column, is often cited as a real-life Horatio Alger success story. He was born in poverty in Scotland, sixth child in a large family. He resolved to be a newspaper man and began as a printer's devil. At 17 he was a reporter on a Dundee paper, at 19 an editorial writer. Two years later he went to South Africa, where he forged ahead. In 1904, at 24, he came to New York. There he became successively financial editor of the Journal of Commerce and business and financial editor of the New York American. In 1916 he founded his magazine. He is the author of several books.

So colossal are the unprecedented excess bank reserves that more than $28,000,000,000—twenty-eight thousand millions of dollars—of new credit could be granted without resorting to currency inflation.

Never before was America so ideally prepared to finance business and employment expansion.

Not only so, but a veritable Niagara of gold has been deluging this country from other parts of the world. In ten recent weeks fully $350,000,000 of foreign gold poured into America.

Our banking laws and regulations are such that each $100 of gold can theoretically be made the basis for granting $1,000 of credit. This means that recent importations of gold alone are sufficient to finance almost the entire four billion dollars Congress recently allocated to President Roosevelt for work-giving purposes.

So clogged up with money is America today that funds are being rented out in Wall Street at interest rates so low as to be unbelievable among those not familiar with the facts. Never before did lendable money go a-begging at such easy terms.

Stock Exchange brokers, institutions, and other borrowers putting up acceptable security—"collateral"—can borrow at the following charges: Call money, meaning loans which can be called for repayment at any time, 1 per cent a year; loans for one month to six months, ¾ to 1 per cent a year. Business concerns of high standing can get funds, on commercial paper, for three to four months, for ¾ of 1 per cent a year, and for six months at 1 per cent a year. When a bank endorses such commercial obligations, money can be borrowed on them at ⅛ to ½ per cent.

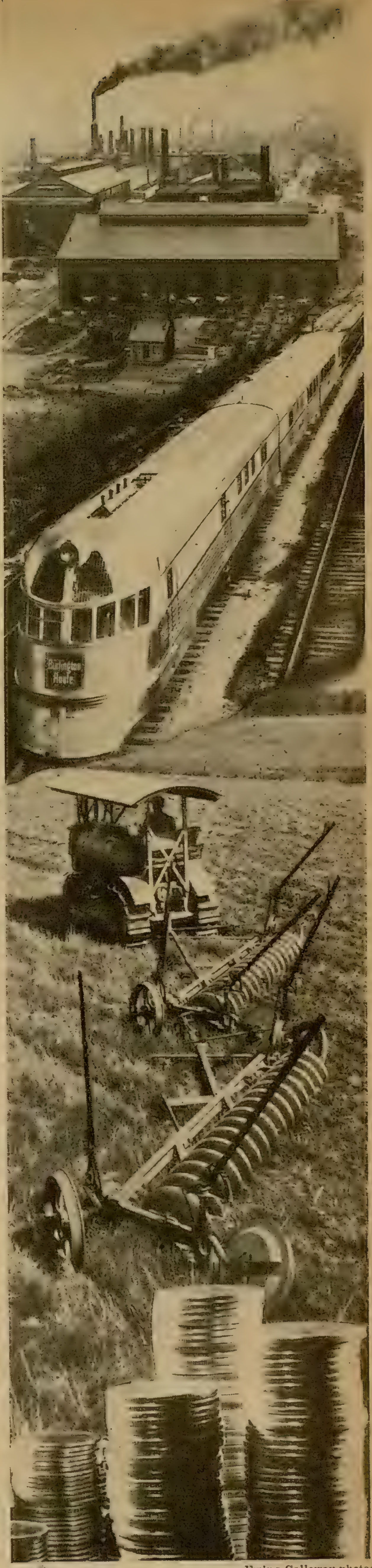
Thus every material and financial ingredient for producing a bigger Prosperity Pie than ever is now assuredly at hand.

Seasoning alone is today lacking.

How can this seasoning—faith, confidence, courage—be supplied? Whence can it come, whence must it come?

From Washington.

President Roosevelt intimated six months ago that he had awakened to a realization that in order to expedite revival of trade and employment, the government must seek and win the co-operation of the fillers of pay envelopes. It had become evident to many that the administration, single-handedly, could not create prosperity no matter how much money it might collect from taxpayers and spend on "made" work, in doles, or for other purposes. Nothing but increasing enterprise, expenditures, activities, increased pay rolls by corpora-



Ewing Galloway photos

tions and other private businesses, it was seen, could do the trick.

Consequently President Roosevelt began to push Brain Trusters and other theorists out of the limelit center of the Washington stage, and called into council men of mature practical experience—industrialists, railway leaders, bankers, utility executives, and other large employers. Hopefulness rose. Men of affairs, theretofore hesitant and doubtful, became optimistic and started to exercise a greater measure of courage and aggression.

Unfortunately, this promising forward movement suffered a jolt when President Roosevelt, on his visit to the Tennessee Valley, announced that he hoped to see the government establish all over the country public-utility experiments similar to the Tennessee Valley Authority, which, harnessing the water power of Muscle Shoals, is to furnish government-manufactured electric light and power in competition with existing utility companies.

Other uncertainties have since injected themselves, including Washington's decision to spend billions on construction and other projects to give work to unemployed. Business and industry are apprehensive lest such a vast program interfere with private enterprise and also pile up such a public debt that a balanced budget within the reasonably near future may be impossible and crushingly heavy taxes inescapable—Congress recently raised the government's borrowing powers to $45,000,000,000.

No mortal can foretell at this moment *when* the one missing ingredient will be supplied.

But this much can be said with emphatic certainty: Sooner or later America will regain confidence and will proceed to resume normal spending and normal living.

When this time comes, we shall reach heights and breadths of prosperity beyond anything and everything enjoyed in 1928-29 or any earlier period of our history.

The accompanying table gives some idea of our national pent-up needs. The enumerated items total nearly $45,000,000,000—a sum sufficient, if all went into wages, to give 45,000,000 workers employment for twelve months at $1,000 a year, or 22,500,000 work for two years.

$45,000,000,000 PENT-UP NEEDS

NEEDS	TOTAL	WORKERS AT $1,000 A YEAR
1,000,000 homes	$3,500,000,000	3,500,000
16,000,000 homes need $375 improvements	6,000,000,000	6,000,000
Paint	1,000,000,000	1,000,000
10,000,000 electric refrigerators	1,690,000,000	1,690,000
8,000,000 washing machines	210,375,000	210,375
Eliminating 26,000 grade crossings in East	1,400,000,000	1,400,000
Improving 100,000 miles of highway	3,500,000,000	3,500,000
7,000,000 new passenger cars	4,375,000,000	4,375,000
1,000,000 new trucks	700,000,000	700,000
Deficit, railroad capital expenditures since '28	2,000,000,000	2,000,000
New-type air brakes	290,000,000	290,000
Replacing railroad repair-shop equipment	1,300,000,000	1,300,000
New factory machinery	8,000,000,000	8,000,000
New electric equipment in factories	3,000,000,000	3,000,000
Municipal sewers and sewage treatment	1,500,000,000	1,500,000
Radio sets	400,000,000	400,000
Roofs	450,000,000	450,000
Lumber	1,000,000,000	1,000,000
Miscellaneous	3,463,425,000	3,463,425
Grand Total	$43,778,800,000	43,778,800

An eminent economist, Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, estimates that our dammed-up requirements aggregate $85,000,000,000.

Yes, a business boom by and by is not only possible, but is as certain as the rising of the sun.

THE END.

CLEAN *shaves are* COOL *shaves now!*

ANOTHER DAY! ANOTHER SHAVE! AND GOSH-I HATE TO START!
MY SKIN IS RAW FROM SHAVING CREAMS THAT BURN AND STING AND SMART
TRY INGRAM'S THEN—IT COOLS THE SHAVE AND WARMS A SHAVER'S HEART
NO MORE HOT SHAVES FOR ME!

Once-over . . . twice-over . . . even two shaves a day . . . yet no burning, and no call for lotion when you use Ingram's Shaving Cream. It tones the skin, soothes it, saves it from irritation. Stings and jabs are *out*—instead you enjoy a bracing coolness that lasts all through the shave. Try Ingram's tomorrow—and when you do, notice how little you need for a rich, foamy lather!

INGRAM'S
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM

TRY THE WORLD'S COOLEST SHAVE

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

TUBE OR JAR

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110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
I'd give cool shaves a warm welcome. Send me a 10-shave tube of Ingram's, free.

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Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer in the deeply emotional picture Private Worlds.

BRILLIANT, BAFFLING, BOISTEROUS

Mr. Wanger Produces a Picture of Remarkable Daring and Power; Paul Lukas Tackles a Philo Vance Problem, and the Movie Temperament Explodes Divertingly in an Energetic Comedy

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary	3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good	1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor	

★★★★ PRIVATE WORLDS

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Joan Bennett, Joel McCrea, Helen Vinson, Esther Dale, Samuel Hinds, Jean Rouverol, Guinn Williams. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Story by Phyllis Bottome.

THE movies, America's colossal baby of the arts, don seven-league boots in taking a gigantic stride toward maturity. For Walter Wanger's adventurous and highly intelligent production of Private Worlds is not only comparable to the finest novels and plays but as engrossing and stirring an offering as any to come from the more academic fields. Those who find deepest enjoyment and interest in books, music, paintings, and the sister arts, and visit the films for casual relaxation, will derive two hours of indelible experience from this great picture.

Laid in an insane asylum and cutting deeper into the souls and beings of its characters than any picture ever has before, Private Worlds tells of a group of bickering nervous psychiatrists whose mental balance is hardly more certain than that of their patients. Just as there is no "average" man, there is no entirely sane man. And as we get to know these doctors, see their petty jealousies and prejudices working up through their suave exteriors, the film gains an ironic emotional power that is at times almost unbearable.

When a person runs away from a reality too cruel or shocking to bear and lives completely in a dream world, that person is completely insane. But each person, even of accepted sanity, lives at moments in his "private world," a dream sanctuary for refuge from facts he cannot face. This brilliant film shows, in a manner neither maudlin nor sensational, the mental disturbance of a group of normally stable people when faced with an unpleasant problem.

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● When pain grips your muscles like a knot—here's the way to get quick, grateful relief.

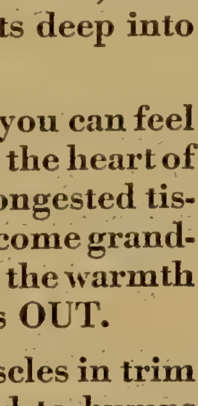
Spread a little Absorbine Jr. over that sore spot, and then rub, massage its soothing benefits deep into those aching muscles.

What delicious warmth you can feel spreading right down to the heart of the misery. Cramped, congested tissues relax, loosen up, become grandly comfortable again, as the warmth steals in and pain steals OUT.

Men who *must* keep muscles in trim—men who are exposed to bumps and bruises every day—say there's nothing to equal Absorbine Jr. Athletes, coaches, trainers have used it and praised it for 40 years. You certainly ought to keep a bottle handy—for aches and strains—and also as a soothing antiseptic for cuts or burns. Price $1.25—any druggist can supply you. It's really thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief . . . For free sample write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, Athlete's Foot



When Charles Boyer, an outsider, is appointed head of the asylum, Joel McCrea, who has hoped for the position, goes on the make for Boyer's philandering sister, Helen Vinson. Meanwhile Claudette Colbert, McCrea's friend and co-worker, is annoyed at his childish reactions, but is equally childish herself in refusing to face her love for Boyer and in escaping to a ghost affair with a dead girlhood lover.

Lynn Starling's adaptation of Phyllis Bottome's novel, a first-rate piece of creative work in itself, deftly and incisively discloses how these characters grope their way to adjustment and happiness.

Private Worlds has a few minor faults and is much too slow and talkative at its introduction. But, for all this, I suspect that it is among the best pictures ever made. I know for certain that the scene wherein Joan Bennett, pregnant and deserted by her husband, hears voices calling her back to childhood, away from grown-up worries to the peace and shelter of insanity, is the most eerily dramatic moment contrived by the cinema.

Walter Wanger's courage in producing a film on this taboo subject is matched by his skill and taste in presenting it. Space does not permit us to tell about the cast, photography, or music of Private Worlds. But those who can take it will not soon forget it.

VITAL STATISTICS: Walter Wanger tore up a $250,000 M-G-M producer's contract in order to organize Walter Wanger Productions. Claims hardest part of being a producer for a huge company is getting the job, then all the incumbent has to do is to sit back and look wise while other people do the work for him. Such work is no different from supervising making of sausages, only better paid. Now, with his own company, supported by funds of Mons. Paley, head of Columbia Broadcasting, Wanger feels he can give his all to movies, which he still considers a coming art. Thinks movies should resemble (*a*) newsreels and (*b*) Mickey Mouse. They should be topical, provocative, political, and entertaining. His two productions thus far certainly bespeak his sincerity and capability. Though his President Vanishes has not as yet cleaned up large moneys, if any, it had the distinction of being banned from the review columns of the Hearst papers and almost from the United States screen itself. Two Hearst editorials condemned it as Red propaganda. And Wanger himself tells me all he was making was a picture advising us against dipping into another European war. He hopes to do a Technicolor film, possibly The Vogues of 1935, because he thinks color will be the next movie advance. He is a polo player; owns his own stable of ponies; is probably the greatest introducer of true talent into the talkies; and most likely is the smartest man in Hollywood today. You need only look at the competition to prove this. He has bickered wages with more famous people than you'll ever meet in ten lives and is undoubtedly the most social-minded fellow in filmdom today. He thinks the main change in movies in the past ten years is in the matter of talent. Once they fitted a pretty face into a standard story. Today he defies you to name a half dozen pretty men or twice that many pretty-pretty dames. He has salvaged Charles Boyer—practically an outcast from Hollywood studios, a victim of continued miscasting—from the ash pile, and he has cast him properly for the first time. His favorite director is nut-brown hard-as-nails Gregory La Cava, old gag-time director. Private Worlds was recommended to Wanger by a banker's dotter whom he met on one of his numerous trips to Europe. At first skeptical about its movie possibilities, he fell for it finally when he noted the unusual number of women reading it on the return trip. Discovered later that the Los Angeles libraries boasted 125 copies of the book in various branches. . . . Private Worlds is from the prolific pen of typical Englishwoman novelist Phyllis Bottome (pronounced Bah-*tome*). Turned down originally by her publishers, the book became a stubborn best seller for months, probably because of its great feminine appeal. I've yet to meet a gent besides Wanger (probably the only Hollywood producer who's read a book) who's read it. Book later was serialized in the tabloodies—a high-brow tract among the murders.

★★½ THE CASINO MURDER CASE

THE PLAYERS: Paul Lukas, Rosalind Russell, Donald Cook, Ted Healy, Alison Skipworth, Leslie Fenton, Arthur Byron, Isabel Jewell, Louise Fazenda, Eric Blore, and others. Directed by Edwin Marin. Story by S. S. Van Dine.

THE CASINO MURDER CASE suffers from Thin Man trouble. It's a neatly worked out and highly involved murder mystery featuring splendid photography and music very effective in getting a fine horror mood.

In it Paul Lukas does a lot of Philo Vancing in tracking down the murderer whose plan of death is carried out with a sound knowledge of advanced chemistry backed by a driving egomania.

As a straightforward picturization of complicated sleuthing and killing, The Casino Murder Case would have been an excellent guess-who movie, were it not for its grim determination to copy The Thin Man, that ace of all detective thrillers. For one thing, the makers of The Casino Murder Case do not understand bright dialogue, a stumbling block of many recent films. In The Thin Man charming small talk came naturally out of the mouths of drunken hedonists. But in The Casino Murder Case nonsense is thrown in with no regard for character or situation. Players facing death themselves and having friends recently murdered suddenly grow quaintly humorous just because the scenarists happened to think of a few gag lines.

For all its overemphasis and its mishandling of unneeded comedy dialogue, The Casino Murder Case remains baffling and interesting. When erudite detective Philo Vance, with Paul Lukas in the old William Powell role, gets an anonymous note warning of impending murder at the Casino gambling room, he hurries to the scene and quickly gets involved with a large family, all of whom admittedly would just as soon see any of the others dead.

When one is poisoned before his eyes, and two soon follow, Vance gets to work.

Clue: The poison kills only when taken as an eyewash.

VITAL STATISTICS: The heavy water of which the victim dies in this S. S. Van Diner recently was swallowed in experiment by Norwegian Prof. Klaus Hansen. Nothing happened to the good prof, but that may be because he did not take a hearty enough swig. The prof expects to keep drinking it in increasingly larger doses until something does happen. He may have speakeasy stomach and can take it. Heavy water contains double-weight hydrogen and does funny things to small defenseless plants and animals, such as killing them. It is thought to be a cause of old age and senile death. . . . Paul Lukas follows Warren William, Basil Rathbone, and William Powell in the dainty detective boots of Philo Vance, the demon encyclopedia swallower. Paul is former amateur wrestling champ of Hungary. By slight miscalculation he knocked Eric Blore cold in a rehearsal scene. Also found he could lift 190-pound stagehand with one arm. Is expert aviator and disappeared frequently during filming on airplane jaunts in his own plane. Searchers had to fly all over California to haul him back. Aviated for the Hungarians during war. Is matinee idol of Europe and does only soso here. Made stage debut in 1919 playing original world premier Liliom for Budapests. . . . Rosalind Russell started in a tent show, wound up in the Theatre Guild's Second Man, and has been in Hollywood five months, appearing in seven pictures. Got plenty black and blue falling downstairs time and again to perfect faw-down scene in this shocker. . . . Isabel Jewell is a Shoshoni, Wyoming girl, a Hamilton (Kentucky) college grad and ex-teacher. Taught Latin and

English. . . . Alison Skipworth celebrated forty-five years in grease paint on Casino set. Got her start understudying Marie Tempest. Dan Frohman imported her to this country. . . . Keye Luke is a Chinese artist who has exhibited in America and Europe. Is here to bling Amellican flim methods black to Chlina.

★ ★ IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK

THE PLAYERS: Lyle Talbot, Gertrude Michael, Heather Angel, Hugh O'Connell, Robert Gleckler, and others. Directed by Alan Crosland. Story by Ward Morehouse and Jean Dalrymple.

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK concerns a temperamental movie star who vacations in New York to get away from it all. It is a lively and diverting little piece of no importance in which Gertrude Michael, as the publicity-hounded star, escapes from the Twentieth Century at the 125th Street station to avoid the adoring mob awaiting her arrival at Grand Central.

Lyle Talbot, a lovelorn taxi driver whose gal friend, Heather Angel, is Miss Michael's most ardent fan, drives the star to her hotel, finds her lost dog, and, when he asks for nothing more than an autographed picture for his sweetheart, the contrary actress insists that he escort her for the evening.

This leads to a near-breakup between Talbot and Miss Angel and gives the taxi driver a chance at some strong-arm heroics when thugs, after the star's jools, attack Miss Michael.

It Happened in New York moves pleasantly and smoothly, but, for some unaccountable quirk, is weakest just where it should be strongest. It allows studio publicity underlings to roar at $5,000 stars, has Miss Michael behaving in the obsolete conception of picture personages, and shows Hugh O'Connell as a typical movie high-pressure manager, though there are no managers like this in what is redundantly called "real life."

VITAL STATISTICS: No movie that has had Hollywood as a background has ever made a penny for the producers. Number therefore among your failures such good films as Hollywood, Merton, and Bombshell. This one weds Hollywood to New York, and maybe the combination will switch the tide. Various theories for Hollywood film failures are: (*a*) the movie public doesn't like its dream worlds made fun of; (*b*) the movie public doesn't like to see what goes on back of its dream-world exteriors. . . . Ward Morehouse, New York Sun amoralistic Walter Winchell, flew to Hollywood with his wife and collaborator, Jean Dalrymple, to write this one. Curiously, they wrote it months ago, presaging the hit play Personal Appearance, which also has to do with a temperamental movie star. . . . Lyle Talbot—born in Pittsburgh in 1904—is a fatalist. He was fated before birth for the stage, as his parents were of the stage from way back. Is an expert magician and made his stage debut in any role that came up that particular night in St. Elmo. Drives a Ford car but likes to bicycle. . . . Gertrude Michael once filled the pulpit of a Talladega, Alabammer, Methodist church successfully. She has a prodigious memory and can recite from Shakespeare's heroine speeches anywhere if you merely give her the first line. . . . Heather Angel, who arrived from England in a burst of publicity, hasn't done awfully well for herself, but who knows what'll happen yet? She rides (for all of being a winsome English miss) like a Texas cowman and is as sturdy and risky as a marine. She was raised in an atmosphere of quiet and chemistry in Oxford, England, where her papa professored. She's married to Ralph Forbes, Ruth Chatterton's ex. . . . Director Alan Crosland is a New York-Orange, N. J., lad. One day back in 1912 he got a job as an extra at the old Edison studios and has never left the movies since. . . . Hugh O'Connell, who is as funny as Charley Butterworth every day or any day, was born in New York and brung up in Appleton, Wisconsin, where he started out in life as a telegraph operator. As an usher in the old Powers Theater, Chicago, he got the idea of becoming an actor. Joined a traveling stock company and went all the way to Alaska with it. Got his B'way start in The Racket, and surely you remember his startling thick-wittedness in Once in a Lifetime. He once bought a new trunk and dragged it through an alley all day to wear off its newness. He was trying to cover up his inexperience as a newborn actor. Fortunately he's never become an actor. Only a comedian. . . . Heather Angel plays polo. . . . Gertrude Michael defies the California Chamber of Commerce by vacationing in Florida, fishing. Alan Crosland is wearing one of her extracted wisdom teeth. . . . Old vodvillians in cast: Herman Bing, a minor Jack Pearl; Harry Holman, a comedy-sketch actor; and Bud Harris of the cullid piano-mover act Harris and Radcliffe. But the real news of the day is still this: Universal Pictures, who made this film, is still for sale.

★ McFADDEN'S FLATS

THE PLAYERS: Walter C. Kelly, Andy Clyde, Richard Cromwell, Jane Darwell, Betty Furness, George Barbier, Phyllis Brooks. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Play by Gus Hill.

McFADDEN'S FLATS is about the Scotch and the Irish, and is something of a world-beater in its ability at remembering every one of the jokes about these two races.

With Richard Cromwell and Betty Furness doing their level best to give the film a bit of love interest, the picture spends most of its time showing that the Irish like to fight and that the Scotch are a tight-fisted people.

You needn't bother about it. That's what we're for.

VITAL STATISTICS: Originally called McFadden's Row of Flats, this Abie's Irish Rose of the Scotch and Irish was produced as a play first on September 27, 1897. Nervous minstrel Gus Hill stood in the wings of the People's Theater, New York, and heard a crowded house cheer his first efforts as a playwright. His nervousness has dissipated completely through the intervening years, for McFadden's Flats has cleaned up the world over. In the present version the dialogue has been torn down by wisecrax Arthur Caesar and rebuilt along modern lines. The Flats have become a modern apartment house, but the fundamental racial argument and the old joke-book chestnuts remain. . . . Walter C. Kelly is well known to vodvillians as the Virginia Judge. He is brother to George Kelly, Pulitzer-Prized playwright, and to Jack Kelly, Olympic sculling champ. Walter played the lead in Maxwell Anderson's Pulitzer-Prized Both Your Houses in '33. This is Kelly's film bow. . . . Andy Clyde has never played a Scotchman in pictures till McFadden's called him. He was born in Blairgowrie, Scotland, of an acting family. Five of Andy's seven brothers and sisters are in the theater. . . . There are quite a number of Bernsteins, Svensons, and Nicollettis in the picture. Most of the Irish types sent for didn't look Irish enough. . . . Director Ralph Murphy is a real Irishman, which is more than Notre Dame can provide in a Fighting Irish backfield. . . . Jane Darwell has returned to Paramount after twenty years. She played under its banners when it produced in a barn, making her debut in Cecil B. De Mille's Rose of the Rancho—which they're remaking, incidentally.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow.

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Lone Hand

by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

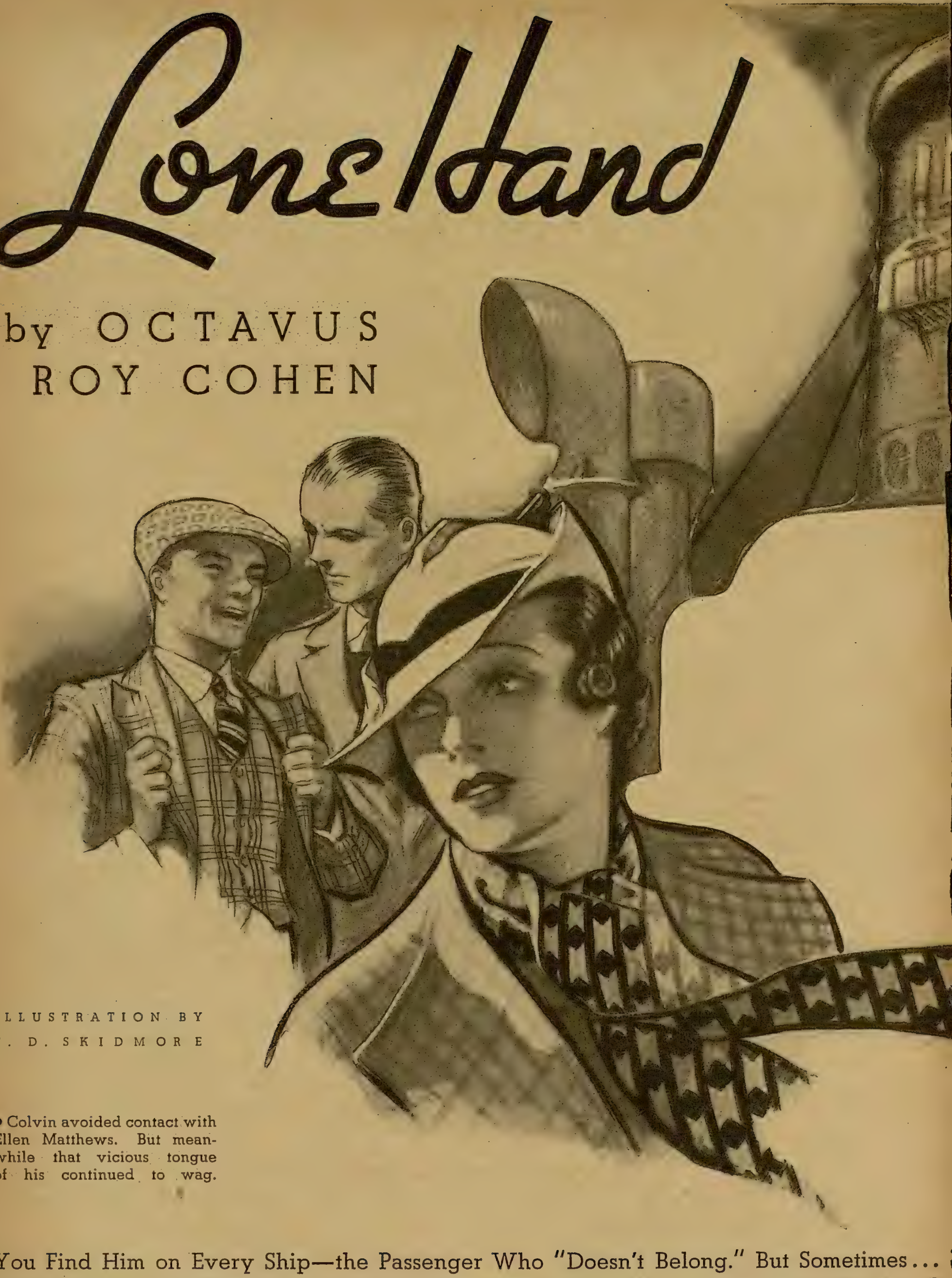
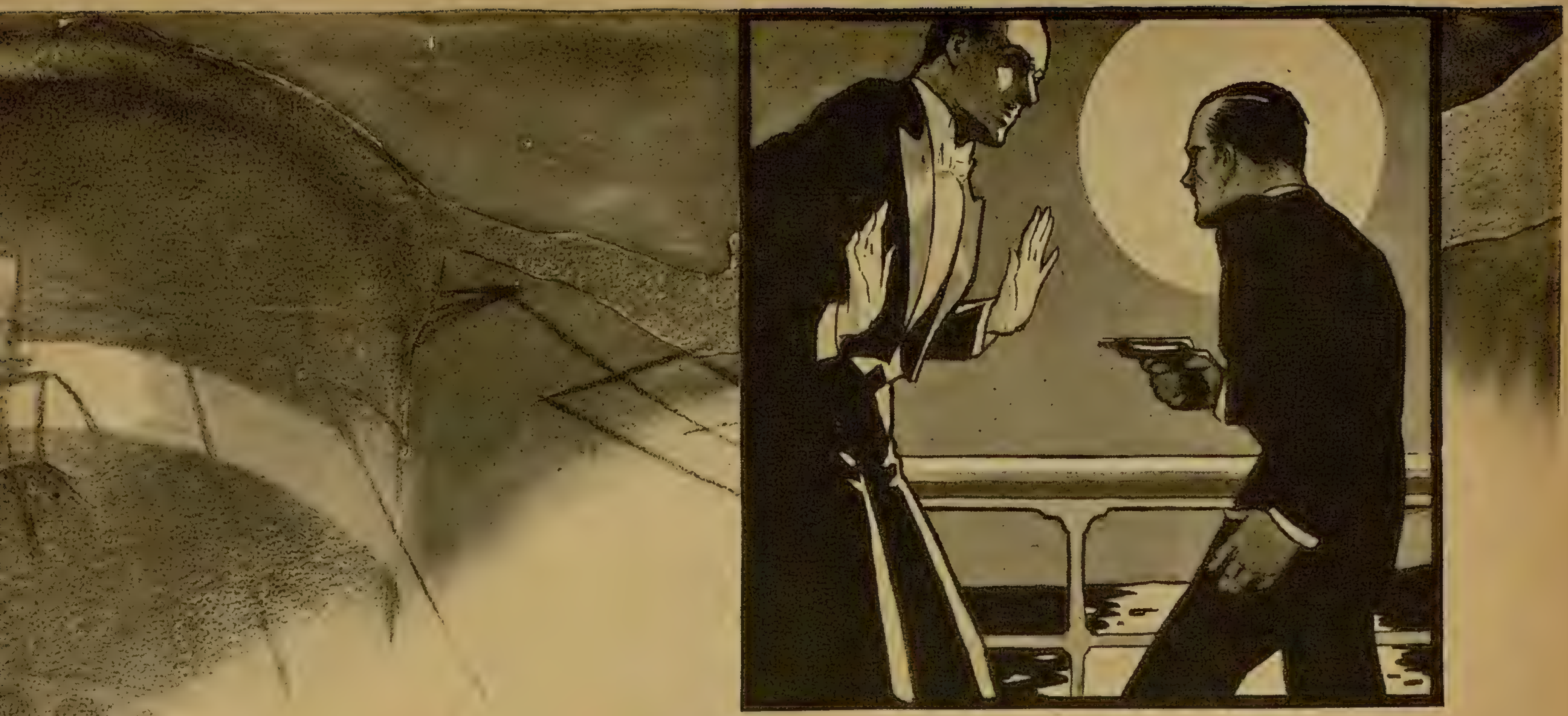


ILLUSTRATION BY T. D. SKIDMORE

• Colvin avoided contact with Ellen Matthews. But meanwhile that vicious tongue of his continued to wag.

You Find Him on Every Ship—the Passenger Who "Doesn't Belong." But Sometimes... Well, Ponder This Tale of a Bride and Her Secret. Who Would You Say Is Its Hero?



READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

STANDING alone at the rail of the huge ship, I watched the stream of passengers ascending the gangplank. Sometime during the world cruise on which we were just about to sail I would find among them several who would develop into lifelong friends, many who would appeal to me as pleasant—though casual—acquaintances, and a few whom I would detest.

Queerly enough, I did specifically notice three of the persons who were to enact a real drama aboard ship. Two of them were unmistakable: an attractive young man of medium height who was almost too solicitous of the very pretty girl at his side. "Bridal couple," said a passenger, "or I'm a Dutchman."

The third arrival to intrigue my interest was a short wizened fellow who wore a checkered suit, an even more violently checkered cap, and who talked with loud and uncouth enthusiasm to any one who would listen. Obviously a product of the gutter who had done well financially. I learned later that his name was Johnny Trazer: not John, mind you, but Johnny.

The fourth principal in the ship's drama did not come aboard that night.

The attractive bridal couple (they appeared on the passenger list as Mr. and Mrs. Robert Matthews) remained in their cabin through most of the first day. Not so the loud little man who vociferously proclaimed that he was Johnny Trazer from Detroit and that he was a regular guy.

At lunch Johnny sat alone at a table which was set for three. That night at dinner Johnny appeared in immaculate dinner dress, which somehow did not seem appropriate despite its perfect tailoring. A few minutes later Bob and Ellen Matthews were conducted to his table. It appeared later that they were inexperienced travelers and had neglected to see the steward regarding seats.

I observed that the Matthewses were somewhat appalled by the prospect of having the astounding Mr. Trazer as a table-mate for four months. But because they were gentlefolk they treated the impossible little man in kindly fashion, and before we reached Havana they were intimate friends; or, at least, Johnny Trazer believed they were.

During the one day in Havana, he attached himself to them. I was with their party on the regular shore excursion. Johnny amused me, whereas he annoyed everybody else on the ship, including the Matthewses. He insisted on buying souvenirs for everybody. He was too friendly, too liberal, too loud.

Everybody liked Bob and Ellen Matthews. No bachelor could watch them for long and not feel that his scheme of life might be at fault. Never have I met a simpler, more attractive couple. They restored one's faith in romance.

Except for myself, they were the only persons aboard who treated Johnny civilly. Yet I could see that he was getting on their nerves and they made no secret of their desire to escape from his constant companionship. But somehow I could not entirely dislike the uncouth little man. His only major fault was that he was out of his element. He reeked of the underworld: a sinister little person who was struggling—almost heroically—to delude himself into the belief that he belonged.

KENNETH COLVIN joined the cruise rather spectacularly in San Francisco. Five minutes before sailing, a hilarious group poured him into his B-deck cabin.

He was tall, broad, and handsome. Obviously he was accustomed to money and luxury. He was, in brief, a playboy—and a thoroughly unpleasant one. The very first evening out of San Francisco he regaled a smoking-room group with scarlet stories of his amorous escapades.

After dinner Colvin went back to the smoking room and later drifted into the lounge where the nightly dance was in progress. By this time he had gathered about him a group of men who already were definitely marked for unpopularity aboard ship. All of them had been drinking too freely.

Colvin's bloodshot eyes quested among the dancers, and I happened to be passing when they fell upon the sweet face of Ellen Matthews.

"Who is that?" he asked, designating Ellen.

The information was given.

"Bride!" sneered Colvin. "Fine bride she is. Listen. That dame has already been married and divorced—and I was the corespondent in the case!"

I saw Colvin's new friends gather about him. I could tell by his rapidly moving lips, his flushed face, and his quick gestures that he was supplying salacious details.

Within twenty-four hours every passenger was discussing Colvin's disreputable statements. Few believed the man's insinuations. We had known Ellen for eighteen days, and while we didn't doubt that she might have been the victim of crooked divorce evidence, it was inconceivable that she could have been guilty.

I do not know whether her husband knew who Colvin was—or what role he claimed to have played in Ellen's past—but I did learn that Ellen had confided to a few shipboard intimates that she had been married before.

Colvin deliberately avoided direct contact with Ellen Matthews. But meanwhile that vicious tongue of his continued to wag.

He was a large man physically, and evidently fearless. Furthermore, he was continually the victim of too heavy drinking.

THE day we sailed from Honolulu for Japan, loud little Johnny Trazer entered the dining room and found his table set for one. He frowned and looked about the room. At a big center table Bob and Ellen Matthews were sitting. Johnny, with his customary lack of tact, strode across the room and clapped Bob on the shoulder. He inquired why he had been left alone.

Flushing with embarrassment, Bob explained that his best friends were at this large table and they had insisted that he and Ellen move over. Johnny suggested that he join the group for the rest of the trip, and Bob's face grew more crimson.

"I—I don't think that would be a very good idea, Mr. Trazer. There really isn't much room here."

Some blithering idiot sitting near by snickered, and Johnny's face grew suddenly murderous. Then it became chalk-white. He turned and walked from the dining salon.

For the first time—perhaps in his life—Johnny Trazer had been hurt.

A change came over the little man after that. From loud-mouthed jovial good fellow, he became a hermit. I felt genuinely sorry for him and took a place at his table.

Ken Colvin spent most of his time in the smoking room, drinking more than was good for him. His boastings and leerings and insinuations became more and more obnoxious, but he avoided meeting Ellen Matthews.

I was seated in the Matthewses' group one evening when I looked up and saw the tall lithe figure of Colvin striding toward us. Beside him was the unsmiling face of Johnny Trazer. Colvin was flushed and somewhat unsteady.

The passengers sensed trouble. Dancers moved closer to the scene of drama.

Johnny Trazer's voice came, sharp and penetrating:

"Mrs. Matthews—I want you to meet my friend Mr. Colvin. And you too, Mr. Matthews."

Ellen rose. She was trembling.

Colvin took her hand and bowed formally as he murmured a conventional how-do-you-do.

Then everybody heard Johnny speaking again:

"You two ain't ever met before, have you, Colvin?"

"No," said Colvin in a low, strained voice. "We never have."

"Well, then," said Trazer heartily, "I'm sure glad I brought you together. Ain't no sense bein' strangers on a trip like this."

Awkwardly Colvin joined the group. He chatted for a few minutes, then rose and excused himself. Johnny followed him.

CURIOSITY got the better of me. I followed them. I saw Colvin and Johnny mount the companionway to the boat deck. With the deliberate intention of eavesdropping, I went up to the children's playroom, which was dark at that hour of the night. One of the windows was open, and from this post I overheard the conversation.

Johnny Trazer was standing very close to Colvin and he was holding a wicked little automatic in a manner which indicated that he was not unaccustomed to its use.

"Now, you dirty louse," Johnn was saying viciously, "I'm tellin' yo that you done all right for a starter You ain't never met Mrs. Matthew before, see! You just lied whe you said you had! And that goe from now on. If you make one mor break about anything in the past—well, listen, feller. You won't be th first guy I ever killed!"

"But listen—" started Colvin des perately.

The little man interrupted.

"Listen nothing!" rasped Johnn Trazer. "I'm handling this show The Matthewses are my friends." Then a wistful note crept into hi voice. "The Matthewses are m friends—see—whether they know i or not!"

THE END

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To the Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

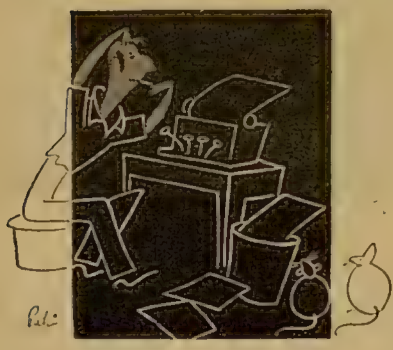
READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

A FAMOUS author walked into one of Arthur Womrath's circulating libraries. The author didn't say who he was. Just scowled at all the books. "Bah!" he complained in a loud voice. "Nothing here fit to read!" He made sure that all the customers were looking at him, listening to him. Then, dramatically, he picked out a book. "Wait a minute," he said. "Here's something *good!*" Of course it was one of his own books—his latest.

ARTHUR WOMRATH

I tell you this to show you how commercially some modern authors play the literary game. Arthur R. Womrath is on to all their tricks. He has to be. Mr. Womrath operates our largest chain of circulating libraries—sixty branches between Washington, New York, Boston, and Chicago. It is only natural that authors and publishers should try all sorts of stunts to boost their stuff on the Womrath circuit.

Every day Mr. Womrath buys about five thousand books for us to read. It is his business to know what we will want to read. Seventy per cent of the people who rent his books are women. Therefore it is primarily his business to know what women read. Romance and sentiment, he says, continue to hold our enduring favor. He thinks we are becoming more fastidious about our sex literature—thinks we now require it to be artistic or socially significant. Impromptu smut, he says, is falling rapidly out of style.



Mr. Womrath's professional readers delve expertly into every book that is published. Mr. Womrath, himself, circulates incognito among his circulating libraries. That is how he keeps his finger on the pulse of his public. An unreasonable customer, speaking straight to Mr. Womrath (and not knowing him, of course), said, "Mr. Womrath is a personal friend of mine. I'm going to report you to him and have you fired."

HERE'S a divorce that won't last:

A friend of mine in California writes to me about a couple out there who have just divorced each other and divided everything except their fine swimming pool, which they both adore. Neither would give it up, and how can you divide a swimming pool? You can't, without spoiling it.

So these newly*un*weds are taking turns. She and her friends have the pool one day, he and his friends get it the next. I'll bet this couple splash right back into matrimony pretty soon. Their aquatic affairs are too complicated.

AGAIN the question of telepathy is being argued by our scientists. A few learned men believe in it. Most of them do not. The believers cite cases innumerable to illustrate what they describe as telepathic communication. You know the sort of thing: Out of a clear sky you feel certain that you are about to get a letter from some one who hasn't written to you for ever so long—and sure enough the letter arrives! Or, all of a sudden you feel unaccountably sure that some one you care for is in trouble and needs you.

Nearly every one has experienced such phenomena. They defy explanation. Dr. Hereward Carrington, scientist, reviewed a number of such cases during a recent lecture in New York at the Women's University Club.

This brings me to my point. Women in general have been always more willing than men to admit the existence of telepathy. Can it be that we women, as human instruments, are attuned more sensitively to telepathic forces—that we receive the mysterious messages of telepathy more readily than men do? Does this explain our well known *woman's intuition?*

Science might, with profit, investigate the special hook-up between telepathy and the feminine mind.

AN Australian woman has refused $100,000 for her discovery of a new treatment for infantile paralysis. She insists upon making her discovery known to the world without any payment whatever.

Salute her!

COLLEGE girls are one dollar and eight cents richer than college boys. The purse of the average college girl contains $3.77, while the cash pocket of the average college man contains $2.69. I get this from a survey taken among students, male and female.

I wonder why the comparison of their financial status changes so materially in later life.

As far as I can discover the average man adult usually has about $6.75 in his pocket, while the average woman adult has only about $1.98.

AT last we have something that solves the evening-dress problem for light-baggage travelers.

Start with a gown of crinkled black crepe molded to your figure, deep décolleté in front, deeper in back.

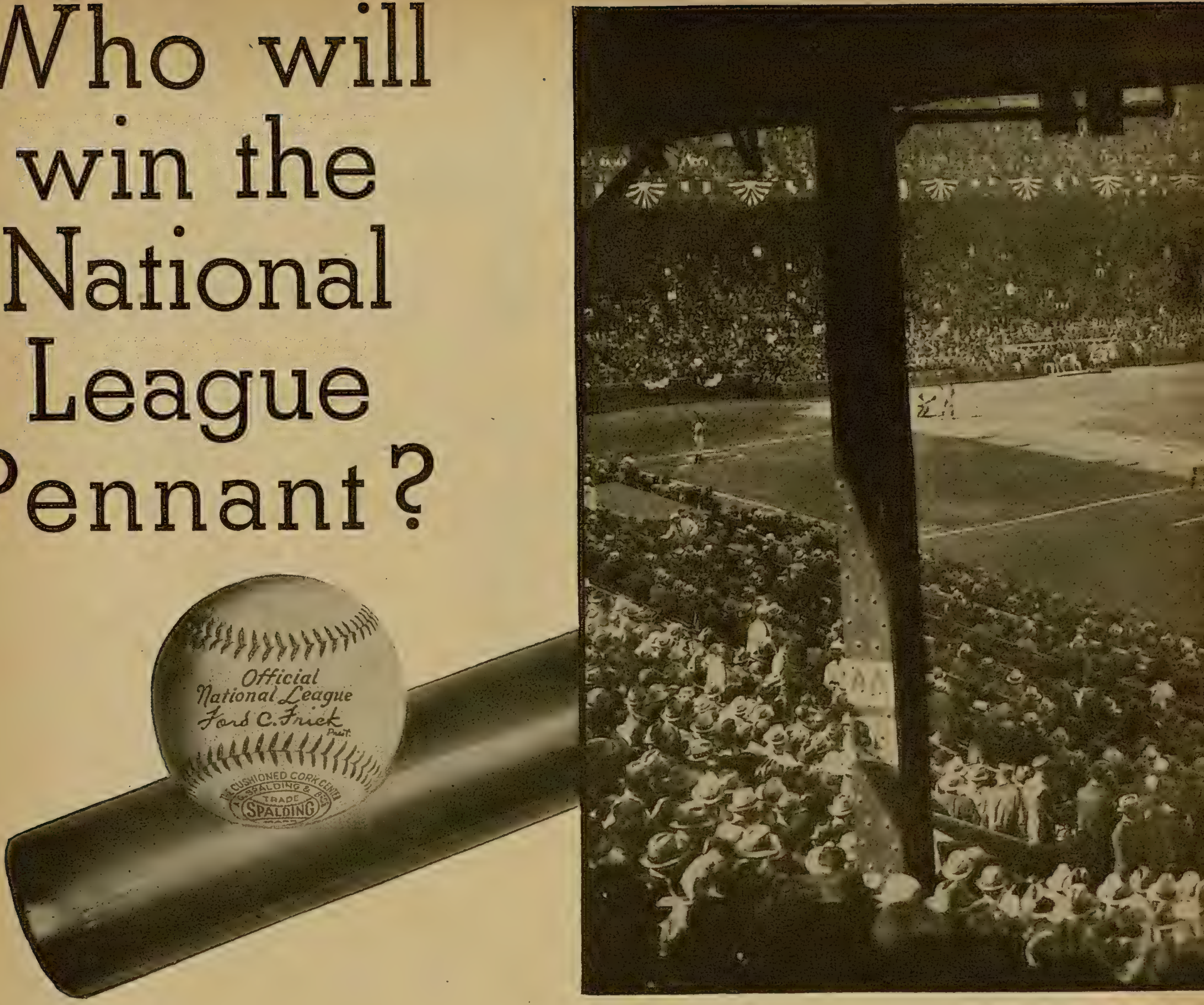
A cunning arrangement of clips and straps around the bust provides the only trimming. Fan pleats ornament a detachable train, the kind that ties around your waist. There's your formal attire.

Discard the train for semi-evening.

Slip on a black-and-white print overblouse with long sleeves, wing drapery behind, and a sash falling to the hem of the skirt.

Smart as can be! Economical as can be!

Who will win the National League Pennant?



READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

AS you read these lines there are some 300-odd ball players wending their way homeward to the four cities along the National League front which will see the 1935 season's opening games on April 16. That number will be pared down to about 180 by June 15, for on that date no club may have more than twenty-three players under contract. A twenty-three-player limit may seem too large to some old-timers, but in reality it isn't, for what with injuries, suspensions, slumps, etc., there are times when ball teams find themselves short-handed. Last season the team with the strongest pitching staff in the major leagues, the St. Louis Cardinals, had to call in their fiery third baseman, "Pepper" Martin, to pitch against the Boston Braves.

When last December the owners of the eight National League clubs elected me president, several of my friends began to ask me questions about the office. Did I have a panacea for baseball's ills?

One of the questioners was Liberty. That's how this article was born.

I must confess that I have no cure-all for baseball. However, baseball needs none.

The great majority of clubs in our league made money last year, and I look for an even better attendance record in this 1935 season. In 1935 the National League will enjoy an advantage it has not had since 1920—or, to be more precise, since the baseball public began to take notice of Babe Ruth. We will have this same outstanding gate attraction in the National League and also that pair of lean Oklahomans, the Dean brothers.

Also, we have what shapes up as just as sensational a pennant fight as the nation watched with such interest through the closing weeks of the 1934 season.

The Giants, beaten out of the pennant on last season's final day by the Dean-laden Cardinals, have strengthened themselves with the addition of Dick Bartell, the league's outstanding shortstop, and the reacquisition of George Davis, center-fielder who aided the Terry men in 1933. Both were obtained from the Phillies.

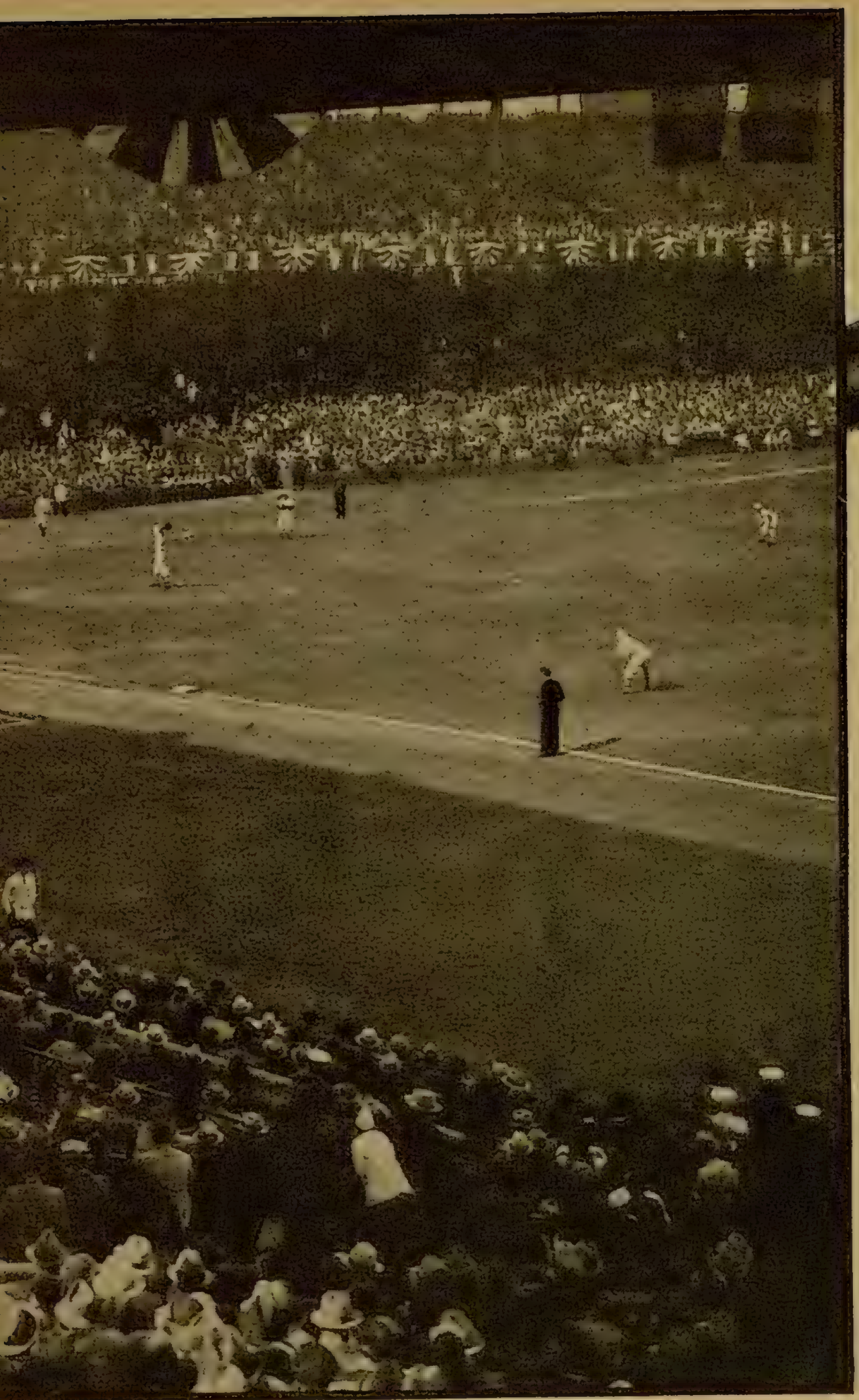
The Cubs and the Pirates should also be improved by the trades which saw the Chicago team add Larry French and Freddy Lindstrom, obtained from the Pirates, and James (Tex) Carleton, from the Cards. The Pirates in exchange got Guy Bush, the possessor of baseball's fanciest sideburns, Jim Weaver, another right-handed pitcher, and "Babe" Herman, the former Flatbush idol.

It is my honest conviction that September will see at least four clubs fighting for the league championship.

During this 1935 season, too, the National League will play some night baseball games. That announcement caused the die-hards to raise quite a furor. They lustily asserted that the game cannot be played as well at night.

If the system of lighting is good, and I personally guarantee that the National League will insist on that, there is absolutely no difference in the game as played under arc lights.

The National League did not adopt this night baseball in any hasty fashion. We examined the playing records



It Will Be a Sensational Four-Club Fight, Says Baseball's Newest Executive Forecasting the Season for Liberty

by FORD C. FRICK

RECENTLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

as told to JERRY D. LEWIS

of various minor leagues covering the performances of the last three years, and found that the average ballplayer hit .004 worse and fielded .007 better under the stars than he did under the sun.

The night games will be in the nature of an experiment, to show whether or not the public which supports the National League enjoys night baseball. Its future in the big leagues is in your hands. Do with it as you will.

A question that has come up quite often concerns the daily broadcast of baseball games. Am I going to do anything about it? The answer is "no." It is not within my province as president of the league to tell a club owner that he shall or shall not broadcast the ball games which *his* team plays in *his* ball park.

The league is made up of eight clubs in as many different cities. Each of these clubs has problems peculiar to itself. It will be my policy to leave broadcasting a matter for each club owner to decide for himself.

I MET a professional viewer-with-alarm recently at a dinner party, and he declaimed baseball's appalling loss of popularity among the youth of America. I offered him figures which showed that there are now more youngsters between twelve and twenty now playing baseball than there ever were before.

They number 750,000, which includes boys registered with playgrounds, boys at college, and boys in high and grammar schools.

Stumped but not stopped, he suggested that the club owners should allow the children to enter the ball parks free in order to breed a new generation of rabid baseball fans; and that the clubs, when they are playing out of town, should allow amateur teams the use of their diamonds.

Both my disposition and my position would make me favor any feasible plan to create in the youth of the country a desire to see a ball game. But to my way of thinking it would be foolish to let the children in free. No one ever gets anything for nothing that he appreciates or values, and if the kids don't value the experience of watching a ball game, what kind of fans will they be when they grow up?

Thousands of children are guests of the various clubs throughout the league during the season. An invitation will be sent to a near-by grammar school one week. The next week the invitation may be extended to a Boy Scout troop from the poorer section of the city. And, of course, all orphan asylums are invited to move the orphanages for that one day to the ball park.

Philip K. Wrigley will try his plan this season, too, of admitting any child under sixteen at half price if he is accompanied by an adult. That may prove to be the plan for children that we've been waiting for.

As for the use of the diamond, offering that would prove too expensive. It costs about $1,100 merely to open the gates of the Polo Grounds. There are city permits, special police, special firemen, ushers, etc., to pay if only one person enters the park.

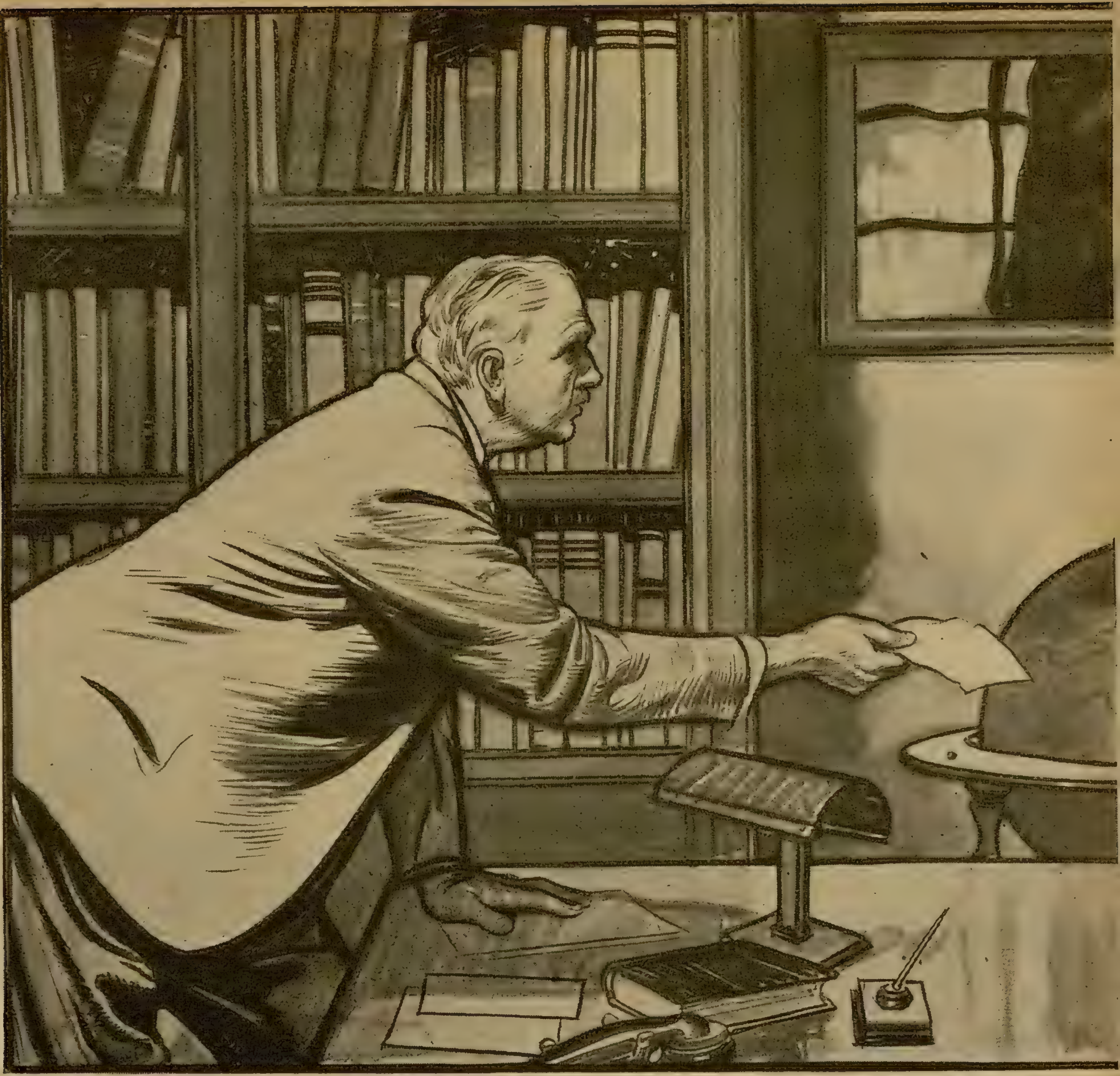
This 1935 season will, I believe, see the pendulum swing a bit farther in the other direction so far as the playing of the game is concerned. In 1920, when the Babe came along, the game became a swing-from-the-heels proposition.

The advent of Carl Hubbell with his screwball in 1933, and the Dean boys with their everything in 1934, has started that return toward a game where teams will play for one run instead of a cluster. Pitching will dominate again after a lapse of fifteen years.

I don't know which team will win the National League pennant, but I can tell you one thing: Whichever team wins it will win the World Series.

All right, Mr. Mayor, throw out that first ball!

THE END



"Fair! Fair!" Her father sprang to his feet. "Is it fair to expose us to this?" He snatched a clipping off the desk.

Right to the

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

HOLLY SAYLES, New York society girl, meets Monty West, heavyweight champion, through a friend, Bennie Harbough. The friendship ripens rapidly, unknown to Holly's parents. Annette Decatur, an old friend of Monty playing in What Next, berates him for falling for a "Park Avenue" girl, and then phones Mrs. Sayles to tell her of Holly's clandestine affair.

Monty and Holly go to the latter's home to announce their engagement to Holly's parents, and Mr. Sayles orders Monty from the house. Holly goes with him, fearful of the step but buoyed up by her love for the handsome pugilist.

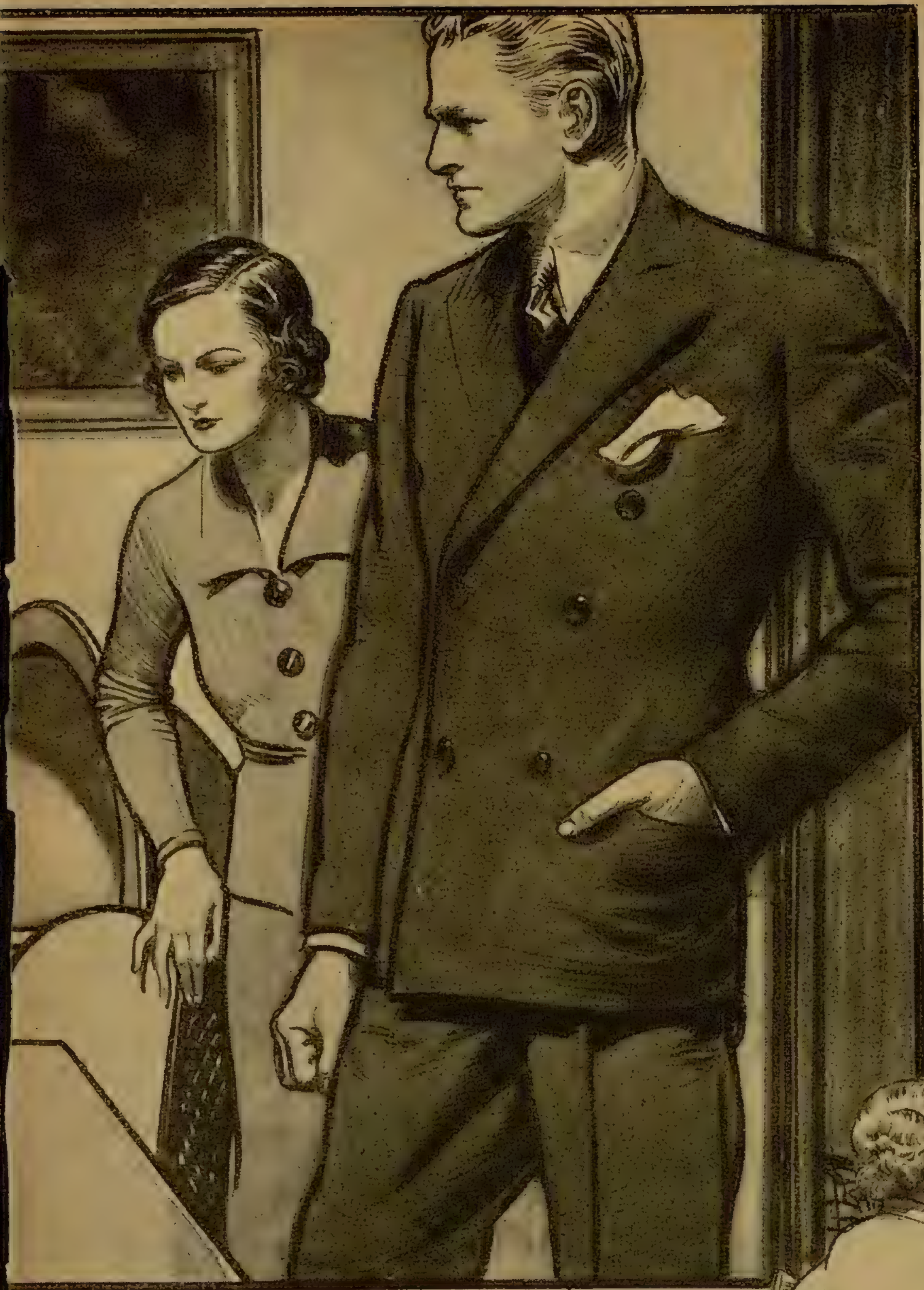
Annette, after trying to dissuade Holly, aids the elopers and sends them to her aunt in the country. After a brief honeymoon the newly married couple return to Monty's ornate hotel where Holly meets the fighter's friends, including Otto Spech, his manager. Two days later she encounters her father in the lobby and they fall into each other's arms. She presents Monty to her father and the latter invites the two to dinner and suggests that they make their home at the Sayleses' until they can find a place of their own.

On her father's departure Holly bursts out ecstatically at the thought of being able to leave the "ghastly" hotel. Monty, heretofore blissful in the belief that the Windonia represented the height of success and elegance, stares miserably at her and mutters, "Sure. That'll be just fine."

PART FOUR—ORCHIDS VS. GARDENIAS

BENNIE HARBOUGH ran into Ray Hallam in the cocktail lounge of the Eastham late one afternoon in October. Ray handed Bennie the paper he had been reading. "Have you read this?"

Bennie glanced at the column:



The Prize Ring Comes to Park Avenue and Storm Clouds Begin to Gather in the Vivid Story of an Adventurous Marriage

by
REITA
LAMBERT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK GODWIN

Heart

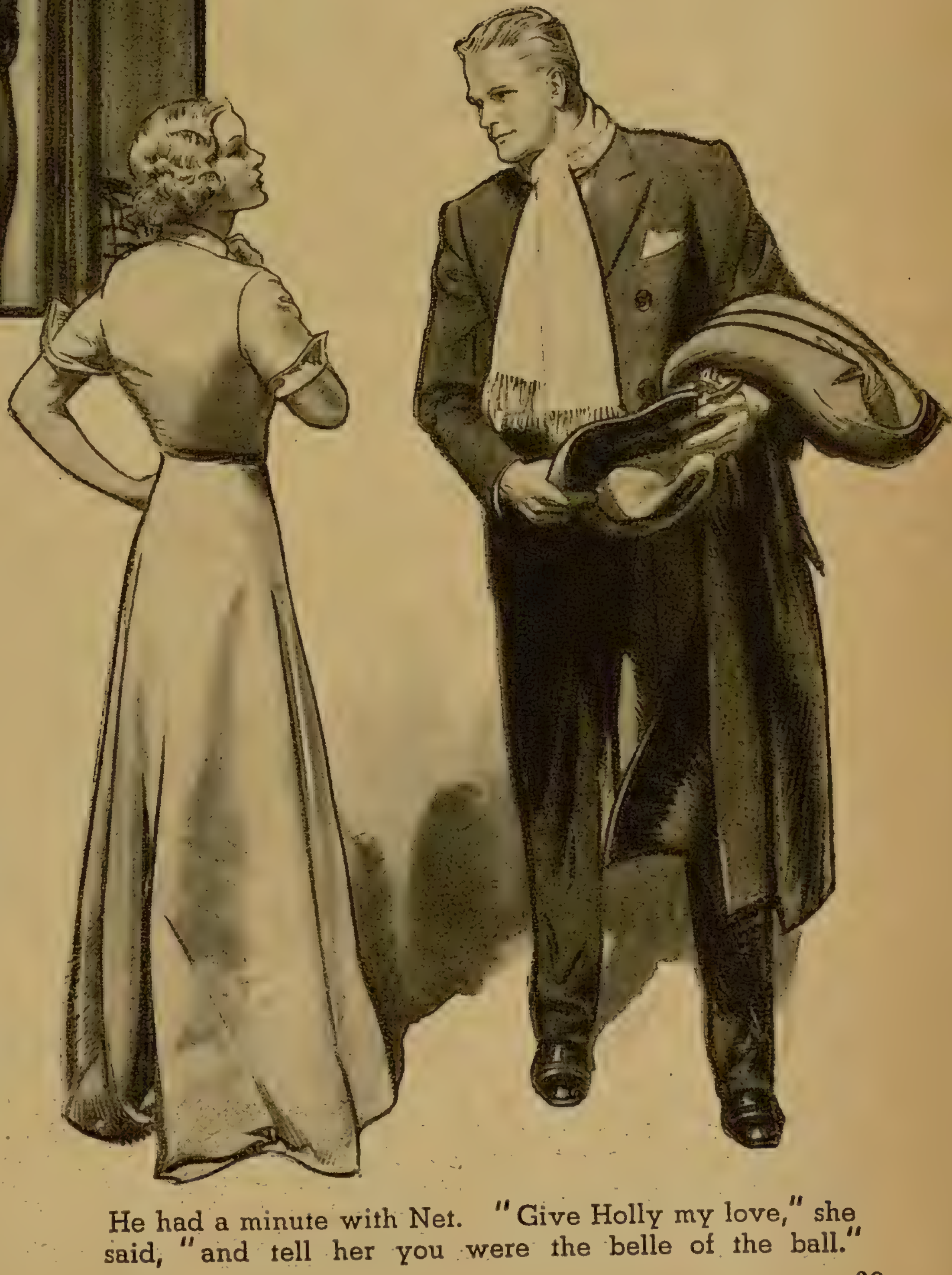
—on the evening of November sixth in honor of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George William (Monty) West, whose marriage a month ago surprised society and sporting circles. It is alleged that more than two hundred invitations have been issued—

"Yes. Got my invitation yesterday."

"Mine came this morning," Ray said. "Are you going?"

Bennie's eyes widened in honest astonishment. "Well, I should hope so. Aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'm going," Ray said and set his glass back on the bar. "Naturally, I'll go." He gave a little laugh and reached for a pretzel. "A clever way to ease the son-in-law into the best circles."



He had a minute with Net. "Give Holly my love," she said, "and tell her you were the belle of the ball."

“So clever,” Bennie said, “that you may be sure they never thought of it.”

“Oh, well, he may be just what society needs,” Ray said.

Bennie’s thin nostrils fluttered. “Maybe he is, at that,” he said. “Maybe what society needs is a little more humanity, a little decent old-fashioned democracy—”

“Well, you can supply that,” Ray said. His dark face was livid. “You were the *deus ex machina* of this affair, I understand.”

“I introduced them, if that’s what you mean. But if I hadn’t, some one else would have. You can be sure there wasn’t any chance for the rest of us, Ray.”

Ray looked at him for a long time. Then he laughed. “And how much chance do you think *this* has of lasting?”

Bennie said good night and left him.

On the night of November sixth, as they were dressing for the party, Holly said suddenly, “Darling, is that the only dress suit you have?”

“No,” Monty said. “I’ve got another somewhere. Why? Isn’t this suit all right?”

“Y-yes, I guess it will have to be.”

Monty frowned. “What’s the matter with this suit? Shenowitz said it was the very newest thing.”

“Maybe that’s what’s the matter,” Holly said, preoccupied with lipstick and powder puff.

She explained to Monty when a maid handed in a florist’s box, “I couldn’t wear your orchids with this dress. I phoned for some gardenias. Look, how lovely!”

“Yeah, but I—I thought you liked orchids.”

“Darling, I couldn’t wear purple orchids with a red dress. Don’t look so hurt. It’s my fault. I should have told you to get white ones.”

Monty hadn’t known that there were white orchids. He had thought all orchids were purple. So the flowers were wrong, his suit was wrong. He said unhappily, “I could wear a tuxedo. My tuxedo is black.”

“Don’t be silly. You’re all right. Are you ready, darling? How do I look?”

He looked at her, up and down. “You look—like you did the night you came into my dressing room—only tidier.”

SHE laughed softly. “You look grand—but scared.”

“I *am* scared. I’m scared as the devil.”

“But you’re not to be scared, you hear! There isn’t going to be *any* one at this party half as wonderful as you. If you’ll just remember that—”

He caught her to him. “As long as you think I’m wonderful—”

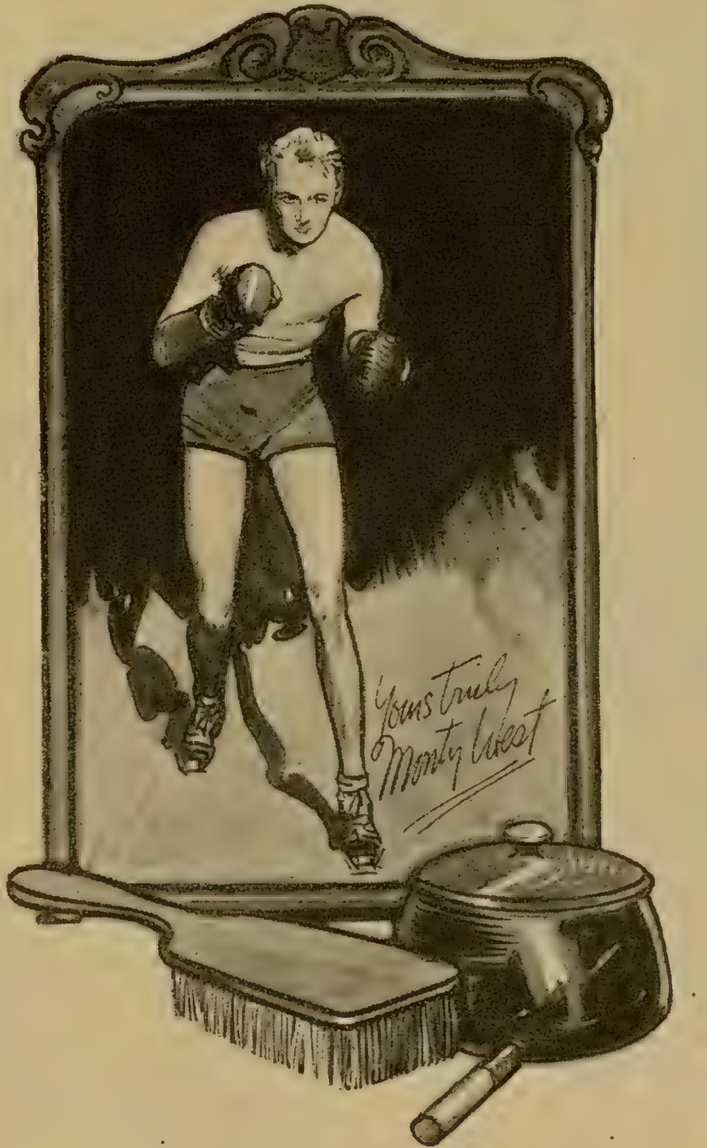
“Don’t muss me up, darling.” But she clung to him. “Monty, I love you. If you’ll just remember *that*—”

“Well, I’ll try,” he said, still holding her. “I’ll do my best.”

They smiled shakily at each other and went downstairs.

The first guests, the older contingent, began to arrive a little before nine. Many of the women kissed Holly. “So *nice* to see you, darling—and your husband!” The men gripped Monty’s hand warmly and said they were glad to know him. Monty made a mental note of that. “Glad to know you, sir!” *not* “Pleased to meet you.”

He was conscious of a quickening in the atmosphere about him when the younger element began to drift in.



“*Holly*, my *lamb!* . . . So *you’re* the dreadful Tarzan who abducted Holly!” Now the little hands clutched his excitedly. Young eyes fluttered up at him.

“And this is Ray Hallam, Monty. A *very* old friend of mine.”

“Pl—glad to know you, Mr. Hallam.”

“Thanks, I’ve been looking forward to this, myself.”

“Hello, Bennie!”

“Hello, yourself, you old stinger!”

Well, this was a little better.

When all the young people were dancing, he was left alone and, after a little, he moved over toward the wall to be out of the way.

“‘—and kisses in the night,’” Frankie Chester sang and slipped out of Harris Beach’s arms and demanded of Monty, “Why aren’t you dancing? Here I’ve been waiting hours for you to cut in!”

He achieved a grin. “If I’d known that, I’d certainly have learned how to dance.”

“You mean you don’t! But, darling—”

She took him by the hands and drew him farther into the corner. “Now, put your arms around me—there. One, two, one—just kind of walk. Heavens, how enormous you are!”

“Go to it, Monty!” Bennie encouraged him.

But Monty stopped, red to his eyes.

AN old gentleman came up to Monty, his hand extended. “Bless me,” he said, “I didn’t realize until this minute who you were. But of course I remember now hearing something about—” He stopped. He remembered hearing something about the Sayles girl’s unfortunate marriage. “I used to be immensely interested in boxing in my youth,” he said. “I heard your fight with the Cock over the radio. Some of my sporting friends expected this Cock to take away your title. They say he has a terrible left hook—”

Another man said loudly, “Not at all. The Cock is a mauler. He has no form, no discipline—”

“Oh, the Cock’s good,” Monty said. “The Cock can box when he keeps his head.”

The group around Monty grew. “I knew if he was mad, it was all over but the count. I wheeled in close and weaved and cracked down with the right before he could get his arms up.”

“Is it true,” some one asked, “that the Cock sprained his ankle in the fifth round?”

“Naw!” Monty said and laughed. “He sprained his temper, that’s what he sprained.”

Everybody laughed with him, but suddenly Monty stopped laughing. Mrs. Sayles was pushing her way through the crowd. She looked white and her eyes had that hard little glint of light in them that Monty had come to know meant that he had erred. Behind her he saw Holly, her face flushed, gnawing her underlip.

“Oh, here you are, Monty!” Mrs. Sayles said. “You must come and talk to Mrs. Harvey, my dear. She thinks she knows the very house for you and Holly.”

She led him away, and a little later she found an opportunity to mention the matter to Holly.

“But, darling, they loved it,” Holly said. “I don’t see how I *can* speak to him about it. He’s terribly sensitive and I’d rather die than hurt his feelings.”

“Naturally, dear,” Mrs. Sayles said quickly. “Don’t misunderstand me. I wouldn’t dream of mentioning this to him—in so many words.” She patted her daughter's arm and bustled away. . . .

"So you're not going to Hollywood, after all," said Otto Spech one morning in December.

"Nope, I'm not going to Hollywood, after all," Monty said, and grinned. "Now what do you think of that?"

"What *I* think don't matter any more," Otto said, grim but resigned. "But, listen. What I dropped in to tell you was that this Ohio Kid Max Stein's been buildin' up is going on in one of the prelims at the Garden tonight against Mickey Hatfield. Seems the kid that was scheduled to fight Mickey broke a ankle or something, so Max hops right up and books his kid to substitute."

Monty's whole face had changed, sharpened; his eyes were alert and glittering as a wolf's. "And does Stein think his kid can lick Hatfield?"

"He knows it. And I ain't sure but what he's right. He's got a right that'd reach from here to the Battery, and Max has got him headin' straight for the title."

"Baby!" Monty said. "I'd like to see him work."

"Well, why not come around to the Garden tonight?"

"I—I don't know. It's opera night —Holly's folks have a box at the opera and they kind of expect us to go. But I could get out of it. Listen. Do you think you could sneak me in without the newspaper guys finding it out?"

"I can fix that, sure," Otto said. "You just come along over to my place."

When he had gone, Monty went downstairs in search of Holly. He found her in the dining room. He closed the door and swept her into his arms. "Gosh, I'll be glad when we get into our own place!"

"Sh! Some one might hear. What are you so excited about, anyway?"

"Listen. I don't have to go to that opera tonight, do I? It isn't that I don't want to go, sweetheart, but Mickey Hatfield is taking on a new kid at the Garden tonight and I want to—"

"Who's Mickey Hatfield and what are you talking about?"

HE began over again, and finally she understood. "But we'd better not tell mother—we can just say you're going to a—a conference."

He shrugged. "O. K., if that's the way you want it. But you know, sweetheart, they'll have to get used to this sooner or later. Every champion has to be prepared to defend his title."

"Well, I don't believe I'll go to the opera, either, then. I couldn't get home in time to dress, anyway, if I go to Kit's cocktail party. You won't mind if I go to Kit's without you—since you don't want to go anyway?"

"It looks like I'll have to learn to drink cocktails."

"It looks like you would," Holly said. "It looks like you'll have to learn a lot of things, mister."

Driving to Kit's through the gray December twilight, Holly was thinking of something Monty had been talking to her about: a plan he was developing for uplifting pugilism. After all, why should a champion prize fighter be any less a gentleman than a champion tennis or chess player? According to one of Monty's new books, young men of the very best families had once been trained to box in the interest of self-defense. And hadn't she heard self-defense spoken of as a noble art? "The noble art of self-defense." That was what boxing really was—a noble art.

She murmured the phrase to herself as she turned her car over to the doorman and went up to Kit's apartment.

Kit came swooping down on Holly, gurgling excitedly.

"Darling, I'm so *glad* to see you! But I'm *so* sorry Monty couldn't come."

"So was he," Holly said and held out her hand to Bennie.

EVERYBODY was here. There was Bird Sexton and Bee. This *was* like old times.

"He's ruined my party," Kit said. "You can just tell him so."

"Who's this you're talking about?" a tall young woman in tweed demanded.

The young woman in tweed proved to be a classmate of Kit who had married an Italian marchese, home for the holidays, and upon hearing that Holly's name was West promptly asked her, "You don't happen to be related to the Howson Wests, do you? They are from Cleveland."

Kit said suddenly, "Monty isn't from Cleveland, is he? Where *is* he from, Holly?"

Holly looked at her blankly. She had never thought of Monty as "from" anywhere. She tried wildly to think of what to say. But Bennie thought of it first.

"He's from Montana, isn't he, Holly?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, Montana," Holly said.

"Of course he is," Frankie Chester caroled. "He's *named* for it."

"Named for a state!" the marchesa echoed. "*Really!*"

Holly realized that she had missed an opportunity. She should have said, "Heavens, *I* don't know where he's from—or care!"

Kit asked, "Where is the new house, darling?"

"On Seventy-third—between Park and Lexington," Holly said and added, laughing, "I don't know what the neighbors will think when they hear a prize fighter has bought it."

"They ought to be tickled to death," Bennie said, "to have such a distinguished neighbor."

"I can understand how some people might feel," Holly said, charmingly open-minded. "Boxing has been so terribly abused. Hardly anybody realizes that it used to be one of the most popular sports. In England all the men of rank used to box and patronize boxing—" she hurried on, quoting as much as she could remem-

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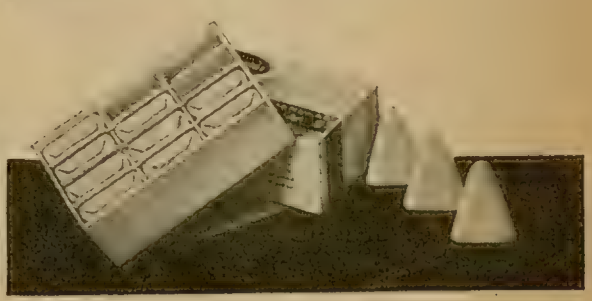

ber, leaning heavily on the Noble Art.

Suddenly she caught Ray Hallam's eyes upon her, and their expression—as though he were surprised and pleased about something—silenced her.

But her last word still hung in the air when Bennie said, "Oh, I don't know that the profession has anything to be ashamed of with a man like Monty at the head of it. Monty would dignify any profession."

As though he were rebuking her! Her color deepened but she laughed. "What a *grand* tribute, Bennie!"

"Oh, everybody adores Monty," Frankie chirruped. "I meant to tell you, darling. The other day our waitress was ill and I went up to her room, and there on her bureau was Monty's picture. And it was autographed, 'Sincerely yours, Monty West.'"

Holly told her, "Oh, I'm used to that. You could probably find Monty's picture on half the bureaus in New York."

"You can get one for your own for a quarter, darling," Kit said.

Holly turned and said something to a strange young man beside her. She had no idea what it was, but he laughed and she laughed with him. For, of course, it was funny! Monty's picture on a housemaid's bureau—on a thousand housemaids' bureaus!

The party split up into small groups, everybody talking at once, smoking, drinking.

Ray sat down beside her, and presently the strange young man edged off. Everything about Ray was so blessedly familiar. Even the little tufts of black hair on the backs of his long fingers were familiar. Monty had little tufts of blond hair on his.

Suddenly she was desperately tired. She sat up. "Do you think Kit would mind if I just sneaked off?"

"I don't think she'd mind," he said. "But she might think something had got in your hair. You don't want 'em to think that, do you?"

No, she didn't. "They probably wouldn't even miss me."

"I would," he said.

"Well, in *that* case—" she said and settled back. "I'm late for dinner anyway. This is opera night and six-thirty dinner and Monty's going out to a fight."

"I'M an orphan myself tonight," he said. He smiled at her a little wistfully. "I don't suppose you'd care to have dinner with me? If you think Monty would object, we might persuade Frankie and Bee to come along—give the affair a respectable tone, as it were."

"Don't be silly," she said.

She could call up the house from there, leave word with the maid that she would not be home for dinner. That would be easier than trying to explain over the telephone. Tomorrow she would tell Monty all about it. . . .

The curtain went down on the two hundredth performance of What Next and Annette gathered up the billowing chiffon skirts of her last-act costume and made for her dressing room. When she opened the door she let out a gasp of astonishment.

"Hello there, Net!"

"Monty!"

"What about me?" Otto grumbled.

"Oh, you don't count," she said and gave her two hands to Monty.

"Otto and I happened to be walking home from the Garden. When we passed the stage entrance we knew it must be about time for the show to let out, so we thought we'd drop in." He held on to her hands, grinning happily down at her. "Say, you look grand! Gosh, I'm—"

"Listen," she stopped him. "I'm dying to hear all about it, but right now I've got to dress. It won't take me ten minutes and then you're coming home with me. I've invited some people in for supper—"

"I'm sorry, sweetie, but I've got to get along home."

"Now you look here," Annette said. She took hold of Monty's lapels and made him look at her. "Is this nice? After treating me like a poor relation for months?"

There was really no reason why he should go rushing off home. Holly might not be home herself yet, and he'd been worrying about neglecting Net. "O. K. I'll stick," he said.

ANNETTE'S friends—most of them of "the profession"—were a sociable lot. In five minutes Monty was as much at home as though he had known them all his life and enjoying himself very much indeed. He had intended to stay fifteen minutes, but it was well after midnight before he remembered that.

He had a minute alone with Net in the hall.

"Give Holly my love," she said, "and tell her you were the belle of the ball."

"She wouldn't believe it," he said and looked a little wistfully at the living-room door. "They're dancing. Say, listen, Net." He stopped and looked shyly into his hat. "You wouldn't teach me to dance, would you? I could come up here around twelve."

She fingered the rough jade stones at her throat. "Holly might not like it—"

"Oh, Holly's crazy for me to learn to dance," he said.

"Then why doesn't she teach you?"

He shifted his feet. "I never asked her, for one thing. I'd feel like such a darn' fool. I'd kind of like to spring it on her as a surprise."

"Well, you come along up any day. I'll teach you to dance, darling."

He found Holly sitting up in bed, reading.

He went across to her, grinning. "I didn't know whether you'd be home yet. Have a good time?"

She nodded. "Did you?"

"Did I! Listen. That Ohio Kid laid Mickey Hatfield out cold in the seventh round. He's got a right like the Statue of Liberty. And listen—"

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"Darling, I wish you wouldn't say 'listen' so much. And there's something else I want to ask you about before I forget it. Are you still sending out those pictures of yourself?"

"Sure. Not so many now, though. Why?"

"Because I wish you wouldn't."

"Why not? The picture's worth a quarter to people and the publicity is worth a lot more to me."

"But how can it help you to sell your picture to a lot of servants?" She laughed lightly, scornfully. "Frankie Chester told me today that she found your picture in a silver frame on their maid's bureau."

The red came hotly into his cheeks. "Other people besides maids buy 'em."

"Can you imagine me sending off for some celebrity's picture to decorate my dressing table?"

"Maybe you wouldn't," he said, "but plenty of other nice people would."

Without another word she placed her book on the bedside table, turned her back on him, and lay down. Beside himself, he began—"Listen—" but she said sibilantly, "*Please!* You'll wake mother and dad."

He gulped, grabbed up his pajamas, and went into the bathroom. For a long time he sat on the edge of the tub, his big hands fisted, his face crimson, angrier than he had ever been in his life.

Perhaps it *was* kind of cheap, sending your picture to anybody, everybody. But she might have told him so kindly. The Lord knew he wasn't unreasonable.

He undressed slowly, his fingers clumsy with despair and fatigue, and went back into the bedroom. Holly lay on her side, one arm curled over her head, her face buried in the pillow, pretending sleep.

HE opened the windows, got into bed, turned out the light, and lay quietly for several moments. Then suddenly he was out of his bed, gathering her up to him. "Oh, my darling, don't do that! Don't cry like that. I didn't mean to hurt you. God, I'd cut my tongue out first! I see what you meant about the pictures. I'm not going to send out any more, sweetheart."

"I don't care whether you do or not." She pulled away from him and cried desperately, "Monty, Monty, what's the *matter* with me?"

"You're all upset. And no wonder. It is kind of cheap—"

"Don't let's talk about it any more. Just say you still love me—you *do* love me, Monty?" And after a moment she said in a small tired voice, "Oh, Monty, I'm so tired of all this. So *tired* of it."

"Of what, my precious?"

But she couldn't tell him. In his arms all her doubts and anxieties were dissolved.

When they went down to the dining room the next morning, Mrs. Sayles was still at the table reading her mail, late as they were. "I'm terribly sorry, mum. We overslept," Holly said.

"I was afraid you had, dear, but I thought we wouldn't disturb you. Good morning, Monty. I'll ring for fresh coffee. Thank you, Mary—"

"We're going over to the house right after breakfast, mother," Holly said. "Want to come?"

"Perhaps I might, later. But before you go, dear, your father wants to have a little talk with you and Monty."

DOWNSTAIRS in the library they found Mr. Sayles enjoying his morning paper and his morning cigar.

Holly went over and kissed his bald spot. "We're scared to death. What have we done now?"

Monty grinned. It had not occurred to him to be scared.

Mr. Sayles focused his glance on Monty. "I've been wanting to have a little chat with you, Monty. I've been thinking a good deal about you lately, about your position in life, your future. I have a proposition to make to you. But before we go into that, I wonder if you've seen this?" He picked a clipping off the desk and passed it over. "I cut it out of the sports page just now."

Holly went and perched on the arm of Monty's chair and they read it together: CHAMPION WITNESSES NEWCOMER'S VICTORY it was headlined.

Though he did his best to escape detection, our champion heavyweight was observed skulking behind a pillar in the Garden last night, an interested spectator of what must have been to him a more than interesting bout. Though his face was almost entirely hidden by his turned-up collar and turned-down hat (what were you afraid of, Monty?), our hero was easily recognizable.

Monty read no further. He tossed the clipping away with a snort of disgust. Holly said, "We didn't tell you Monty was going, dad, because we thought it might upset mother. It's too bad the newspapermen had to see him, but he *had* to go. Don't you see, dad—"

"Certainly I do, my dear," Mr. Sayles said agreeably. "I understand they're building this new man up in the hope that he'll be your next challenger, Monty. You've held the championship two years and it has netted you a very respectable little fortune. But what do you expect to do when the time comes that you can no longer fight?"

"Why, I expect to be a promoter." Monty got to his feet. "I'm going to do something for boxing that's never been done before—at least not in this country. I've been doing a lot of reading up about this business lately. Boxing used to be a real gentleman's sport, but the wrong people got hold of it—a lot of pugs and crooks—and little by little it lost—well, what you might call its prestige. Now—"

He broke off abruptly. Mr. Sayles

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[NO. 2]

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was shaking his head, smiling. "It would take more than you to *refine* pugilism. Besides," he sat forward in his chair and his voice sharpened, "prize fighting *is* a sport, Monty. It isn't a business, a career, a future—at least, very few people would consider it so. Now my proposition is that you resign your championship. The same qualities that have made you a successful boxer should make you a successful business man. And by the time you're thirty you should have a sound position professionally, socially—"

"Resign my title!" Monty said in a strange voice.

"As long as you keep it, you'll have this sort of thing to contend with." Mr. Sayles pointed to the clipping. "You can't pretend to like that any better than the rest of us. No gentleman—"

"Well, I'm no gentleman," Monty said. "I'm a prize fighter." His voice was more of a snarl than a voice, his face was the color of slate, his half-closed eyes burned down at Mr. Sayles. "I've done what I could. I mean, I've done things like canceling my stage engagements and my movie contracts. I've steered clear of the newspaper guys as much as I could—and got 'em all sore at me, too. I've done everything I could to try not to disgrace you, but, by God, I won't give up my title! You may not think it's so much, but it's all I've got that really belongs to me. I've earned it, and I'll keep it until a better man takes it away from me all fair, see? I'm not going to give it up just because some narrow-minded snobs—"

Mr. Sayles said sharply, "Aren't you forgetting that you married one of those—snobs, Monty?"

"Holly knew what I was when she married me," he said and turned to her. "Didn't you?"

There was no color in Holly's face and her smooth lids covered her eyes.

"Holly, *you* don't want me to give up my title, do you?"

AT last she looked up at him. "No! No, of course not. Dad, you don't realize what you're asking! It isn't fair of you—"

"Fair! Fair!" her father said and sprang to his feet. "Is it fair of him to expose you—to expose all of us, for that matter—to this?" He snatched a second clipping off the desk and thrust it at them. "I'd no intention of letting you see the thing, but you've left me no alternative. Read it, both of you!"

And together they read, under the seductive heading, KEYHOLE PEEPS:

That lively revue What Next chalked up its two hundredth performance last night and what celebrated sporting gentleman do you suppose dropped round after the show to renew—oh, quite incidentally—an old friendship with Annette Decatur? Well, since you've guessed it, we won't name any names. First time the champ—we didn't say what champ, you notice—has been seen in this lowly neighborhood since he crashed Park Avenue. Our scout reports he was the Life of the Party that Annette threw after the show. Is it necessary to add that his new little missus was conspicuous by her absence?

"Oh!" Holly shuddered. "How dare they! How *dare*—"

"Now, listen, Holly!" Monty's cheeks were like hot coals. "I did drop in at the theater. Otto and I were walking home from the Garden and we had to pass right by the stage entrance — see? — and I thought I ought to run in and say hello to Net."

"It's really *true*, then?" she said, amazed.

"I was going to tell you about it last night and then I forgot. Anyway, there wasn't anything to tell. Net was giving this party and I couldn't get out of going without hurting her feelings. I broke away as soon as I could." He swung round to Mr. Sayles. "This girl is an old friend of mine—as nice a girl as you'd want to meet. She was darned nice to us when we were married." He started for the door.

"HERE, where are you going?" Mr. Sayles took hold of his arm.

"I'm going to hunt up that guy and lay him out."

"Oh, no, you're not."

"Do you think I'm going to let him make a fool of me?"

"He has already done it," Mr. Sayles snapped. "And nothing you can do now will alter that fact. That columnist is within his rights and he knows it. You don't want to humiliate your wife still more by dragging her through a public scandal, do you?"

Monty glanced down at his fisted hands in despair. "No. You know damned well I don't! But if I let him get away with this— What *can* I do!"

"I've already told you," Mr. Sayles said crisply. "You can resign your title and live the life of a private citizen. Until you do, you're the legitimate prey of every unscrupulous sheet in town. So is your wife."

Monty's eyes swung frantically to Holly. She nodded. Her voice was flat. "And I can't bear it, Monty. I can't bear any more of it. I've tried not caring—but it's no use. And it isn't worth it. As dad says, you've got to lose the title some day, anyway. Don't you *see* how much easier it will be—for both of us?"

He looked at her for a long time. "All right, I guess it would. I guess it would, at that," he said and went, feeling his way like a blind man, out of the room.

They heard Monty's stumbling steps cross the hall, heard the front door slam. Then Holly cried out, "Oh, dad, what have we done to him!"

Not only what have they done to Monty, but what effect will it have on Holly? The affairs of the newly married pair approach a climax in next week's installment, with Ray Hallam and Annette Decatur complicating matters.

A Matter of Accent

A Short Short Story

by

PERCY MARKS

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"OH, please, please," the young man pleaded in a broken, urgent whisper, "please talk to me!"

He had obviously been running—his breathing was difficult, perspiration was streaming down his face, and his cheeks were red. It was his eyes, however, that held Miss Melville's attention. Very large eyes, dark, and just now very brilliant—brilliant with fear, she thought. She drew back against the glass pane of the show window. For two long hours she had walked the streets, hoping that something would happen to take her mind off her troubles. Now something had.

The June night was warm, and her little top-floor room had been unbearably hot. It cost nothing to look in the show windows or at the people, and perhaps she would walk herself into a weariness that would bring sleep. Six months before, the private library where she had worked for thirty years had been forced by the depression to reduce its staff. She had been given a very fine recommendation, but no one was interested in it. No one. And her meager savings were going fast. She was fifty-two. She was lonely. And she was afraid.

"What do you want?" she asked the young man.

"Just talk to me," he whispered, mopping at his face with a handkerchief.

She tried to draw back still farther.

"Oh, talk!" he cried. "I'm not trying to pick you up. I swear it!"

Miss Melville's head snapped up in quick indignation. "At my age?" she asked witheringly. "Don't be absurd!"

Some one passed, running, and the young man glanced nervously over his shoulder. "Say some more. Talk about the weather. Anything."

"I prefer to talk about you. What are you running from, young man? You'll have to explain yourself." She sounded like an irritated schoolteacher and looked like one. Her nose was a beak, high and arched, her eyes behind her glasses questioning and severe.

He was breathing more naturally, and some of the terror was fading from his eyes. "It's nothing really," he explained; "just an awful accident. I was running away from somebody. I was over on Sixth Avenue waiting for a friend. I'd bumped into him at a movie. I hadn't seen him since we were in college, and we were going to celebrate."

"You went to college?" Miss Melville looked interested.

"Yes. I graduated two years ago."

"Where?"

"Harvard."

"Indeed!" She smiled. "That's very interesting."

The smile seemed to give the young man courage. He settled his Panama hat more comfortably on his head, and smiled in return. Really, thought Miss Melville, he was quite handsome.

"Yes, isn't it?" he said. "Well, this fellow was in my class at Harvard, and he suggested getting his car and going out to a roadhouse in Westchester. He was to pick me up in fifteen minutes. I waited on the corner and he didn't come. So I started walking down the block. You see, I thought maybe I was on the wrong corner. Then I saw him pass. I yelled and started to run after him. Then a woman screamed. I turned and saw her standing in the doorway of a jewelry store—one of those cheap places that keep open all hours. 'There he is!' she yelled. 'He's the one. Catch him! He shot my husband!'

"Somebody grabbed my arm. I pulled away and started to run. A whole gang came after me. I saw you, and I thought if you'd talk to me maybe they'd go right by." He smiled and became very boyish—charming, Miss Melville decided, really charming.

"But why didn't you simply stop and explain?"

"Sure. But you don't know my father. He'd skin me if I got his name in the papers. He's—well, he's awfully prominent."

"I see." Miss Melville considered. "I must go home now," she said amiably, "and if it will make you feel any safer, you may walk along with me."

They walked slowly toward Broadway. In a few minutes they were caught in a crowd pouring from a picture house. They were pushed against each other, drawn apart, pushed together again. Miss Melville stumbled, almost fell, and pawed wildly at the young man. He caught her, steadied her. She said, "Oh, I'm sorry. Somebody tripped me. Let's turn here and get away from this crush."

Once in a quiet street, she began to talk. She had begun a story about an amusing adventure of her own. Suddenly she swung in front of him, embraced him violently, and pinned his arms to his sides. "Hold him!" she screamed. "Help!"

THEY were exactly in front of a police precinct station, and two officers were in the doorway. For a moment they did not move. Then, as Miss Melville continued to scream and the young man began to struggle, they rushed forward.

"She's gone crazy!" he cried. "Here, you hellcat, let go!" He had one arm free.

"Oh, hold him!" she begged. "He's got a gun."

That settled it. He was pulled into the station house; and Miss Melville, her high nose higher with triumph, followed. The next morning Inspector Cleary called on her.

"That was a bad egg you caught, Miss Melville," he said. "We've been after him for months. He makes a specialty of robbing jewelry stores. That's what he was after last night, but old Mannheim pulled a gun. Then the devil shot him. The rewards for his capture come to nearly twenty thousand. You'll get them."

Miss Melville grew very white, and she closed her eyes. When she opened them, she smiled. "I can use it," she whispered.

"Sure. Now tell me how you got wise to him."

"I got him into the Broadway crush and felt his pockets," she explained. "I didn't find anything. Then I stumbled against him, and I felt the gun in the holster under his arm. Then I knew he had lied."

"Yes, but what made you suspicious?"

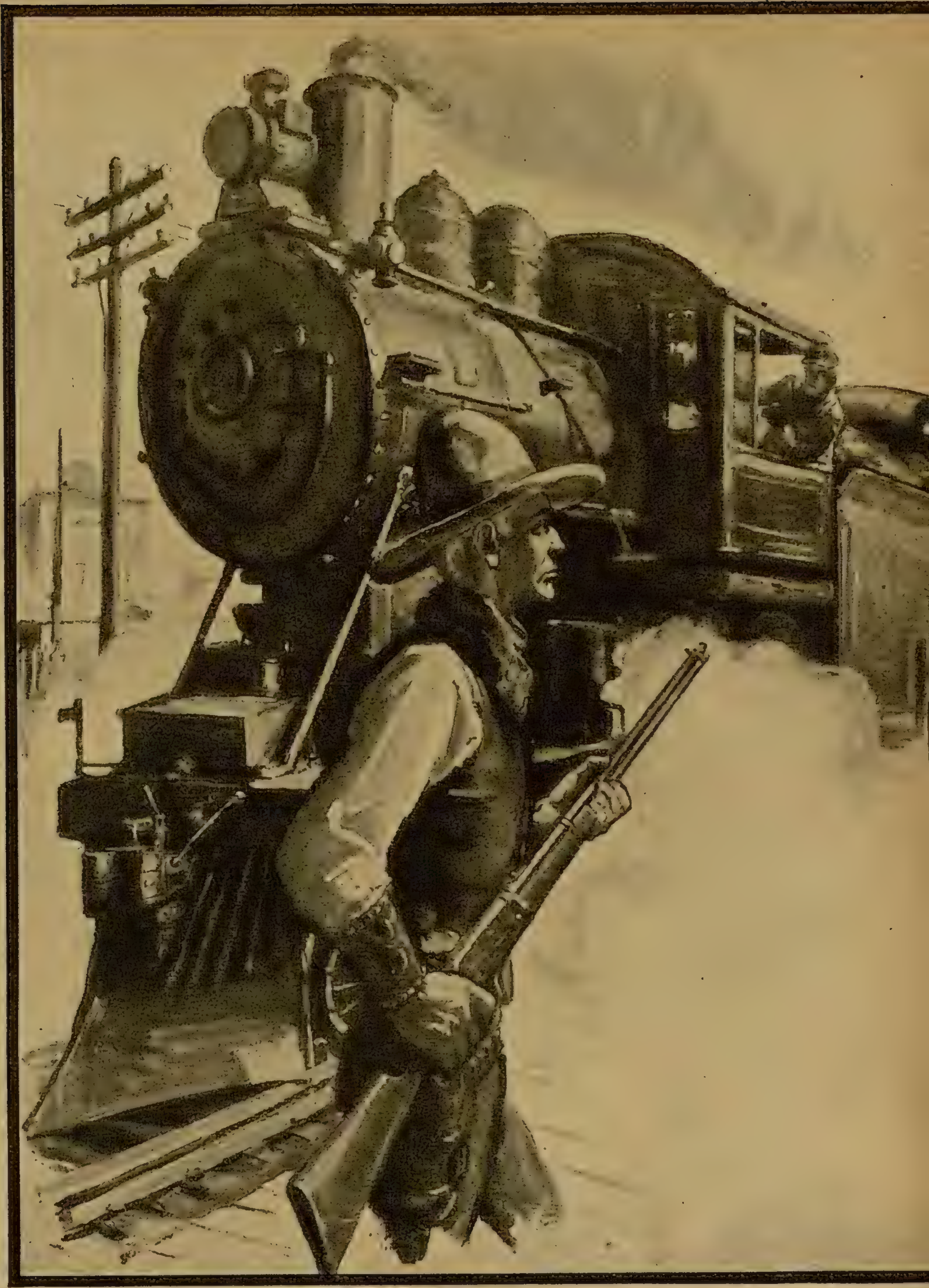
"He said he'd gone to Harvard."

Cleary himself had been born in Boston, and he grinned. "I get you," he said, chuckling; "but all Harvard men, you know, aren't New Englanders. If they happen to come from New York or from out West, they say—"

"No, they don't," Miss Melville interrupted, "not Harvard like that—Har-vard. I was born in Cambridge and went to Radcliffe. I know. No Hahvud man says Harvard. Why, no Hahvud man would. Really, inspector, he was absurd!"

THE END

Bill McDonald, Single-Handed, Stops the United States Army — and the Saga of Texas's Master Man-Hunter Comes to a Stirring End and Climax



The major charged forward. "You can't stop the United States army from moving its troops! Are you mad? Start the train, engineer!"

Hell in Boots

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART FIVE--CONCLUSION

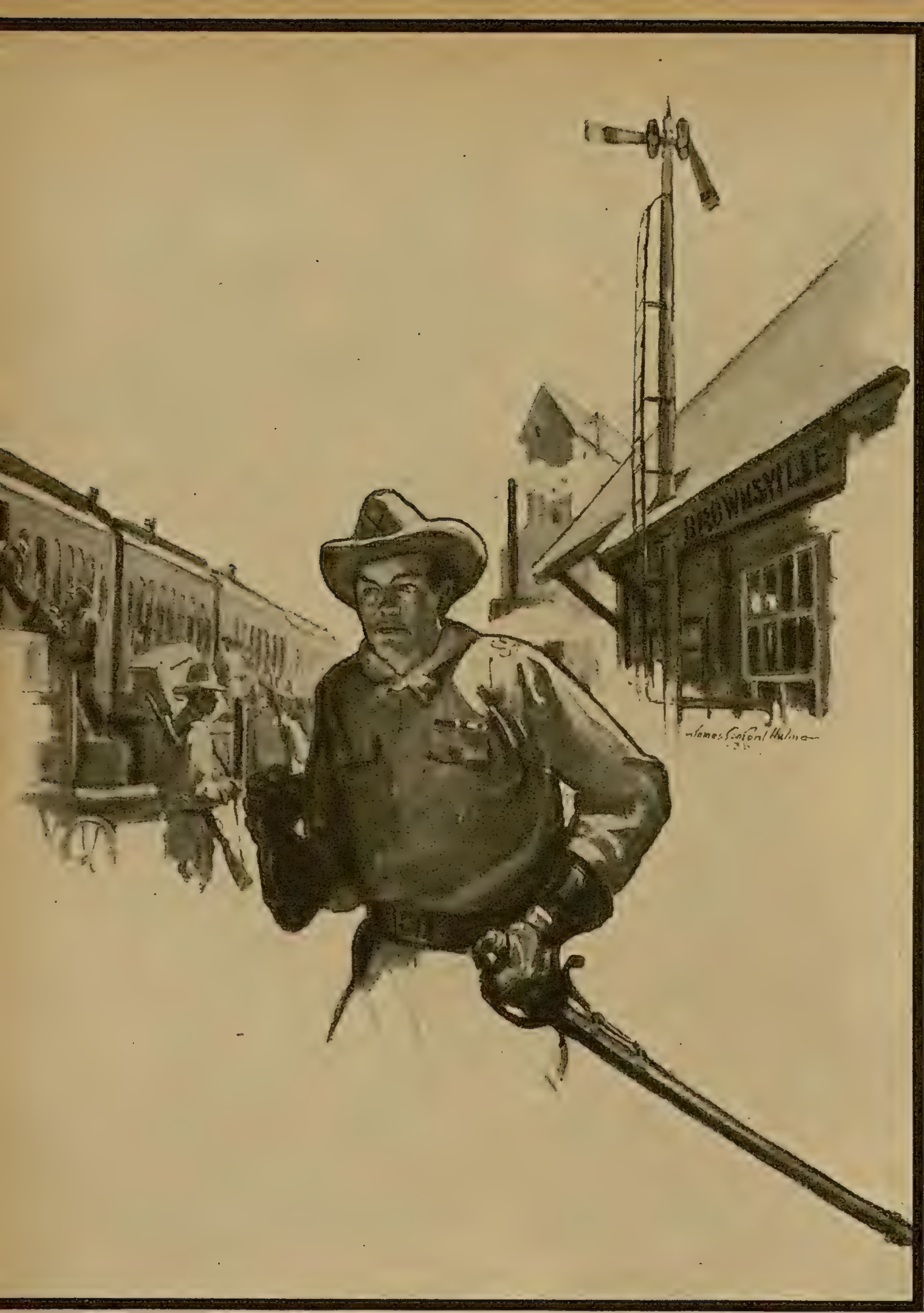
THERE is one more episode in Captain Bill McDonald's long career to be told--his handling of the colored troops of the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry, who were charged with "shooting up Brownsville."

Three companies of this regiment had arrived at Fort Brown during the summer of 1906 in an ugly mood. They had heard reports that Texans didn't like colored soldiers. They had been told they might be sniped at. They found Jim Crow laws that segregated them. They began to drink heavily, to insult men and women. On one occasion, it was reported, a colored soldier attempted to attack a white woman. Brownsville seethed with hatred and fear. Several soldiers were badly beaten by armed Texans. The troops threatened a terrible revenge.

And on the evening of August 13 a band of a dozen or more men went through the town, firing at every one they saw, shooting into windows, creating a panic.

A saloonkeeper was shot dead; the chief of police was shot in both arms and his horse was killed; scores had narrow escapes from bullets.

Brownsville demanded the troops be punished; but they



by

TYLER
MASON

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES SANFORD HULME

couldn't prove the troops had made the foray. At the fort it was said that Mexican bandits had crossed the border and attacked the barracks as well as the town. Committees were appointed. They sent telegrams to Washington, D. C., and to Austin, Texas.

But nothing eventuated. Eight days went by. Brownsville was frantic. Hundreds began to leave the city.

Then Captain Bill McDonald swung his lean form off a train, and Brownsville felt that it was “saved.”

By this time Captain Bill was a national figure. The entire country knew him, if only as a friend of Theodore Roosevelt. “T. R.” and the ranger had met in 1905, when Governor Lanham, wishing to protect the President while he was in Texas, sent Bill to meet and remain with him.

The President came into Texas and immediately noticed a change in the behavior of the cheering people he addressed from the back platform of his train. There was no crowding here. There was a clear space about his car.

“Why is that?” he asked a secret-service man.

The latter pointed out a slender wiry man in his early fifties. “There's the reason, Mr. President,” he said. “That's Captain Bill McDonald.”

Friends of the President then related some of the many stories they had heard of Bill. Roosevelt took the
first opportunity to make
acquaintance. He insisted Bill
company him into the Comanc
district of Oklahoma on a
hunt. Bill went, and became
of the President's firm friends

“Come to see me in Washing
captain,” the Rough Rider in
the ranger at parting.

In 1912, when Theodore
velt was shot, Colonel E. M.
asked Governor Woodrow
to let him send for Captai
Donald to protect Wilson from a like fate. Wilson
sented, and Colonel House wired Bill “Come immedia
Important. Bring your artillery.” Bill's reply consis
of three words. “I am coming.”

He guarded Wilson for many weeks; and one of
son's first executive acts as President was to appoint B
marshal for the Northern District of Texas.

Meanwhile nobody had sent Captain McDonald
Brownsville in 1906. He went because a murder h
been committed. He had sworn an oath to uphold the
laws of Texas. And so long as the crime had been committed on Texas soil, he believed he had the right an
the duty to track down the murderers.

Brownsville was still in a stupor of fear when Bil
arrived. In the Miller Hotel—one of the places pock
marked by army bullets—he met an old friend, Sid Brewster. Brewster had been in the barroom when the salo
keeper was killed. He told the story in detail.

Bill sent two of his men into the town. One, Bla
Delling, returned with a frightened colored man, Ruf
Pone.

“He knows plenty about the shooting,” Delling sa
“He used to be in the army. He keeps a saloon half
mile from the fort.”

Johnny Wideawake
« changes his mind »

WHO YOU WRITIN' TO—MARLENE DIETRICH?
NO MISTER WISE-GUY... I'M ANSWERING AN AD THAT SAYS I CAN WIN SOME SKATES.
U.S. MAIL
OH BOY! LOOKIT ALL THE KEEN PRIZES THEY GIVE!
?
THIS IS A GREAT NICKLES WORTH, JOHNNY —YOU CAN BRING ME A COPY EVERY WEEK
THANKS MRS. MARTIN —I'VE GOT LOTS OF STEADY CUSTOMERS
HOT CHA
5¢
WELL— I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SKATES, YET
NO?—WELL THAT'S BECAUSE I HAVEN'T GOT 'EM..... I SAW HOW EASY IT WAS SELLING LIBERTY I DECIDED TO GET A BICYCLE FIRST!
5¢

How would you like ble to choose a bicycle, a pair of , or any of the more than 480 prizes wn in our big illustrated catalog? All have to do is mail in the coupon below, Johnny did, and we'll send you a log *Free* and also full information as to you can win prizes *and make money too!*

u can win a bike or a camera or aseball equipment or anything you want . . . and money too! Fill out and mail coupon at once.

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,* L4-20-35
1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Please tell me how to become a Liberty Boy
alesman and earn money and prizes.

Mr.............................AGE....
DDRESS.................................
TY.......................STATE........
ve your parents show approval by signing here:
....

Bill bade Delling question him, and started out of the hotel. In the lobby he met his other aide, Sergeant Peters, a soldier's hat in his hands.

"One of the boys picked this up outside the hotel the night of the trouble," Peters said. He pointed to the owner's name, roughly printed in ink on the sweatband.

Bill found Mrs. Pone living over her husband's saloon.

"How you feelin', Mis' Pone?" he greeted her. "An' Rufus? Doin' well at the bar, is he? Plenty soldiers wantin' drinks, I reckon."

Mrs. Pone said later that the captain's eyes "was a-eatin' right into mah gizzard."

Within fifteen minutes he had learned the names of Rufus Pone's closest friends in the army. One of them was Ephraim Bacon, the man whose name was in the hat.

He returned to the hotel, to learn that Peters and Delling had succeeded in obtaining quite a little information from the prisoner.

Next morning bright and early he arrived at the courthouse and asked Judge Sliven for warrants. The judge made them out with some reluctance.

"You're not aimin' to go into that fort without an order from the major?" he asked.

"You made a good guess," Bill answered easily.

"Why, man, you're liable to get killed! They're armed in there, and wilder than starving coyotes. And they've got strict orders from Major Penrose to allow nobody to enter the gates without a pass."

As Bill turned into the road to the fort, the guards at either side of the entrance stiffened to "attention."

"Halt!" one of them commanded.

"I'm here to see the major," Bill said quietly.

"No one goes through without he has an order."

Behind them were twenty soldiers with leveled rifles.

BILL swung his Winchester forward. The twenty rifles aimed steadily at his chest. He started toward them.

"Put up your guns, you murderin' scum," he said.

Twenty rifle butts clanged as one on the stone walk.

"Where's the major? One of you men take me to him."

The major was in his office. Captain Bill produced copies of his warrants. The major was troubled, but promised to do all he could to help.

"I'll thank you to send for those men," Bill said.

Presently two squads were lined up before him.

"Which of you is Ephraim Bacon?" he demanded.

A towering man stepped out of the ranks.

"How does it happen yo're the only one with a new hat? An' where's yore old one?"

"Ah got two-three old ones."

"So? Let's see them."

The soldier went out, returning with two worn hats.

"Let's see the one yo're wearin'," Bill said. He looked at the sweatband and saw the name written there, a duplicate of the name in the hat found outside the hotel. Then he looked at the two old hats.

"Don't you generally write yore name in yore hat?"

The soldier's answer was confused.

"Something queer about yore head? Doesn't it swell up some days and shrink on others?"

"No, suh!"

"Dad golly, that's peculiar—a head that has to have three different sizes of hats. Show me how this hat fits you. It's a size six and an eighth."

TWO squads of men and their officers laughed aloud when Ephraim Bacon put on that hat.

"And this is a six and seven eighths. Try this on."

Neither of the old hats fitted Ephraim, but the one found by Sergeant Peters did, unmistakably.

Bill asked more questions, and after a time turned to the major and read him a list of names.

"These men are guilty of murder and conspiracy to murder," he said. "I have warrants for them, and they are under arrest. But the sheriff isn't equal to handling them at the jail. Therefore I ask you to hold them in the guardhouse for the present."

For two days the army officers conferred with their attorneys and the city officials. They swore the troops were innocent; but they felt it would be better for all concerned if the entire command were to leave Brownsville. The city authorities agreed.

But Bill wouldn't listen to "reason." The men must be tried.

It wasn't strange that Bill, a few days before the hero of the city, was now its most dreaded enemy. Brownsville was still in terror of the soldiers and wanted to get rid of them. Judge Sliven asked Bill to return the warrants. Bill refused.

"No good can come of your attitude, captain," the judge pleaded. "The troops are ready to break loose at any minute. For God's sake, let them get out of here."

Bill shook his head.

"Those scoundrels committed murder. I ain't condonin' murder even by United States troops."

The judge went away mad, to send a long wire to the governor. Many other citizens also telegraphed.

On the third morning after his arrival Captain Bill observed a strange procession coming his way.

Judge Sliven, the district attorney, and a few influential citizens headed it. Behind them was the sheriff; and behind the sheriff was a posse of fifty or sixty men. They all carried rifles.

Bill smiled. "Goin' to war?"

The judge stuck out his chest like a pouter pigeon.

"Captain McDonald," he said, "I have an order for you to deliver to me the warrants I gave you."

Bill's lip curled in scorn. "And you need an army to get 'em? Let me see your order."

He read it and laughed. "Why, you wrote this yoreself," he said. "You issued them warrants. Now the law doesn't seem to be the same to you two days runnin'."

The district attorney stepped forward. "The local authorities are against you, Captain McDonald. The State of Texas is against you. If you persist in this foolishness there's liable to be bloodshed."

Bill's eyes twinkled, and his Winchester was raised just a trifle.

"If you want to start it now," he said, "I'm ready."

The crowd suddenly broke. Judge and district attorney stepped back involuntarily. The sheriff was openmouthed. The posse looked badly frightened.

BILL'S words slid along the barrel of his gun.

"I'm a-waitin' for orders from the governor. When I get them orders I'll let you know. Go home now. Go on home!"

The judge gathered some shreds of dignity about him. "We'll settle this later," he declared.

He walked off with the district attorney. The sheriff turned to his fifty or sixty men and marched them down the street. His face and neck were red.

Blaze Delling came galloping down the street to Bill. His news was: "They're marching out o' the fort."

Without a word Bill started for the depot.

The station platform swarmed with colored troops. The train was filling with them. Bill found Major Penrose directing the loading of baggage.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

The major made him a stiff bow.

"I have orders to move," he explained.

"Orders you may have," Bill said, "but some of these men are my prisoners. And they are going to stay here until I hear to the contrary from the governor of this state."

The major smiled. The baggage was nearly all aboard. The engineer's hand was on the throttle.

Captain Bill walked back until he could command the engineer's cab with the muzzle of his gun.

"Not a man leaves until I give the word," he said.

The engineer's hand slid from the throttle.

The major charged forward, furious. "Captain McDonald! You can't stop the United States army from moving its troops! Are you mad? Start the train, engineer!"

Bill looked at the engineer.

That overalled person didn't know what to do.

It was too much for the major. Sweat came out of his red face and drenched him. He shook his fists.

But the man with the gun was no whit disturbed.

Finally the engineer climbed down out of the cab, took off his cap, and scratched his graying head.

The major wearily ordered the men out of the train. They were marched back to the fort.

Brownsville, thunderstruck, clamored for Captain Bill's official scalp. Bill wouldn't have been surprised if they had got it. He wasn't surprised when the governor's telegram arrived that night at his hotel.

He summoned his two men. "Tell the major he may move his troops tomorrow morning, if he will."

The incident was not closed, though. The troops moved out, but Bill wrote a long letter to his friend, President Roosevelt, telling the facts in detail. Roosevelt knew Bill McDonald too well to doubt his evidence. Therefore he discharged the entire command "without honor."

Bill remained in the ranger service some few months longer. When he died Brownsville mourned him as deeply and as sincerely as any other city in the state.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—When did the Salvation Army begin its work in the United States?

2—Who was Phaëthon?

3—Where is Robert Browning buried?

4—What persons born in Canada of Canadian parents are not Canadian citizens?

5—Who was the only Roman Catholic priest to serve in the United States Congress?

6—What and where is Bali?

7—What is the difference between an illusion and an hallucination?

8—What is the most southerly part of Canada?

9—Who wrote "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"?

10—Where is Easter specifically mentioned in the Bible?

11—How many states bound Missouri?

12—Who is the author of "'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange, stranger than fiction"?

13—What part of the continental United States, exclusive of Alaska, can be reached overland only by passing through a foreign country?

14—What Canadian province has its own flag?

15—A dingle is what?

16—What is the capital of the Union of South Africa?

17—What three great bodies of water, located in different countries, are named after one man?

18—What states form the southern boundary of Canada west of the Great Lakes?

19—What United States senator has served the longest continuous period?

20—Where are giants first mentioned in the Bible?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

An ounce of *experience* is worth a pound of *words!*

● I'm just a plain motorist. No degrees in engineering. And no experience in the motor oil business. What I know about oil you can write on a stamp. But there are some things I do know.

I know that for ten years I've used an oil that has never caused me a repair bill.

I know that in all these years I haven't had to add oil between regular fillings.

I know that I've run my cars from 50,000 to 60,000 miles, and received good money for them in trade-ins.

And I know a dozen people whose experience has been the same.

Maybe you'll call me hide-bound to stick all these years to Quaker State. But there are things I'd rather experiment with than *my car.* And when my friends can prove to me from *their own experience* that there's a better kind of oil on the market, you'll find me using it.

But I have a suspicion that when that day comes, you'll find the name Quaker State on that better kind of oil.

I can't prove that. But it's a confidence I have which Quaker State has justly earned.

"*First choice of Experience*"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

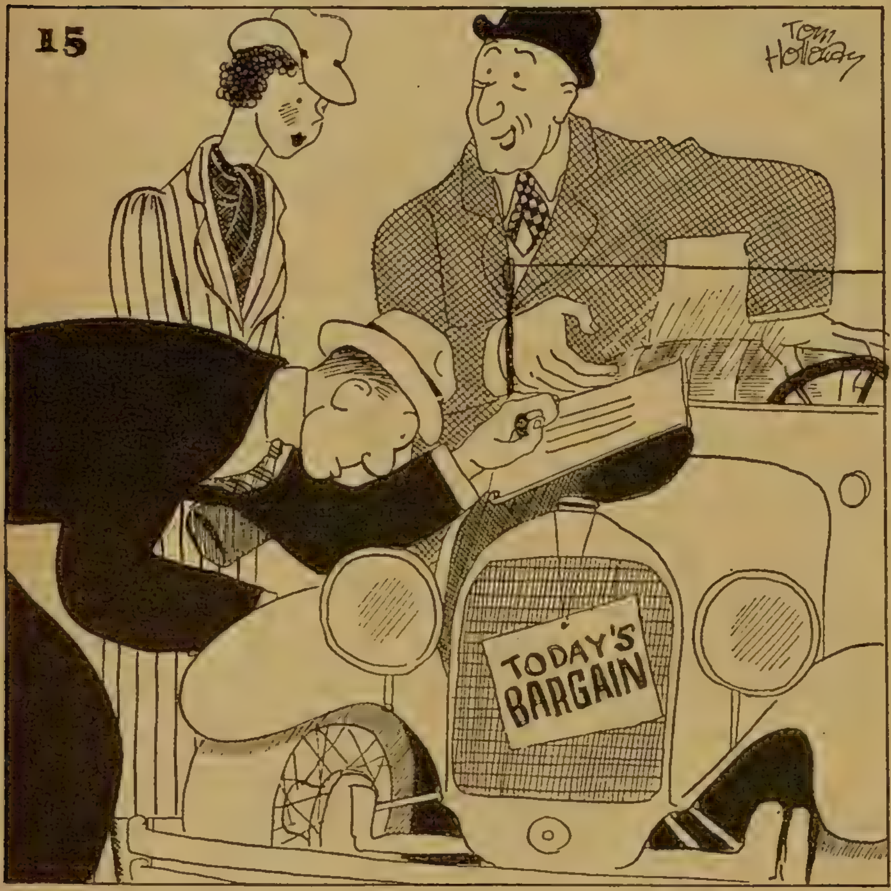
Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

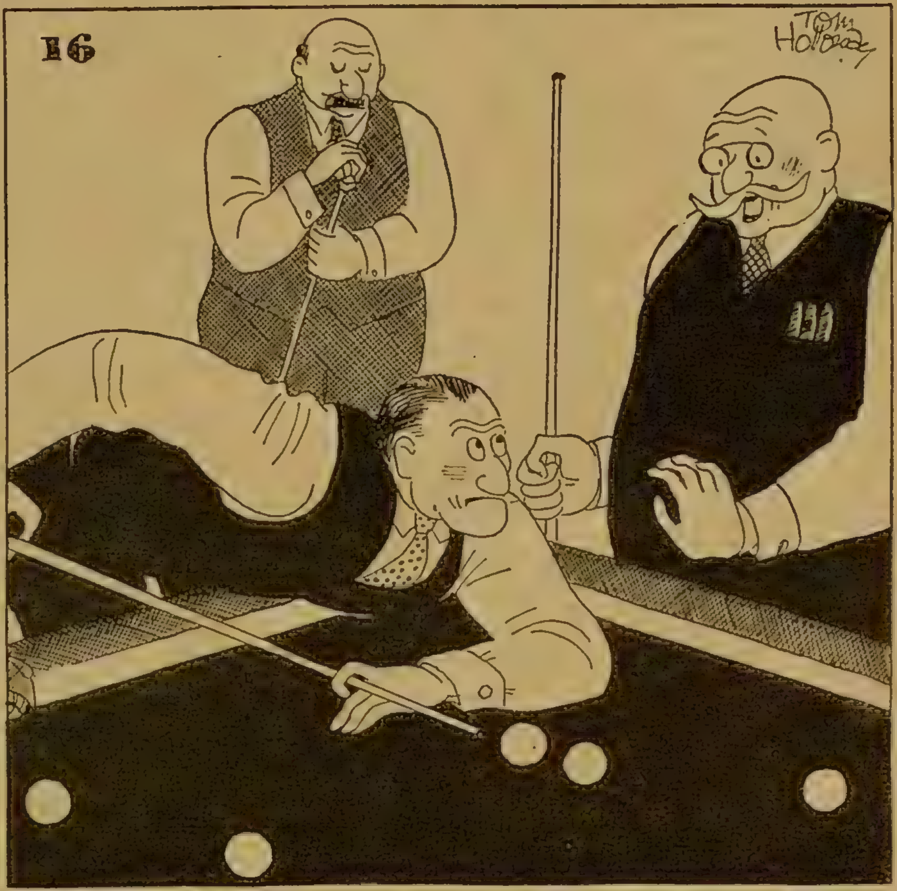
WHAT'S BEING SAID?

$2,000

IN BIG CASH PRIZES FOR LIBERTY'S READERS

ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS TO GO!





ARE THE SENTENCES YOU WANT HERE? OR CAN YOU THINK OF BETTER ONES?

1. You'll get at least twenty miles per gallon.
2. You certainly know your cues.
3. Beg pardon, are you sure you're right?
4. It doesn't look so good to me.
5. Here's one you may have trouble with.
6. It takes courage to try a thing like this.
7. Everything in life's a problem, I guess.
8. It's always darkest before dawn.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest drawings together with a list of suggested conversational sentences, any one of which might be used as a caption.

2. To compete, clip or copy each drawing and under it write what you think one of the characters is saying. Use one of the suggested sentences; or if you can invent one which to your mind is more apt, use that.

3. Prizes will be paid for the neatest complete sets of twenty drawings captioned with the most appropriate sentences as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have twenty drawings captioned, mail your entry to CONVERSATION CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

IF you have supplied conversation for the preceding fourteen situations depicted in this contest you should have no difficulty at all in continuing with Drawings 15 and 16 above. Nearly every one has had ample experience in connection with automobiles to suggest a choice of titles for Drawing 15 from the viewpoint of either buyer or seller. The game of the clicking ivories in Drawing 16 provides another wide selection of sentences. Will it be the man about to shoot or his adversary who will speak your line? Surely there is plenty that either might say.

With but two more weeks to go perhaps you are already planning the manner in which you will submit your contest entry. If so, please understand that simplicity is best. Ornate, elaborately mounted and decorated entries will receive no more consideration than simple ones. Save yourself the time and money involved in colorful folders and expensive mountings. The judges will disregard fancywork. No entries will be returned. Thus there is absolutely nothing to be gained that a simple presentation cannot achieve.

KEEP YOUR PRESENTATION SIMPLE!

HEAT . . . HEAT . . . HEAT

THE SUMMER* OF 1934

by PHILIP KERBY

Steadily, relentlessly the mercury climbed . . . 105°—107°—109° in the shade! Thirty-six terrible days and nights. People crowded indoors to escape the merciless rays of the blistering sun.

"The sick in the hospitals suffered tortures. Their only possible relief came from ice packs. Then it was that we were grateful for the efficiency of our Frigidaires, which—even under the greatest strain—never failed us." Thus wrote Dorothy Meng Reynolds, Registered Nurse.

From hundreds of homes came reports of the amazing performance of Frigidaire with its new development, the Super Freezer.

Here was the supreme test of a refrigerator! Yet day after day as the mercury climbed to record heights, the amazing service of the Super Freezer was demonstrated.

Thousands of Frigidaire users enjoyed a thrilling new experience. Despite the relentless heat they no longer worried about keeping food cold. There was always an abundance of ice cubes . . . frozen desserts and crisp salads. In their homes the Super Freezer proved itself a great new development in electric refrigeration.

*This story was obtained in one of the hottest sections of the United States in the summer of 1934, according to U. S. Weather Bureau statistics.

Listen to Jack Pearl in a new show, with Freddy Rich's Orchestra, every Wednesday, 10 p. m. E. S. T., (9 p. m. after May 1st) Columbia Network, Coast to Coast

NOW IN ITS FOURTH MILLION

EVEN IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER . . . MORE ICE . . . MORE REFRIGERATION . . . MORE SAVINGS . . . FROM THE SUPER FREEZER OF THE FRIGIDAIRE '35

Every one of the 16 snow-white models of the Frigidaire '35 is equipped with the Super Freezer. It sets new high standards of electrical refrigeration and provides complete refrigeration service.

No matter how relentlessly the sun may beat down or the mercury soar, the Frigidaire Super Freezer provides all the cold you will ever need, and, more important still, it gives the right kinds of cold. Dry, frosty cold is provided for food on the shelves. Wilted salads, fruits and vegetables in the Hydrator are afforded moist, humid cold to recrisp them. A reserve supply of ice cubes may be kept indefinitely. And there are several stages of near-zero cold for freezing ice cubes quickly, and for keeping meats, desserts and ice cream. The Super Freezer is so efficient that the Frigidaire '35 uses an amazingly small amount of electricity.

Many other conveniences are included in the Frigidaire '35 in addition to the Super Freezer. Ice trays are delivered into your hands at the touch of a finger. It eliminates all worry when defrosting. And *every* model has a lifetime porcelain interior.

To appreciate fully these new advanced standards of refrigeration you must see the Frigidaire '35 for yourself. Visit your local dealer and learn how easy it is to own the best in electrical household refrigeration.

FRIGIDAIRE '35

The General Motors Refrigerator

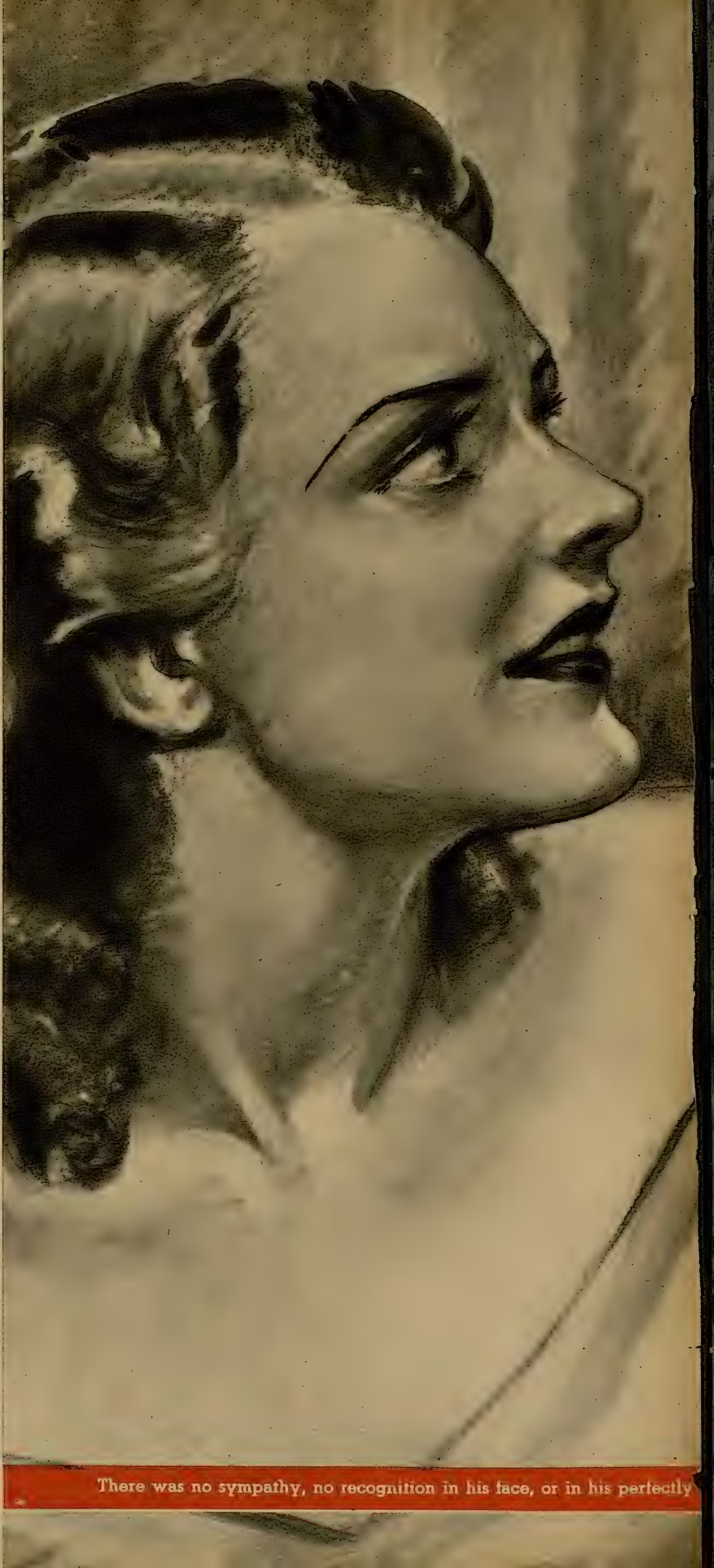
She MADE HER Bed

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

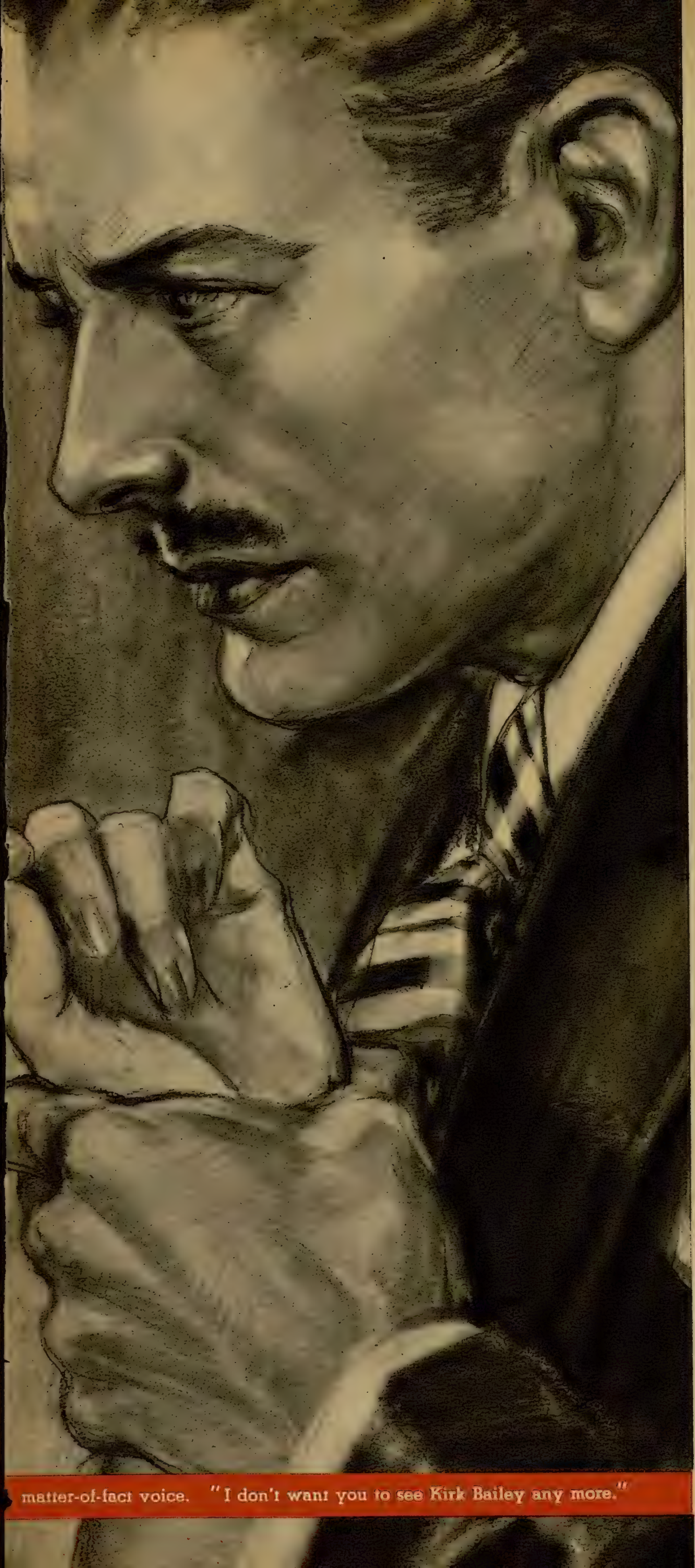
SPURNING debonair, wealthy Kirk Bailey in his desire to marry her, young, beautiful Frieda Leslie becomes the wife of Ned Pierson, famous San Francisco architect whose first wife has died, leaving him with their two problem children—Doris, now a young divorcee, and Artie, a carefree lad recently expelled from Stanford University.

While Ned devotes himself to his dream design of Sylvia Center, a building-memorial to his dead wife, Frieda sets out to correct the children's difficulties. Dexterously she extricates Artie from a gambling jam and in his gratitude he returns to his studies. Likewise she solves Doris's problems by forcing her to give up a fortune-hunting gigolo and persuading her to marry Joe Wirth, engaging scion of a wealthy Los Angeles family. Doris, although none too gracious toward her stepmother, makes her peace when she reveals she is going to become a mother. This announcement, however, draws from Ned an expression of his reluctance toward Frieda's secret desire—a child of her own. Meanwhile he has received word of his commission for Sylvia Center and plunges eagerly into the work of its final completion—so much so that he sadly neglects his young wife.

Weary of confinement, Frieda accedes to Ned's urging that she accompany Doris and Joe to an April Fool party. There she meets Kirk Bailey, still handsome and still asserting his love. During the evening she finds herself comparing the lively fun-loving Kirk with the brilliant work-absorbed machine her husband has become, and on returning home tells Ned



There was no sympathy, no recognition in his face, or in his perfectly



matter-of-fact voice. "I don't want you to see Kirk Bailey any more."

Trial by Marriage! Can a Tortured Love Survive It? —A Tensely Dramatic Novel Quickens Its Pace

by WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT MATHIEU

it is not good times that she wants but a child of her own. Gently Ned explains his fear that another child would be the disappointment and worry to them that Doris and Artie have been and he tells her he cannot bring himself to go through it all again. Penitently Frieda retires, to awaken in the morning hoping that Kirk, with whom she has a date, will not show up.

PART SEVEN—DEFIANCE

BUT Kirk did show up, promptly at noon, and bright as a new dollar in his very English motor coat and speckly pigskin gloves. A few hours of sleep had brought back his silk; he could brush away last night's excesses with a cheerful "Some party! Got a lot rougher after you left."

Gayly the two of them roller-coasted the steep hills, a cool sun over them, a vigorous wind in their faces. Frieda was a girl again, going to a game with the sort of young man who liked games, lived in them. They were playing off a semifinal, he said, and named names which meant so much to him, so little to her. The Davis Cup, comers for the National Tournament— She listened, pretending to understand, not half trying. Kirk represented movement, going somewhere, watching others in movement, going somewhere else.

They stopped off at Johnnie's Rendezvous, where, if you know Johnnie, you can drink and eat any time up to 3 A. M. Johnnie calls everybody by his first name. "Kirk, what'll you have?"

"Two Martinis, Johnnie," was Kirk's prompt order.

"Not for me, please," Frieda insisted. "And, Kirk, how about the old condition?"

"Oh, just one to prime the carburetor."

"Not for me, this morning."

"No Martinis," said Kirk to Johnnie, and raised his red hand with the gesture of wiping something out.

They were friendly and happy through the short hurried lunch, Kirk going on like a freshman about his plans to be an aviation magnate.

He had an option on a private field over in Oakland, and four planes. One was a nifty little two-seater. She could do two hundred like a breeze if you handled her right. Like to go up in her sometime? Tomorrow, say? Or wouldn't Ned let her?

That, or the way he said it, irritated Frieda. "Don't speak of Ned like that." The fun was gone.

"Like what?"

"Like that! As if he were an ogre or a jailer or something. There's no question of Ned letting me or not letting me—"

"Holy smoke, Frieda, what did I say? My gawd, everybody knows he's old enough to be your father, and older men are queer about things. You know that."

"Well, Ned's not. And he's not old either. Ned's simply wonderful. He's—" She couldn't say it; she realized suddenly, blushingly, that she might protest too much.

"I'm sorry, Freed. I'm terribly sorry. I didn't realize you were so hot for him."

She cut him short: "Who said I wasn't? Who said so?"

"Nobody. I was just talking. Honest, Freed—"

"Was it Doris?"

"Hell, no." His eyes were wide and starry. "She's crazy about you both."

"It must have been somebody."

"Well, it wasn't." He scraped the ice cream that stuck to his tall glass. "Maybe I just thought so because I wanted to think so. Maybe I was just dog. I'm sorry, Frieda. Forgive me?" Kirk smiled ingratiatingly, like a puppy.

She couldn't help laughing. "Of course I do."

And he set about earnestly to give her a good time. Which wasn't hard; Frieda was ready for a good time, easy, careless, brainless, and bonny, like the huge prodigal golden day.

The tennis game was exciting to Frieda, not for the scores, which moved Kirk from the depths of despair to the heights of exhilaration, but for the pictures. The people, gathered in clusters, like swarming bees, over the oval, high-pitched tiers of seats; the judges, squinting down from the tall pylon; scampering figures, graceful as white cats, moving in long, calculated curves over geometrical squares. The tennis game. Something George Bellows might have painted on a high, wide canvas.

That night she tried to make the match lively and colorful for Ned, but he didn't listen much. He kissed her as he might have kissed an icon and went to sleep.

NEXT afternoon she flew with Kirk in the little two-seater, but that night she didn't tell Ned about it. She felt she should have; she even wanted to. But he came home late and very tired. Immediately after he'd finished his dinner—which he ate almost silently, muttering that he'd had a terrible day, everything gone haywire, no time even for lunch—he flung himself on the couch and dozed off, holding to Frieda's hand. She sat there while he slept, wondering if this could be their life: Ned working almost beyond his strength, she idle almost beyond her endurance. There seemed to be very little sense in it. They didn't need so much money. Or so much fame. Ned needn't work so hard.

He wouldn't have minded her going with Kirk; he might have been anxious if he had known she was flying with him. Well, she wouldn't fly again; she would never worry Ned. Playing with Kirk was fun—not fun like playing with Ned, but something certainly to keep her days from being so dull that she would be dull too.

She did not fly with Kirk again; but they did other safer things, and almost every day. She did not tell Ned, because he didn't ask her. He didn't ask her anything; he told her—told her about this building that was obsessing him, and then sleep, deep and healing.

Several times Frieda brought Kirk home after an afternoon of golf or movies or dancing. Twice he stayed on to dine, an amiable if rather awkward friend of the family, smoking Ned's very good cigars and letting Ned draw him out about aviation. Ned's questions often puzzled Kirk, for they were the approaches of an artist with no real interest in either a sport or an industry.

They got along well enough, these two; but their contacts seemed to put them both at a disadvantage. Ned was too tactful, Kirk too dumb. Kirk went home early, and Ned never mentioned him after he left. He might not have been there at all.

When he was gone Ned dropped the film of interest that he could put on for an outsider. He would settle under his blue reading light, put on his glasses. Frieda could feel his mind leaving her; she could almost touch the wall he built around his concentrated thought. She knew that if she interrupted him he would be sweet; he might even lay aside his book and try to talk to her as he used to do. But such talk would mean little, really, to him or to her; there was nothing now that she could tell him that he wanted to know.

THEY weren't going out these days; Ned had asked Frieda not to make engagements which included him. Try to amuse herself, but without involving him. Every ounce of strength must go to his job.

Sometimes at dinner she would mention having golfed or ridden with Kirk. Ned would smile a vague approval of exercise and fresh air, and tell her in detail about a shipment of marble which wasn't at all the color he had ordered. His appetite was as capricious as his interest. After dinner he would fling himself on the couch, rising sometimes to search out an eluding reference, more often to get gratefully into bed. "Ah, that feels good!" he would say sensuously. "Beds are marvelous things."

Frieda slept jumpily. Sometimes in the night she would wake, certain that Ned had called her, or that she heard him coming into her room, coming to her. But he didn't come, and he didn't call.

What's he trying to do to me? she asked one night, knocking her fists together. Is he trying to turn me over to Kirk? Doesn't he care? Or does he think that Kirk and I— No, he can't think that! He hasn't the slightest reason to. He hasn't time to play with me himself. He could find time if he wanted to. I just don't matter enough to him.

She thought that she wouldn't see Kirk any more. She deliberately shuffled the reasons why, telling herself there actually weren't any; that it might, vaguely, just be better. Certainly their playing had been of sixteen-year-old innocency: fresh air and exercise and dancing at the most conventional places. Since that first talk, when she had made it so clear that she was meeting him as an old friend, and an old friend only, he had kept to his side of the bargain fairly well. Sometimes, it is true, he would break out with some pleading wistful thing which, in spite of good sense and a fierce loyalty, held her for a moment with a sort of animal magnetism. He was harder to manage if she let him drink more than one cocktail. But even then he wasn't so difficult. Frieda did not consciously realize that she had grown too used to love and admiration not to need it.

When Kirk telephoned and flourished a polo game, with dancing afterward, she dismissed her scruples as nonsense. After all, it was fun, and the only fun in sight. There couldn't be any harm in it.

He wasn't sticking to his single cocktail. These last few days his drinks had made him more importunate. Oh, what's the use? Frieda would think. What difference does it make? It's only for a little while.

They were going to less conventional places. Three afternoons running they went to the Abalone, where Hippy had crooned. . . .

Then came the last time at the Abalone—Kirk's last afternoon in town. Because this should have been the merry end of a chapter, she had a cocktail with him, and another. Their dancing was more than dancing now; their love of life was expressed in its harmoniousness.

It was wonderful to be together like this. If only she could make it last, without anything more. She found herself hating to have him go. She shouldn't have taken that third cocktail. Danger sparks seemed to crackle electrically from the music, from their clever feet touching the floor. Danger? This was only Kirk having a swell time, going home tomorrow.

Waiters were setting the tables for dinner; people in evening clothes were coming in.

"What time's it getting to be?" she asked vaguely.

"My watch is stopped," grinned Kirk. "Let's dance."

But she asked the waiter who hovered, hoping they would go, so that he could set their table. "A quarter past seven, madam," he said. A clock in her mind raced the half hour it would take to drive home for a moment with Ned, before he must leave; they were giving him a stag dinner at the Pacific Union. He'd wait for her till she came home, if she knew Ned. And she had never been so late as this. He would be worried.

"I've got to rush," she said. "Ned's going out to dinner. Good-by, Kirk. It's all been wonderful. Let me know next time you're coming up."

She held out her hand; but he didn't see it.

"Listen, beautiful," he said. "You don't want to hang around the house all alone." They were weaving their way among the tables, going toward the door.

"I'd love to ask you, but it's Thursday. I mean, the Japs are all out."

"Fine! We'll rob the old icebox. It's my last night in town, Freed. Won't you ask me?"

He was walking with her down the long flight of steps; he was putting her into the car; he was getting in beside her. The chauffeur closed the door. "Get home as quick as you can, Sullivan."

As they made their way around the hills, by all the short cuts Sullivan knew, Frieda felt rather than saw Kirk's fine body close to hers. But she was sitting very tense, with the feeling that late people have of wanting to push on the wheels. Kirk was saying a lot, not meaning anything. Just babbling along Kirkishly. Ned won't care if I bring him home, she was thinking. He wants me to be amused. It gives him more time for his job.

Kirk was rambling on about going home tomorrow. He had said it several times.

"And when you're home you'll be a good boy, won't you, Kirk?"

"Good Lord! Haven't I been?" His woeful voice brought her back again.

"Don't be so sunk, old dear. Get yourself a girl. And you'll be coming up again."

"Never!" She heard his palm strike his knee.

That's what I've done to him, she thought. But whose fault? I didn't tell him to come back. I've made him behave. And if it hadn't been for Ned— How many cocktails had she taken? Her head was a little buzzy.

"I'm sorry you're going so soon," she said. And wouldn't Sullivan please hurry—faster, faster?

"Are you? Want me to stick around some more, Freed?"

"Oh, but what will your mother say?" She tittered nervously.

"Damn my mother!"

"Oh, Kirk!"

But what was he saying now, suddenly, quietly? "You've stirred me all up—you haven't any right to—"

She inched away from him as she had used to on the beach at Waikiki.

"You think I'm just a stopgap. I'm more than that," he said.

"I know you are, Kirk. I've said you were."

"You loved me before you ever set eyes on Ned Pierson."

"Kirk!" she called out sharply. "If you're going to start that again, just get out of this car." And, as she spoke, a heady memory of snowy moonlight and hot lips.

What she said had an effect on him. He was sitting very straight now, over in his corner.

"I'm sorry I shot off my mouth," he said. "I won't do it any more. But I don't think I'll go home."

"You ought to."

"There are lots of places around here we haven't seen." Then that syncopated beat in his cadence, a dot of silence. "Freed, there's a swell drive over King's Mountain. Redwoods and everything. I brought my own car up last week, and it's a wow. We could make it in a few hours, there and back, in my bus."

She sat very still, her hands in her lap, but he was going on: "I've got a little shack over there. Haven't seen it since last fall. Ought to look at it."

"Kirk, your vacation's over," she said, patting him as you would a good dog to stop his growling. "And I want you to stop thinking up excuses to hang around. Because if you don't I'll ask Sullivan to take you back to your hotel."

"Oh, well."

They were at the iron gate, cold hard lace in the evening fog. As Frieda's fingers touched the chilly latch her defiance of Ned seemed to vanish into fear. She shouldn't have brought Kirk home with her. There was time even now to send him back. But Sullivan had pulled the car from the curb and Kirk was following her through the little garden.

The house was silent, threatening, as she let him into the lighted foyer. The drawing room was dark. She switched on the lamp and stared at its comeliness. "Ned!" she called, and again, "Ned!"

"I guess he's beat it," said Kirk cheerfully.

She ran upstairs. His bedroom too was dark, and when she turned the switch she saw his business suit, his blue shirt, his discarded underwear, left where he had hastily dropped

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them. She glanced up at the clock. His dinner was at eight, and it was now five minutes of. He could have waited a little longer if he had wanted to. He could have been a trifle late, to know that she was safe at home.

No; this was his rebuke.

"Well, old dear," she said to Kirk, when she found him in the pantry trying to sleuth out the French vermouth, "nobody home. And a perfect time to rob the icebox." . . .

It was twenty minutes of eleven, and the living room was a shambles of pushed-back chairs, turned-back rugs, of plates and beer bottles and cocktail things. Frieda would have laid the table and had their supper properly in the dining room, but Kirk liked being near the radio, where they could tune in on the Palace Hotel orchestra and waltzes from Hollywood, rumbas from Mexico, perky English marches from Vancouver.

They danced them all, leaving salad-smeared plates where they finished them, leaving the crumbs of apple tarts where they fell; beer bottles and foam-edged glasses sat or rolled on the floor.

Frieda, the orderly housekeeper, ignored the disorder, dancing and laughing, singing, chatting idiotically. This kind of a good time was rare in her life. Unconsciously she was hoarding it, getting all she could to make it last a long, long time.

A voice proclaiming the virtues of a watch spoke out of space: "When you hear the signal it will be ten forty-six and one half." The signal was like a gun in Frieda's ears.

"Kirk, you've got to go home now. It's been grand. But you've got to go."

"Ned, you mean?" Baldly.

"I ought to be in bed. It's been so much fun that I didn't realize how tired I was. I'm sort of all in." And as she said it she felt it.

"Head ache?"

"Sort of."

Which was true enough, for her head was puzzled enough to hurt. She couldn't tell him how she dreaded Ned's coming home and finding him there; speaking it might give that fear an importance it couldn't have really. She didn't want to worry Ned, to make him madder than he was—and he must have been pretty mad to go off like that, not waiting to see her for a minute.

But Kirk was pouring more beer. "Lots of time. Those stags don't bust up till lunchtime." He kept on, swigging beer and arguing her every point stupidly, stubbornly. Couldn't he see her a minute to say good-by?

Frieda, watching a clock now, a creeping hand moving toward eleven, got his hat and coat. "This is our final bust, Kirk. I'm sorry I can't offer you the car; but it's gone for Ned." And it should have been here to take him, she thought.

"Oh, I'll catch a taxi at the foot of the hill. Not a little while in the morning?" Same tone, same question.

"Oh, Kirk, get out!" She opened the door. "It's been grand fun. Good-by. Come soon again!"

But I won't play with you, she was thinking. I'm not getting in a jam like this for you or anybody living. She was relieved when the fog blanked him out. His laugh floated back to her. She shut the door quickly.

She went to the living room, gathered up the beer bottles. Her arms were full of bottles, her hands of glasses. She wanted six hands. This mess must be cleared before Ned came. As she swung the pantry door, a sound startled her: the rumble of a motor by the gate. She dumped the bottles; a glass broke. She scuttled back, switched off the lights. She ran, pursued, up the steps. He probably won't look in there at all, she thought; Matsu will clean things before he's down in the morning. She slid into her room, slid out of her clothes, into her nightgown, into her bed. She waited.

But no door opened, no footsteps climbed the stairs. It hadn't been Ned's car, then. She had been silly to run like that, leaving the mess for Ned to see.

She thought of getting up, going down again. Working fast, she could produce an effect of order in a few minutes.

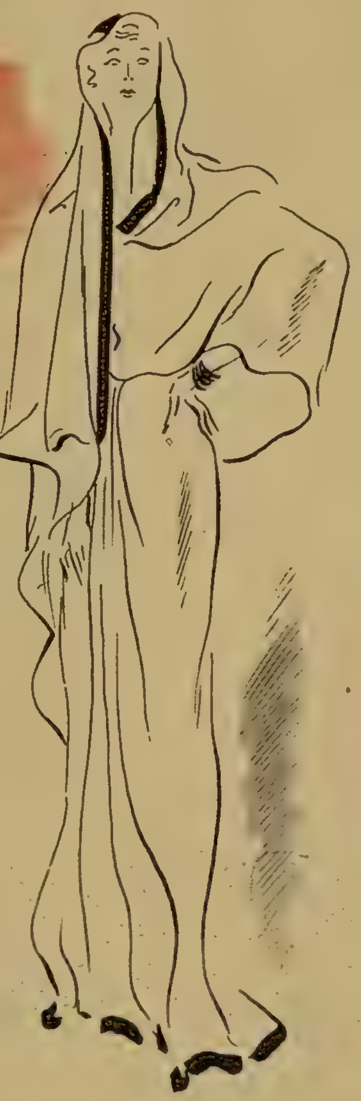
But suppose he caught her there. What would he say if he found her in her nightie scraping plates?

Well, why shouldn't he? Why shouldn't I tell him about Kirk's being here, if he bothers to ask? He won't like it. What if he doesn't? He oughtn't leave me. He oughtn't forget me for days and weeks!

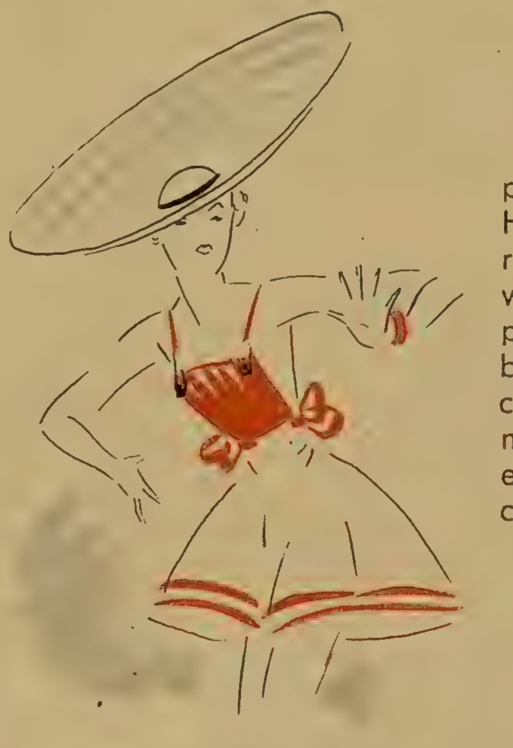
Another motor at the gate. Footfalls on the walk. The street door opening and closing. A long pause. Ned must have gone in the living room, after all. She stole out to the head of the stairs. Yes, the lights were on. He was in there, counting plates, counting cigarette stubs, thinking things.

When, at last, he slowly mounted the stairs, slowly

Fashion Hints from Paris



Women will go East Indian in a big way if they follow the dictates of Schiaparelli and Alix, two leading designers who both launch "ihrams"—those veils which maharanis drape around head and shoulders. They're arranged to swing into a train or floating panel when you get where you're going, but the whole effect is very native. Usually they are made of georgette or light silk with bead or embroidered borders.



The nursery is inspiring some prevalent fashion wrinkles. Heim is sponsoring children's rompers for grown-ups' beach wear; Marcel Rochas, cut-out paper dolls and flowers for belt buckles; Schiaparelli, linen cocked hats of imitation printed newspaper; Vera Borea, nursery clips for big girls; Ardanse, cut-out paper collars and cuffs.

Doramiller

came into her room, her bedside lamp was still on. But she was lying on her side, her face away from the light, her head deep in the pillow, her eyes closed. She heard his step very close to the bed, felt his knee knock against it; she could almost feel his breath as he leaned over her. "Frieda," he said once, quietly. But she didn't move, didn't open her eyes. Then he turned off the lamp and went out of the room, closing the door softly. . . .

She woke from a heavy sleep, sharply. Aching eyes groped for what had waked her.

Ned, dressed for the day, stood over her.

"I'm sorry to wake you, Frieda." His voice was cold.

"Oh, that's all right." She was fussing with her hair, trying not to look at him. "But you scared me. I'm not awake yet."

"Sorry I scared you." He stood awfully stiffly; he didn't sit on her bed as he usually did when he came to her in the morning.

"What's the matter, Ned? Has anything happened?"

The bedside telephone rang, impertinently, like the cough of an eavesdropper. She turned to reach for it; but Ned's hand was there first, picking it up, answering for her. In that split second, under the arch of his body, she thought, Does he own me? Can't I even answer my own telephone? But she lay quite still—hating him.

His pleasant voice: "Oh, hello, Kirk. How's the boy? . . . Sorry, old man, but she's in the tub right now. . . . Oh, going so soon? Awfully sorry not to see you again. . . . Afraid she can't call you back. She's going down with me. She has an early dental appointment and she's got about six minutes to get into her clothes. Awfully sorry. . . . Yes, I'll tell her. Well, good luck to you. Good-by."

He put back the telephone, stood straight, looking at her.

She sprang out of bed, facing him. She was almost naked in her thin nightgown. Ned was white as paper but smiling. Like a fiend, she thought. Rage made her dizzy.

"How do you dare? I'm not a child."

"Get back to bed. It's cold."

SHE cringed from his hand on her shoulder, but automatically she obeyed him. The way he watched her drove her mad. Propped against the pillows, her legs drawn tensely under her, she stared at him.

"Pull yourself together, Frieda. I've got to tell you something."

His calm calmed her, but hatefully. Now her rage was congealed, icy. "Tell me," defiantly.

He looked at her hard. He was somebody else. He was ugly. There was no sympathy, no charm, no recognition in his face, or in his perfectly matter-of-fact voice. "I don't want you to see Kirk Bailey any more."

She stared at the stranger; she spoke to him condescendingly: "Do you realize what you're saying to me?"

His hand was up; he seemed to be waving away some irritating insect. "I do. Apparently you don't. Frieda—"

"I realize that you have insulted me. Unforgivably." As she said it she knew she didn't mean it. But she had to say it.

"Frieda"—drawing in his breath, letting it out sharply—"you are deliberately misunderstanding me. You mustn't, my dear. It's only a little thing."

"Little thing! Little! For you to say such a thing to me—"

"I had to. I'm sorry I'm not saying it better. I'm as much to blame as you are. When I said it would be nice for you to go to the tennis with Kirk I didn't mean for you to be with him all the time."

"And you are implying—"

"I'M implying nothing. Oh, I know I should have stopped it long ago, when he was coming here and you spoke of going around with him. But I was so busy, and I wanted you to have a good time. I trusted you so, Frieda."

"And you don't trust me now?" Oh, the hate behind that, the scorn!

"I trust you, but I don't trust your judgment. Or Kirk's. It wasn't fair to take you to those dancing places. I can't have you talked about. I won't!"

"Be good enough to go. Nobody living can say such things to me. Just let me dress myself—"

"My God, Frieda, why should we talk this way?" He reached for her hand, but she snatched it away. "Be reasonable, darling. We mustn't spoil this beautiful thing we've had together. It's my life! It can't fail now. I won't let it!" His arms clasped a rigid body; her cheek was turned from his kiss.

"You—" She couldn't say it. She drew away from him, made herself compact and hard.

"I've got to take care of you."

"I can take care of myself. I have. I don't need you for that. I won't have you—for that. If you think—"

"I don't. It's what other people think, or say they think."

"And you've let people talk to you? About me?" She rasped it. Flashingly she thought of Doris, trying to make trouble, to get her out of this house where she hated for her to be. But Doris and Joe had been away for a week, camping.

"I have not," Ned said, not without his own indignation. "But when three men in one night say their daughters have seen you around dancing, and that you're so beautiful, and such a beautiful dancer, and that you and Kirk are better than the professionals—well, it set me thinking."

"Thinking what?"

"Thinking that I had been very careless of a young and beautiful wife. Frieda, I want you to do the things you like to do. They're part of

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you. They make you what you are. But it doesn't always have to be with Kirk, does it? Damn him, he ought not to have taken you where gossip could touch you! Frieda—" Something in her face must have stirred him dreadfully, for he leaned over her and said:

"Anything that's good for you I'll do—anything."

She felt his tenderness, but she couldn't acknowledge it. She hated it. It seemed false.

Now she was out of bed again, confronting him. She couldn't see his face, she was so blind.

"That's what you say. But—"

"I mean it, Frieda."

She heard her laugh, like an eagle's scream. "What have you done for me? Talk, talk, talk! Half the time you don't know I'm alive. You've never bothered to have me meet anybody my own age. I've spent my life with old people. And when I find somebody to have a little fun with, you come and talk to me like this! You listen to a lot of dithering old men, and insult me. You—"

"Frieda! Frieda, stop that!"

"I won't. I'm going to tell you and then I'm through. You don't even know me. You don't know a thing about me. You haven't bothered to find out. The only thing I wanted—the thing that would make up for your rotten neglect of me—you wouldn't let me have. Dogs have babies, cows and horses have 'em, but not me. Not your wife for whom you'd do anything. Not that! Because you're afraid. Because your own are so dreadful."

His hand was over her mouth. "Behave yourself. You don't know what you're saying, Frieda!"

She wrenched from him. He hurt her as she pulled herself free, sprawled on the side of the bed. She saw his face; bright red spots on a white mask. Again she laughed at him.

"Now you know! Now you know that you can't treat me like a child or a doll. I'm a woman, and I don't belong to anybody. Not to you, not to anybody, but myself!" Sobbing now, hot tears streaming down her face, hurting her eyes, salty in her mouth.

"You're hysterical. Get into bed and pull yourself together. I can't talk to you in this condition."

"You can't! You can't talk to me at all! Not ever any more!"

"We'll both feel better tonight," he said through the riot of temper. "This is crazy. It's degrading."

He walked out, crunching over the book she had spilled on the floor. She shrieked after him:

"If you think you can come back tonight and talk to me this way again, you're crazy. I won't be here! Do you hear? I won't be here!" She sobbed wildly.

Can this be the parting of the ways? Will Frieda really leave Ned, or was it merely hysteria growing out of injured pride that caused her to scream those scalding words for which she may later be sorry? Unpredictable incidents in next week's installment quicken the pace of this intriguing novel.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 49

1—On March 10, 1880.

2—The sun god, Helios.

3—In Westminster Abbey.

4—The Indians.

5—Father Gabriel Richard, who was elected as representative from Michigan Territory in 1823.

6—It is an island immediately east of Java, Dutch East Indies.

7—An illusion is an unreal or misleading image presented to the vision. An hallucination is the perception of objects with no reality or the experience of sensations with no external cause.

8—Pelee Island, in Lake Erie.

9—Shakespeare in Macbeth, Act 5: Scene 5.

10—Acts 12:4.

11—Eight: Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa.

12—Byron, in Don Juan.

13—Point Roberts, Washington, the northwest corner of the United States.

14—Nova Scotia.

15—A narrow valley, shady glen, or hollow.

16—There are two: Cape Town, the legislative capital; and Pretoria, the administrative capital.

17—Hudson Bay, Hudson Strait, and the Hudson River, all named after Henry Hudson, the explorer.

18—Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington.

19—Senator William E. Borah of Idaho has served since 1907.

20—In Genesis 6:4.

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The first volume of the amazing career of a truly amazing American—engineer, scientist, explorer, adventurer—from the California gold fields of '49 to the diamond mines of Africa.

★★½ MEN NEVER KNOW by Vicki Baum. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The usual triangle treated unusually by revealing the introspection of each person. Interesting.

★★½ IN TIME OF PEACE by Thomas Boyd. A Minton, Balch Book. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A tragic tale of an ordinary young couple caught in the bitter and futile struggle for existence in the postwar '20s by the author of that unforgettable novel of the war—Through the Wheat.

★★½ FIVE ACRES by M. G. Kains. Greenberg.

A practical handbook on how to select, finance, and develop a small farm successfully, pertinent in connection with the present back-to-the-soil movement.

★★½ THE LINDBERGH CRIME by Sidney B. Whipple. Blue Ribbon Books.

A comprehensive and able review of the case from the kidnaping to the conviction of the murderer. Written by the United Press reporter who covered the case, it is an authoritative and complete history of the crime.

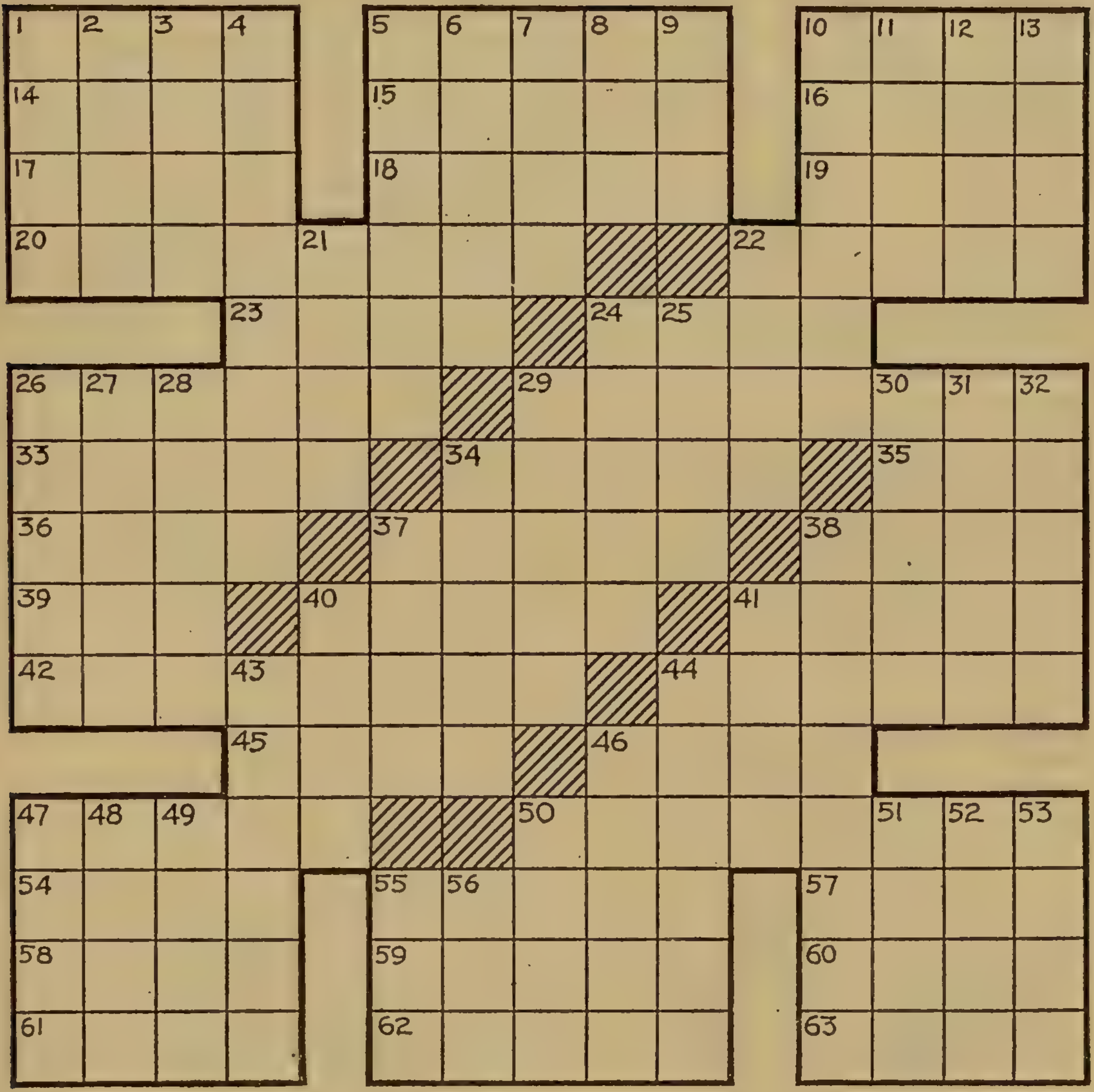
★★ THE CLUCK ABROAD by Tiffany Thayer. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

A timid mouse of a girl drops her inhibitions in Europe. Cynicism parading as wit; sophistication as satire.

★★ POLE TO PANAMA by Major Frank Pease. Robert Speller, Inc.

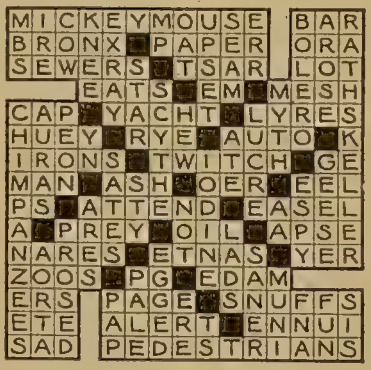
A brief for capitalism and the profit system addressed, says the author, to those Americans to whom Valley Forge still means something more than a Currier & Ives print.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 To remain in existence
5 To bend, as spring steel, for testing
10 To sharpen
14 Imitator
15 The crest of a mountain range
16 That property of a substance which affects the sense of smell
17 A minute object or person
18 One of the five senses
19 Political radicals
20 Writer of an analytical or interpretative literary composition
22 A commencement or start
23 High, pointed hill (plural)
24 Possessing a rational mind
26 Withdraw
29 Cap worn by Roman Catholic priests (plural)
33 To range or form in line
34 Takes a bait
35 Constellation called the Altar
36 A circle
37 Loads
38 Long narrow shoal extending from a shore
39 Compass point
40 Fops
41 Elevate
42 Made restitution of; brought back from a state of injury
44 Placed or held in equilibrium
45 Part of a stove
46 Exterior covering of some seeds
47 A thin crimped material of silk, cotton, or wool
50 A kind of nut candy (plural)



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Answer to last week's puzzle

54 A pit where skins are matured
55 A mark used by proofreaders
57 In architecture, part of a church
58 Hebrew measure of capacity
59 Single
60 A broad smile showing the teeth
61 Places of low resort
62 A king of Phrygia
63 Preserve in brine

VERTICAL

1 Physically disabled or weakened in any way
2 Genus which includes honeybees
3 Places
4 Ministering to, as in illness
5 Trenchant wit; sarcasm
6 Crude
7 Silence in music or one of its parts
8 Coin used in an Asiatic kingdom
9 Word of command used by teamsters
10 An insect
11 A short poem suited to be set to music or sung
12 A knot
13 Formerly
21 In old time
22 Cardinal number (plural)
24 The place where anything is, or is to be, fixed
25 Greek god of war
26 More unusual; harder to find
27 Feminine personal name
28 Prongs
29 Waited
30 Tapestry (historical)
31 Ascend
32 Satisfied the desire or appetite of
34 State in Germany
37 That which invites with a prospect of advantage
38 Act of beginning a water voyage (plural)
40 Any of numerous birds of the family Columbidæ
41 Rouse passion or resentment
43 Inebriates
44 Talks much and to little purpose
46 A region in an amphitheater
47 A lump of earth
48 Congealed dew or vapor
49 A word of solemn ratification
50 Goad or incite, as to activity
51 City in Japan
52 Wickedness
53 Dispatched
55 A rotating piece in machinery
56 The son-in-law of Mohammed

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Make this test on your car!

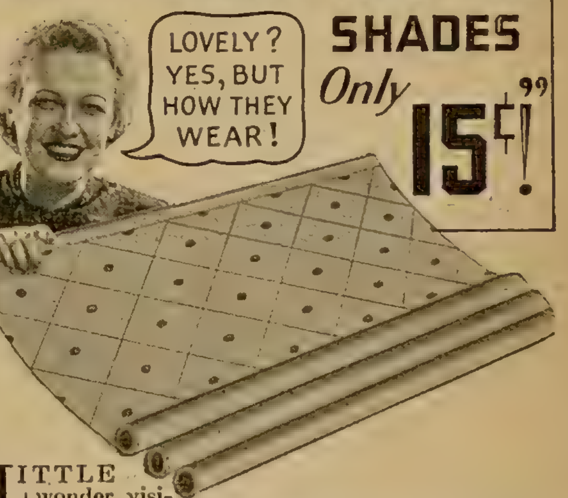
Compare Du Pont Polish with any other make

POLISH *one half* of your car with Du Pont Duco Polish. Polish the *other half* with any other make. See for yourself if Du Pont Polish isn't the easiest, quickest polish you ever tried. This polish is a liquid . . . Works perfectly on all car finishes . . . Is easy to apply. Rubs off with a flick of the rag. Removes grimy traffic film . . . leaves your car sparkling with beauty.

TRIAL OFFER. Get a generous sample of Du Pont Polish FREE. Tear out this advertisement and send it with your name and address (and 6c in stamps for postage) to DU PONT, Dept. L-51, Wilmington, Del. (*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.*)

DU PONT DUCO POLISH
DU PONT

"IMPOSSIBLE!" My Friends Exclaimed "SUCH SMART WINDOW SHADES Only 15¢!"


LOVELY? YES, BUT HOW THEY WEAR!

"LITTLE wonder visitors could hardly believe my handsome Clopay Shades cost but 15c each. They're so remarkably good looking—both in plain colors and those distinctive chintz-like patterns." Amazingly durable, too—extra-heavy fibre with patented creped texture will not crack, ravel or pinhole; actually outwear far costlier shades. Easily attached to old rollers without tacks or tools. See these amazing values at your nearest "5 and 10," or neighborhood store. Send 3c for color samples to CLOPAY CORP., 1376 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

AND Save Money On All Oilcloth Needs. FABRAY Looks—Feels—Wears Like Oilcloth—Costs ⅓ to ½ Less. At Your Favorite 5-and-10c Store!

GIVE WINGS TO YOUR MOTOR

SIMPLEX MOLIUM PISTON RINGS

Piston Rings of frictionless Molium Bearing-metal RESTORE and RETAIN new-car performance. Positively assure you of a cooler, freer-running motor. Quickly earn their cost in gas, oil and power saved. See your garageman or write for FREE folder.

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1970 EAST 66th STREET . . . CLEVELAND, OHIO

MORE THAN PISTON RINGS — PISTON BEARINGS

Vox Pop

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

SUNGLASSES OR BINOCULARS?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Much has been said recently regarding education and educational systems in the world today; and yet, it seems to me, none of the various articles written nor the speeches made have hit exactly the major fault to be found with the institutions of learning at work at present.

In order for a child to learn to respect rights it should be necessary for the child to be instructed in such a manner that he would form independent opinions, so that possibly in the future some good would be derived from his self-made ideas. Education, however, is a political institution, and instead of presenting theories and ideas to the young generation it attempts to and usually succeeds in drilling sets of rules and ideas into young people's minds so that they become biased and hence also become one of the sheep.

History is the greatest living example of hypocrisy. It is invariably taught in a manner which magnifies and makes great the deeds of a person's own special country. Children learn to believe that their country is always right and almost always victorious. Such flattering beliefs are easily acceptable and hence readily absorbed. Propaganda, in the guise of history books, is insidious. This idea of nationalism used by every country on earth is narrow and slowly but surely builds up in a child the idea that his country is vastly superior to any other country. National pride means nothing more than a hatred for any other nation.

In the elementary schools it is easy to bias the young, but even in the more advanced schools we find it in more subtle forms. The whole idea is to produce belief rather than thought. Doubt is the greatest spur to learning, but doubt is not countenanced. Instead, positive dogmatic opinions are forced on the young. Nothing is more warping to a child's mental outlook than to deprive him of the right to think. Yet that is exactly what modern education does. The nonactive minds are prejudiced from the start; the more active brains become cynics because they cannot use the creative impulses that were once theirs.

Why cannot some one realize that education should be taught not through fear and authority but through hope and reverence? Show the faults as well as the successes of mankind; give the child food for thought, so that he can use it to further the steps of mankind in a better and more progressive society. You cannot widen youth's horizon by making him use sunglasses. Give him binoculars.—*Herbert F. Bridges.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. While $25 will be paid for letters of special value, it must be understood that all letters are submitted as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

ALIMONY FOR MEN

MACON, GA.—What's become of our chivalrous old-fashioned virile American he-men? I thought the era of gigolos, chorus boys, and interior decorators would soon stabilize itself and restore the male of the species to its rightful masculine role; but now I see where they are attempting to receive the legal right to sue for alimony.

Won't that result in a nice state of affairs! As if there aren't enough lazy, good-for-nothing men loafing, gambling, and drinking these days, while the poor wife labors long hours to pay the bills.

Can you imagine a physical giant sobbing before a judge and jury that the little woman is guilty of mental cruelty? What a bunch of sissies they will make out of themselves for a few paltry dollars! And how glad some wives will be to pay it! But, fundamentally, alimony is solely a woman's privilege. She is the only one who suffers and she should receive the financial balm.—*M. Winter.*

THE OTHER SAP

PONCA CITY, OKLA.—Out of all this here political dope that Townsend Plan is my main hope! I'm just waitin' for the happy day when that thar pension comes my way! So I'll just loaf and browse around, and let the world go round and round.

I won't work another tap! I'll leave all that to the other sap! I'll eat and drink till I damn near choke! I can go in debt, but never broke! I'll spend that dough! And I'll put on airs! And I'll thumb my nose at the millionaires! "Who pays the debts?" Well, who gives a damn, jist so they pass that Townsend Plan!—*F. N. Mann.*

WILL HUEY KILL ROMANCE?

KIMESVILLE, N. C.—Supposing Senator Huey Long succeeds in making every man a king and each king should get as much publicity as the Kingfish. Do you suppose the newspapers and magazines would have enough space left to publish a little fiction and romance for us little princes and princesses? Let's prepare for this impending emergency. —*G. A.*

PSYCHOPATHIC SQUIRRELS

HOBOKEN, N. J.—Eighteen months now I have been visiting these United States. It is a great country. But the people are not so wonderful. For your publication I have great admiration. I only wish my homeland periodicals might adopt your excellent traits. It is too bad that such a fine magazine is read by such terrible people.

Americans are continually trying to force their ideas upon the rest of the world. From a survey of your amazing Vox Pop I learn they are even attempting to foist fantastic ideas upon each other. Very peculiar, you Americans!

In my country it is the domain of the editor to mold the readers' opinion. Here it is just the opposite! It is well that you Americans have able and intelligent leaders, for I am sure you are psychopathic squirrels going round and round in a land ruled by women. That is the seat of your trouble. And because of this you have too much freedom and not enough independence.—*Biobio Bokasian.*

PLATINUM-BLONDE PLAGUE

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Everybody is naturally irritated at something, and my pet peeve is platinum blondes. There are too many of them and they're all alike—bright-looking hair on a dumb skull.

A fellow never knows where he is. His wife may decide to become a platinum blonde overnight and turn out looking just like his stenographer. And wouldn't that be a pretty mix-up? Can anything outside of wholesale murder be done about it?—*Harvey Peake.*

HORSE-AND-BUGGY DAZE

WACO, TEX.—It requires no great skill in the art of mind reading to decipher what Osmund Oakley was thinking about when he was moved to write in March 16 Vox Pop that we'd all better go back to the horse-and-buggy days and forget the airplane and the automobile.

He was simply recalling the time he owned one of those buggies and beside him sat his best girl and the man in the moon was wearing his best smile and old Dobbin just poked along home without any urging at all, and—well, Voxie, don't interrupt the lad in his beautiful memories.—*George Cotton Robinson.*

Miami, Fla.—It's a perfectly safe bet that Osmund Oakley possesses a tremendous grouch. We do not need to go back to the horse and buggy, or anything else for that matter, and I am glad that Mr. Oakley and others who have a backward mind like his are in the minority.—*Austin J. Kemp, M.D.*

MORE POETRY THAN TRUTH

St. Joseph, Mo.—
I'd like to gently whisper,
Through this dizzy rhyme,
That Vox Pop was a decent page
Once upon a time!—*E. C. Baird.*

FORWARD!

Jacksonville, Fla.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in March 16 Liberty, Billions of Additional Taxes Due to Official Incompetence, was loaded with sound philosophy and helpful suggestions; but the slogan Back to the Land is not a good one.

If it were changed to Forward to the Land I'm sure the appeal would be much more forceful. A movement forward means a real advancement in life, and numberless thousands would eagerly turn to the numerous possibilities of agricultural life. We were originally a prosperous agricultural country. With cooperation we can again make that boast. — *P. K. Wilson.*

Toledo, Ohio—I'm sure the American people have too much intelligence to accept with any serious intent the plan outlined by Bernarr Macfadden. This sort of scheme would send us back lower than the poor of Europe. We must not be forced backward. We must forge forward and face and correct the real weaknesses of our present system of government—the capitalistic system and mass production. —*Ray Eiser.*

KANGAROO COURT

Walled Lake, Mich.—When I read Will Irwin's Our Crime School—The County Jail, in March 9 Liberty, I just had to pop.

I have occasionally enjoyed the hospitality (?) of such hostelries, and nowhere except in the South have I found such conditions as Mr. Irwin described.

His criticism of the kangaroo court is not founded altogether upon facts. It is a fair and efficient means of providing tobacco, sugar, cocoa, and other enjoyable niceties for the inmates. The business of the kangaroo court is conducted in as orderly and efficient a manner as a regular court, except that in jail there is more justice.—*Walker J. Crumb.*

"OWE NO MORE WITH OWEN"

New Bedford, Mass.—How to Pay the National Debt, by former Senator Robert L. Owen, in March 16 Liberty, was the most interesting recovery plan I've ever read. His plan would abolish most of our present causes of bank failures and would relieve much of the financial pressure.

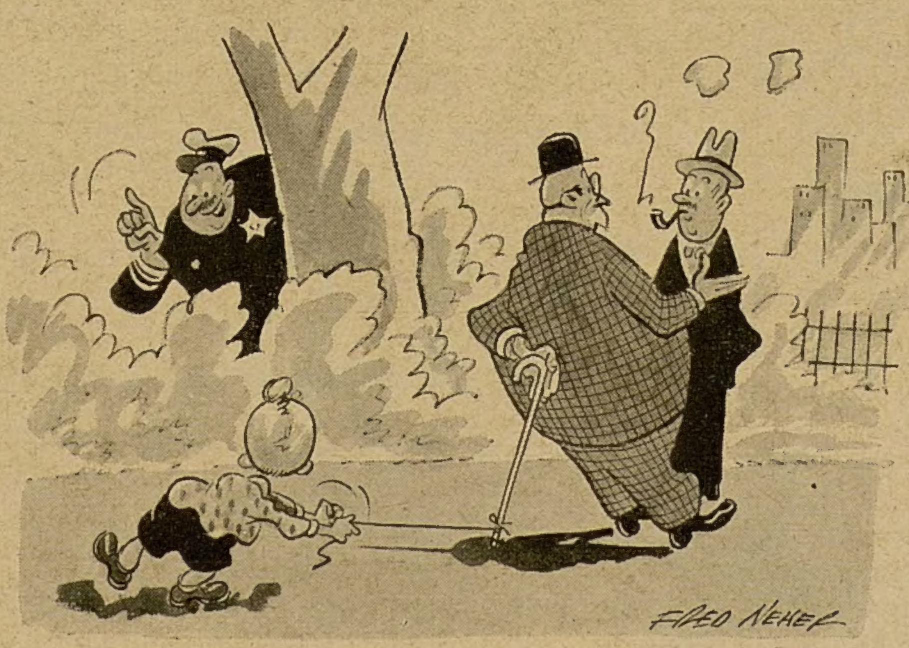
We should adopt Mr. Owen's plan and appoint him a member of a national committee to administer it.—*A Former Banker.*

Terre Haute, Ind.—I have been studying financial history for twenty-five years and it is my opinion that Robert L. Owen's plan is the most financially sound of any advanced in the ages.—*C. M. Richmond.*

Plainfield, N. J.—Now that we have an understandable plan for a scientific money system, let us not set it aside as merely an interesting treatise. All in favor of it should petition President Roosevelt or form a third political party with Mr. Owen's monetary system as the platform. — *Mrs. Grace Fassett Thompson.*

Washington, N. C. — Ex-Senator Owen's plan is both desirable and workable but what it needs mostly is some remindful slogan. How about Owe No More With Owen as a start?—*Ike Hughes.*

[Honorable mention for other letters commenting on Mr. Owen's article goes to L. L. Laughlin, Bordeaux, Wash.; S. J. Black, Salt Lake City, Utah; Samuel B. Spaulding, Los Angeles, Calif.; Walter Weston, Jackson, Mich.; Ben Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa.; August Peters, Rock Island, Ill.; H. Wade Miller, San Antonio, Tex.; Grace Howard, Baltimore, Md.; B. J. K., Chicago, Ill.; and others.—Vox Pop Editor.]



"What are ya afraid of? Pull it!"

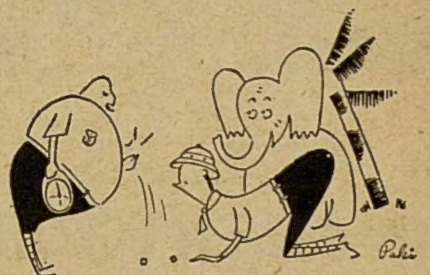
IS FORT WAYNE IN TEXAS?

Little Rock, Ark.—When did Fort Wayne join the Texas League? In Benny Friedman's Talent in the Raw (March 2 Liberty) Chuck Klein is reported playing with Fort Wayne in the Texas League. It's quite a stretch from Indiana to Texas. I presume Benny meant Fort Worth.—*Maurice Trout.*

Freeport, Ill.—Talent in the Raw was raw enough, especially when Mr. Friedman stated that Blondy Ryan was shifted from Holy Cross College to the White Sox and eventually to the Giants. When, if ever, did Blondy play with the White Sox?—*George Weldon.*

[Who's Who in Baseball lists Ryan with the White Sox in 1930. The Giants purchased him from Buffalo at the close of the 1932 season. Chuck Klein played with Fort Wayne in 1928, in what was then known as the Central League. We give ourselves an error on the Texas League mistake and ask forgiveness from Sam King, Dallas, Tex.; S. I. Carleton, Fort Worth, Tex.; A Fan, Chickasha, Okla.; Joe Bush, Stockton, Calif.; and numerous others whose letters called our attention to the error.—Vox Pop Editor.]

A "NATURAL" FOR LIBERTY

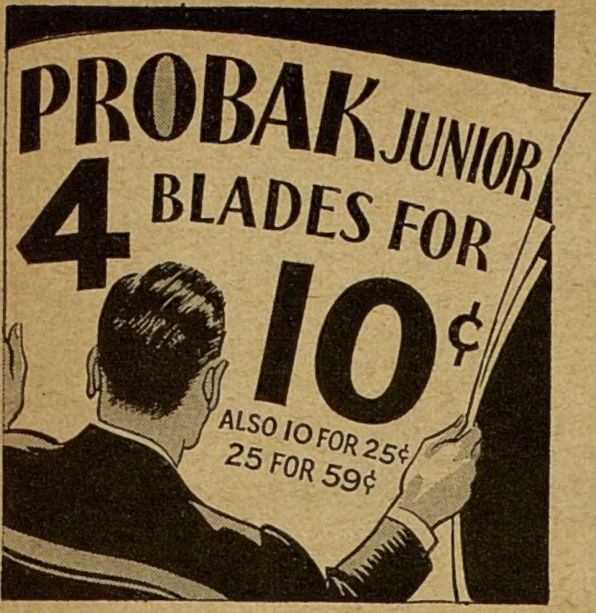


Washington, D. C.—Ever since my return from the jungles of Central America I have had an urge to jot down a few words of praise for the excellence of Liberty. There happens to be a reason.

While working on a reclamation project miles from even the so-called civilization of a tiny port on the Caribbean, the arrival of our weekly supply boat, which brought one copy of Liberty to a regular subscriber in our expedition, was quite an event.

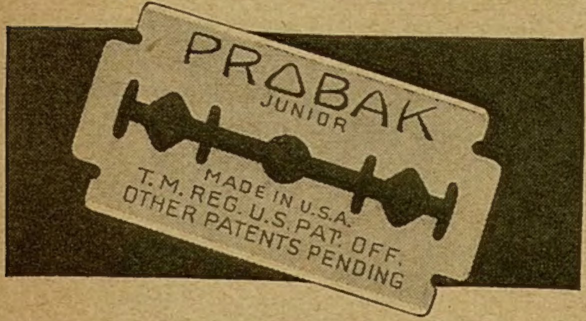
Food supplies and new equipment were hurriedly and carelessly unloaded on the docks until our Liberty was unearthed. Then bedlam broke loose!

The first chance at borrowing the precious magazine was usually decided by a heated game of dice. We had lots of other magazines, but only Liberty provoked the gang to such an outburst of acclaim. — *Harold E. Busser.*



AMERICA'S BIGGEST SHAVING VALUE . . .

• Introduced but a few months ago, Probak Jr. has won recognition as America's biggest shaving value. For this double-edge blade is super-keen — gives you one smooth, quick shave after another. It is a sturdy blade—especially processed to shave tough beards without irritation. Automatic honing and stropping make it uniform—amazingly easy on your face. Just try Probak Jr. and see.



WHY HAVEN'T YOU SOME PLASTIC WOOD TO PLUG UP THAT LEAK!

Now if you have **holes in wood . . . broken chair . . . loose caster . . . crack or nick in woodwork, floor, plaster or tile . . . loose drawer pull . . .** do a quick, expert job of repairing with this newly discovered wood—PLASTIC WOOD that handles just like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood—wood you can carve, paint and drive nails and screws into. Results will surprise you. Paint, hardware stores sell PLASTIC WOOD for 25c a tube, 35c a can. Try it.

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Cover by Lee Brown

★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

PEACE ON THE PACIFIC

By

Hirosi Saito

Japanese Ambassador to the United States

Will Japan ever fight the United States? Here is one diplomat's confident reply

THE HONEYMOON IS ENDED

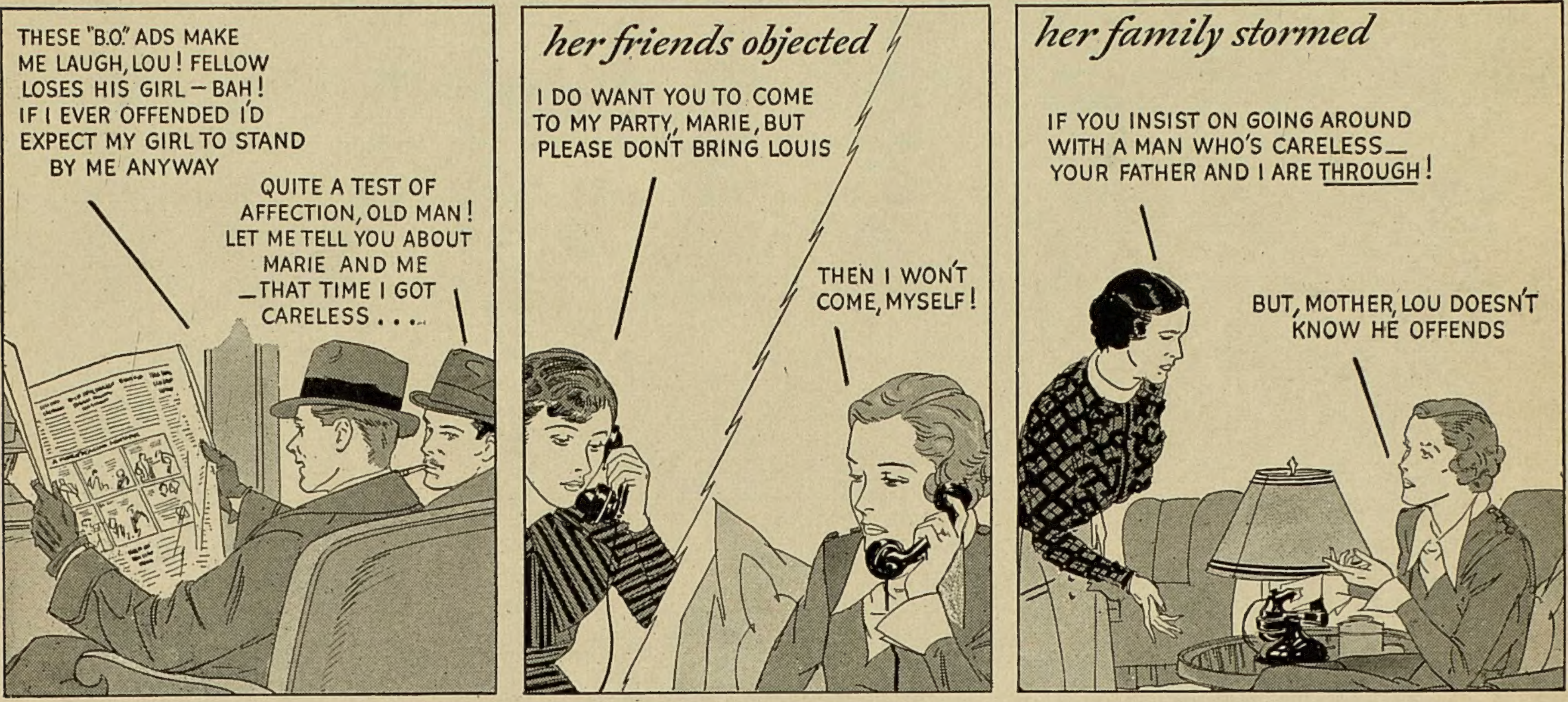
By

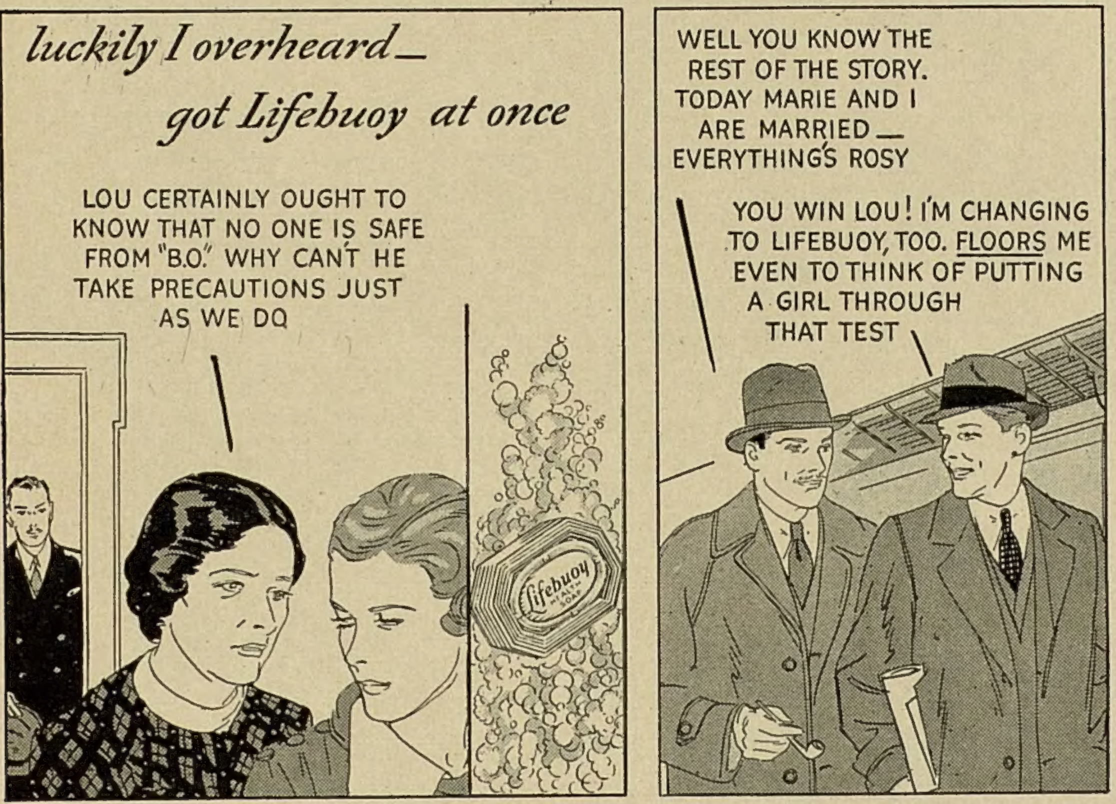
Adela Rogers St. Johns

A story of love and little things, and " what romance really is " . . . with a piquant problem for brides and bridegrooms—Are all women idiots?

Other stories and articles by William Harridge, Baynard H. Kendrick, Walter Winchell, Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, and others

BLINDLY SHE LOVED—BLINDLY HE OFFENDED


THESE "B.O." ADS MAKE ME LAUGH, LOU! FELLOW LOSES HIS GIRL—BAH! IF I EVER OFFENDED I'D EXPECT MY GIRL TO STAND BY ME ANYWAY
QUITE A TEST OF AFFECTION, OLD MAN! LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MARIE AND ME—THAT TIME I GOT CARELESS . . .
her friends objected
I DO WANT YOU TO COME TO MY PARTY, MARIE, BUT PLEASE DON'T BRING LOUIS
THEN I WON'T COME, MYSELF!
her family stormed
IF YOU INSIST ON GOING AROUND WITH A MAN WHO'S CARELESS— YOUR FATHER AND I ARE THROUGH!
BUT, MOTHER, LOU DOESN'T KNOW HE OFFENDS


luckily I overheard— got Lifebuoy at once
LOU CERTAINLY OUGHT TO KNOW THAT NO ONE IS SAFE FROM "B.O." WHY CAN'T HE TAKE PRECAUTIONS JUST AS WE DO
Lifebuoy
WELL YOU KNOW THE REST OF THE STORY. TODAY MARIE AND I ARE MARRIED— EVERYTHING'S ROSY
YOU WIN LOU! I'M CHANGING TO LIFEBUOY, TOO. FLOORS ME EVEN TO THINK OF PUTTING A GIRL THROUGH THAT TEST

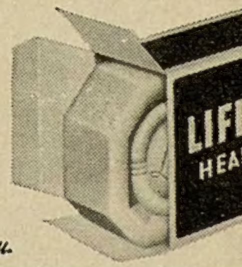
MY HUSBAND IS SO PROUD OF MY COMPLEXION
WELL, MY BOY FRIEND THINKS MINE IS PRETTY NICE, TOO. IT'S EASY TO SEE WE BOTH USE LIFEBUOY!

LET your complexion choose its soap—you'll find it chooses Lifebuoy. Massage this rich lather well into pores. Rinse, discover how clean, *fresh* it leaves your skin. According to scientific skin tests, Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." Yet this soap purifies, *deep-cleanses* face and body pores alike! No wonder complexions love it!

Whose turn next?

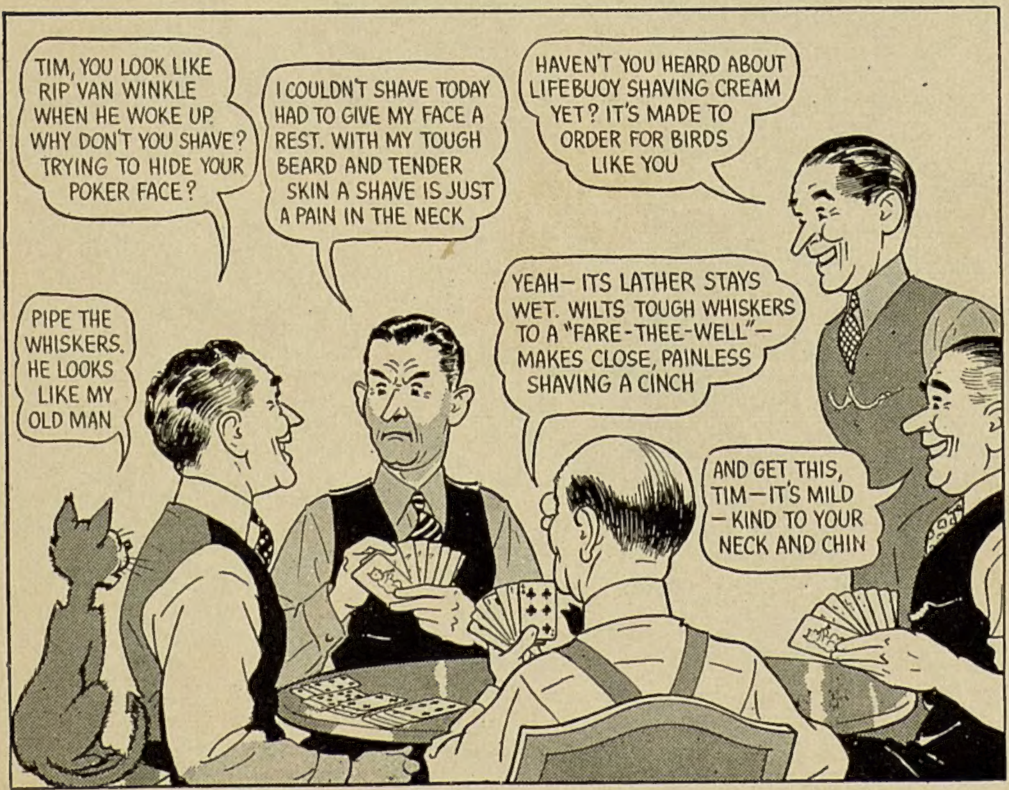
No one is safe from "B.O." (*body odor*), if *unprotected!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

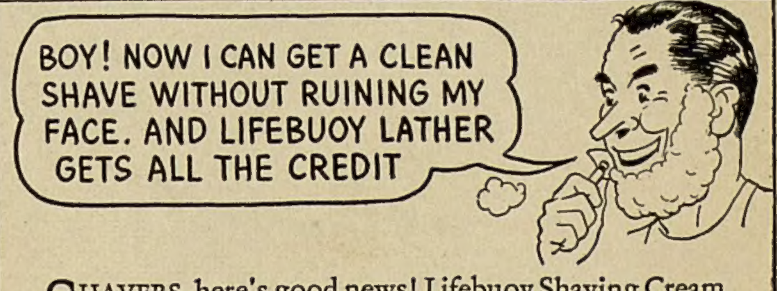
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

NRA CODE

"TENDER FACE" TIM SAVES HIS CHIN


TIM, YOU LOOK LIKE RIP VAN WINKLE WHEN HE WOKE UP. WHY DON'T YOU SHAVE? TRYING TO HIDE YOUR POKER FACE?
I COULDN'T SHAVE TODAY HAD TO GIVE MY FACE A REST. WITH MY TOUGH BEARD AND TENDER SKIN A SHAVE IS JUST A PAIN IN THE NECK
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM YET? IT'S MADE TO ORDER FOR BIRDS LIKE YOU
PIPE THE WHISKERS. HE LOOKS LIKE MY OLD MAN
YEAH—ITS LATHER STAYS WET. WILTS TOUGH WHISKERS TO A "FARE-THEE-WELL"—MAKES CLOSE, PAINLESS SHAVING A CINCH
AND GET THIS, TIM—IT'S MILD—KIND TO YOUR NECK AND CHIN


BOY! NOW I CAN GET A CLEAN SHAVE WITHOUT RUINING MY FACE. AND LIFEBUOY LATHER GETS ALL THE CREDIT

SHAVERS, here's good news! Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather holds 52% more moisture. Soaks tough whiskers *extra soft*—so you can shave clean, close and often—without scraping your face raw and sore. It's decidedly milder, too—soothing to tender skin.

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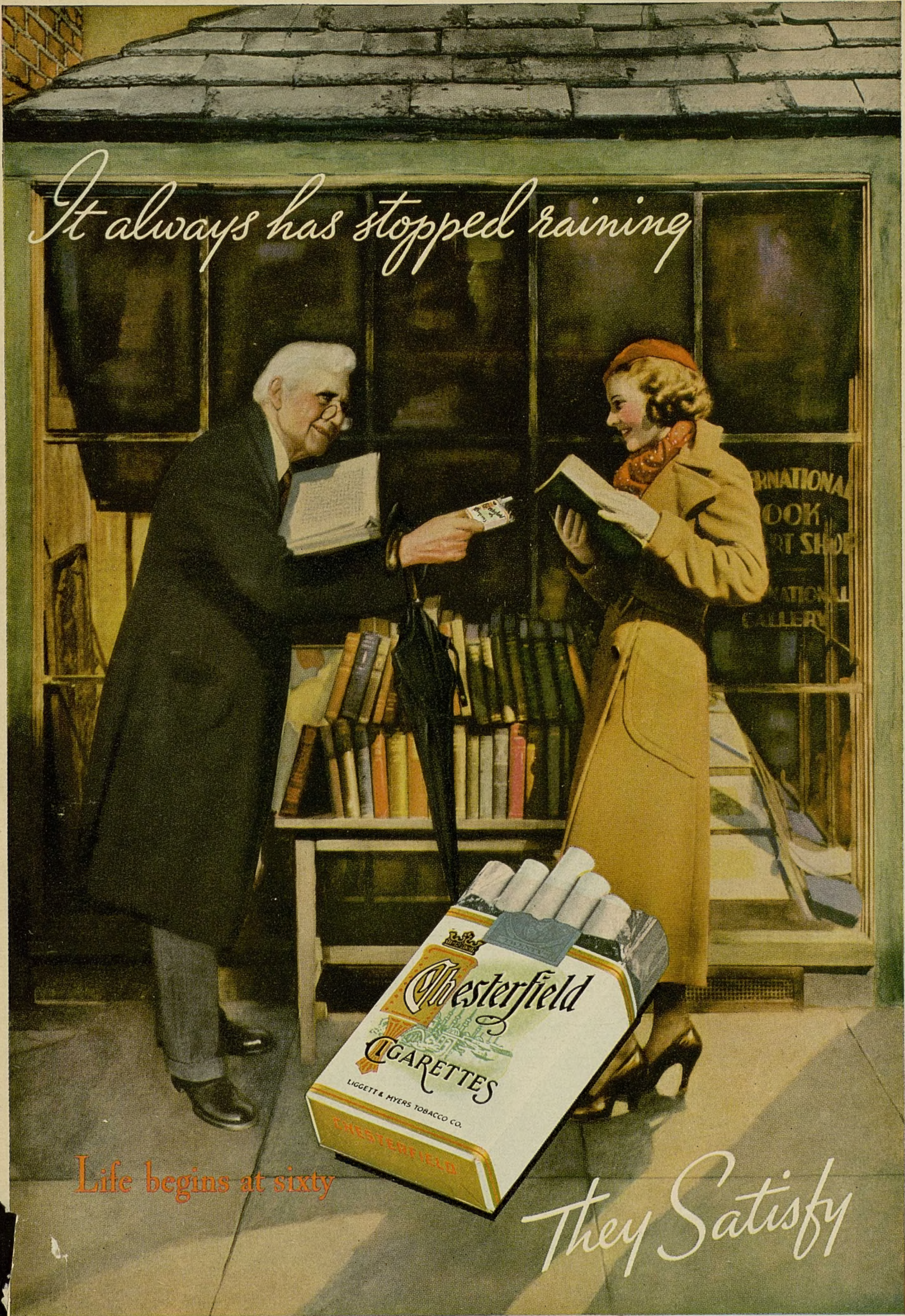
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